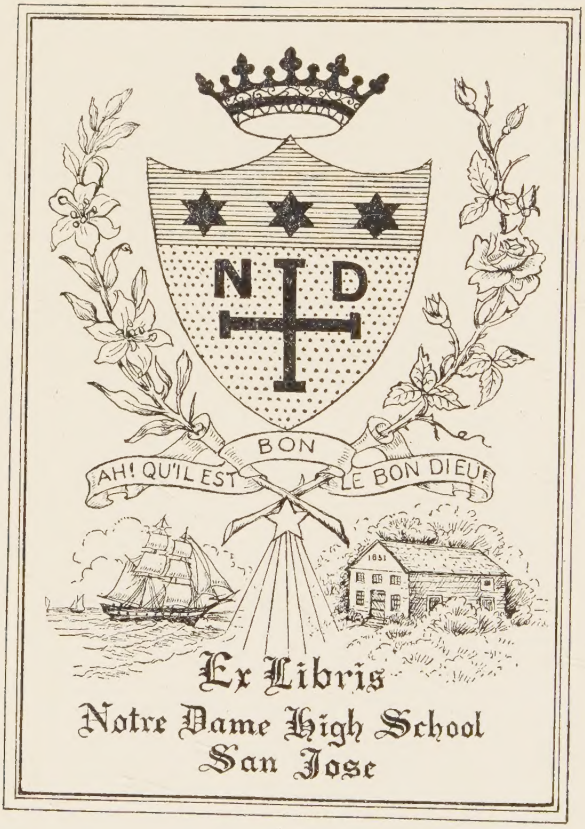
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William Shakespeare.

From a painting by Chappel

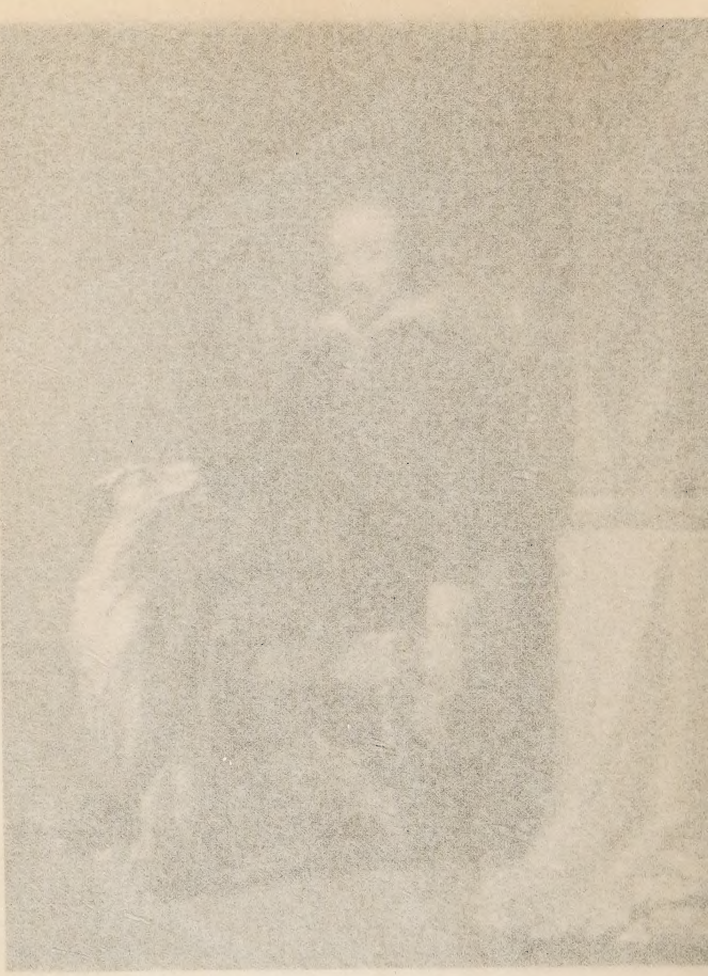
STORY-LIVES OF MASTER WRITERS

BY

CHARLES HARLOW RAYMOND

WITH TWENTY PORTRAITS

NEW YORK :: FREDERICK A.
STOKES COMPANY :: MCMXXVII



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CHARLES HARLOW RAYMOND

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NEW YORK :: FREDERICK A. STOKES COMPANY :: MCMXXVII

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Stevenson's *Essay on Burns*

Lockhart's *Life of Sir Walter Scott*

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André Maurois' *Ariel*

Lowell's *John Keats*

Alfred, Lord Tennyson, A Memoir by His Son

E. Dowden's *Robert Browning* and W. Sharp's *Life of Robert Browning*

J. Foster's *Life of Dickens* and F. T. Marzials' *Life of Charles Dickens*

Cross's *Life of George Eliot*

C. L. Dodgson's *Life and Letters of Lewis Carroll*

R. Masson's *Life of Robert Louis Stevenson*
Cooper's *Rudyard Kipling,* Chevrillon's *Three Studies in English Literature*
R. T. Hopkins' "Rudyard Kipling in his own Country" (The *Bookman,* London, 1924)
Lounsbury's *James Fenimore Cooper*
Stokes' *Memorials of Eminent Yale Men*
Higginson's *Henry Wadsworth Longfellow*
Cheney's *Louisa M. Alcott: Life, Letters and Journal*
Paine's *Boys' Life of Mark Twain*
Abbott's *Howard Pyle: A Chronicle*
C. Alphonso Smith's *O. Henry, Biography*
F. H. Burnett's *The One I Knew the Best of All*

Of course, the author gathered material from many other sources—from encyclopedias and histories of English Literature, and from books like Eggleston's *Some Boys Who Have Become Famous,* Rideing's *Boyhood of Famous Authors,* and Jackson's *Great English Novelists.* Besides all these, he drew upon information obtained by him through many years of teaching and general reading, the sources of which he has long since forgotten.

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INTRODUCTION

Story-Lives of Master Writers is just what the title implies. I have placed the emphasis on the lives of the authors rather than on their works, on personality rather than on literary value alone. Also I have striven to present my material so that it will have universal appeal, and lead to an appreciation and love of the writers whose works we ought naturally to enjoy. Of course, any poetry or prose must stand on its own merits irrespective of its author and the age in which he lived; but knowledge of the environment and inheritance of any great author, and of the way in which he met the give-and-take of life leads to a better understanding not only of the author but also of ourselves. For in their lives, often more sympathetically than in their books, the great authors reflect our own most secret dreams and aspirations. We feel closer to them and gain encouragement for higher endeavor through realizing more fully that they did not belong to a world far above ours, but that they, too, loved the common things of every-day life, and the natural relationships of home and friendship; that they, too, making mistakes and

having faults to overcome, obstacles to meet, and discouragements to rise above, had to face life as we do and attained greatness only through conquering difficulties.

For convenience, I have divided the *Lives* into the two obvious groups of English and American authors, and have arranged them in each group chronologically. This arrangement helps to keep the Master Writers in their natural time-relation and to visualize them better against their historical background. However, except for dates of birth and death placed under the titles, I have seldom in the *Lives* mentioned dates unless they have bearing on important historical events. To know that John Doe did such a thing on such a date may mean nothing to us; it may mean much to us to know how old he was at the time. We have little or no interest in the fact that Will Shakespeare probably finished his schooling in 1577-78; we are intensely interested in knowing that he was about fourteen at the time. The quality of Longfellow's scholarship impresses us much more when we realize that at the age of twenty-two he was recognized as the most accomplished scholar in America. The heroism of Scott stands out when we remember not that Ballantyne & Co. failed in 1826, but that he was fifty-four when he refused to be overwhelmed by a debt of $585,000. Accordingly, I have usually stated the age of an author at an

important crisis in his life rather than given the date.

To emphasize outstanding qualities of the writers, I have placed verses at the beginning of the biographies. This return to the old-fashioned chapter heading may help younger readers.

The *Lives* never would have been written had it not been for the invaluable help given me by Mrs. Raymond. Her hand is responsible for writing the biographies of the authoresses among the Master Writers and for many suggestions in the other lives. My debt to her is more than I can express. I also wish to thank Frederick J. V. Hancox, dean, and Oscar H. McPherson, librarian of Lawrenceville School, for helpful suggestions and criticism. To Miss Helen Dean Fish, of Frederick A. Stokes Company, I owe a special debt of gratitude.

STORY-LIVES OF MASTER WRITERS

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

1564—1616

'Tis not by accident great men acquire
The glorious realms to which their souls aspire.

NEVER before had a troupe of the famous London players visited Stratford. It was the best company in all England, the Queen's Players, who performed at Her Majesty's command before good Queen Bess. Wearing the Queen's colors on their sleeves, they loitered in the streets of the thatch-roofed town or along the banks of the Avon by beautiful Trinity Church. Their leader presented his credentials to the High Bailiff, or mayor; they were accepted; the company was given the hospitality of the town and allowed to perform in the Guildhall. There it presented its first play before the important people of the prosperous community at the expense of the corporation of Stratford. In honor of the event the High Bailiff contributed nine

shillings, a goodly sum in those days. The High Bailiff was John Shakespeare.

He had a son, four years old. The little fellow had a shapely figure, fine features, a high forehead, auburn hair, red cheeks, large dark-brown eyes—a handsome youngster and a gentle, a dreamer and a keen observer. So fond and proud of him were his father and mother that naturally they took Will to see the play in the quaintly frescoed Guildhall. This play was probably the first direct step leading to Will's becoming the world's greatest dramatist.

Every year at Coventry the various trades guilds gave Mystery plays on wagons moving throughout the city from station to station. These plays formed a cycle of the main events recorded in the Bible, and the city was crowded to see them presented. Will never forgot the first time he saw them. All day long he watched the plays, clapping and laughing at the funny scenes such as that when Noah was scolded outrageously by his wife for building the ark; and held tense with emotion when Abraham was saved from sacrificing Isaac by the appearance of the ram, and when the innocent children were slaughtered by Herod's soldiers in spite of their mothers' efforts to defend them. Will saw the painted Devil push with a pitchfork poor sinners into the mouth of Hell, a funnel protruding above the stage floor of the wagon, and belching flame and

smoke, and vain, boasting Herod, dressed in red gloves and most marvelous costume, in his ravings jump off the pageant wagon and rush among the crowd, belaboring whomsoever he met with a large club stuffed with wool. Later Will mentioned Herod often in his plays.

The event, however, which probably most deeply influenced Will occurred when he was eleven. At this time the Earl of Leicester entertained Queen Elizabeth at Kenilworth. Surely Will was among the enormous crowd on the July night when the great salvos from the guns at the castle and the flare of the fireworks announcing Elizabeth's arrival were heard and seen thirty miles away. It would have been next to impossible to keep a healthy-minded, patriotic English boy away, a Will Shakespeare especially. In the gathering dusk he saw two hundred horsemen, one hundred on a side, each carrying a thick wax candle, approach the castle. Between the two lines on a milk-white horse rode great Queen Bess, her dress ablaze with jewels, and with her were the loveliest ladies of her court. By Elizabeth's right hand on a jet-black horse rode the proud handsome Earl, in a cloth of gold bejeweled, and bare-headed, with all his retinue, also bare-headed, following. Behind the royal group were knights and knights, and ladies and ladies. Then were given beautiful pageants at Mortimer's tower where the Lady of the Lake

from her floating island greeted the Queen. And there were other pageants on other days to stir the blood.

Stratford was an ideal place for Will to grow up in. It is in low-lying fertile country with the Cotswold Hills and what was left of the Forest of Arden near by—some of the most beautiful country in all England. In season he ranged the countryside barefoot. He knew all the sweetness of the flowers of Warwickshire, the joy of its great trees, the beauty of its brooks with willows lined, and he could distinguish the songs of its birds. He swam and fished in the pools of the Avon; he delighted in all boyish sports—spinning tops, hide and seek, fox and hounds, wrestling—and enjoyed May-poles, morris dances, wakes, harvest-homes, and the Stratford fairs. He saw bear-baitings. He knew and loved horses, dogs, and hunting. Handsome, athletic, bubbling over with life, wit and humor; impulsive, daring, eager to learn; a comrade among comrades for fun or trouble; affectionate, generous, and kindly; having a quick eye for a pretty girl, but unconsciously desiring more than prettiness—good sense, understanding, and the lovely traits of mind and heart he cherished from his mother—he grew steadily into a country boy's natural inheritance: a good body within a clean, wholesome mind, keenly alive to everything beautiful.

Will was especially fortunate in his schooling. The Stratford Grammar School he attended still stands little changed from Will's school days. Overhead are the dark oak crossbeams with carved studs where they join. In this room desks still extend the length of its long benches. The School paid its master a salary twice that of the Master of Eton and almost double that of the Masters of some colleges. So Stratford had the best teachers obtainable. Will received most of his instruction from an Oxford graduate and Fellow, Simon Hunt. Long hours were kept in schools those days; strict discipline was preserved. Often this drill must have been irksome, especially to so high-spirited a boy as Will; but he was an apt student.

Will learned how to read from his horn-book, a piece of paper placed on a thin board, covered with a thin piece of transparent horn. These boards had handles, often with holes for strings so that the books could be hung around the neck. Will wrote a queer kind of hand, now called Old English, somewhat resembling German script.

The main business, however, of Grammar Schools in England, all of which gave approximately the same course, was to teach Latin, especially, and Greek, preparatory for the University. Will probably started Latin as soon as he could read and write respectably. He learned by heart Lilly's famous *Grammatica Latina.*

He read Æsop's *Fables,* Cato's *Maxims,* the *Eclogues* of Mantuanus and of Virgil, *Ovid, Seneca, Terence* and *Plautus, Horace,* the letters of *Cicero,* the colloquies of *Erasmus,* and perhaps *Sallust*—certainly Latin enough to make an American boy's seem little, and enough to make us appreciate the amount of Latin Ben Jonson knew when he said Will had "small Latin and less Greek." Will seemingly liked the poet Ovid and the comedy-writer Plautus best.

In school Will also studied and knew the Bible. This probably did more than any other book to enrich his vocabulary and to form his style.

Will was most fortunate in his home. His father was a merry-cheeked man, who liked his joke and good company, one of the most energetic, trusted, and popular citizens of Stratford. A tenant-farmer's son, living in Snitterfield two or three miles distant, he had settled in Stratford. Eleven years before the performance of the Queen's Players he had married Mary Arden, who brought him property and position. She was the favorite daughter and main heir of John's father's landlord, Robert Arden, a man accounted wealthy for the quiet country around Stratford, and a descendant of great Guy of Warwick and Alfred the Great. A rich heritage that for Will—good ambitious English blood of the soil and the finest Anglo-Saxon royalty!

John and Mary lived on Henley Street in a two-story cottage built with dormer windows, and with timber and plaster construction. At one end was the Wool Shop where John carried on his business as glover and dealer in wool, grain, malt, and other farm products. In a small second-floor room in the family part Mary had given birth to Will. Because of this the cottage is probably the most famous and beloved shrine in the English-speaking world.

John and Mary had lost two daughters before Will was born. Moreover, when the terrible plague the year of his birth killed one out of every seven in Stratford, they had feared for his life. Consequently, they lavished more than ordinary affection on Will. A boy generally reflects his mother. Judged by the lovely girls Will later created in his plays, Mary Arden was a mother among mothers to inspire a love of purity, gentleness, graciousness, liveliness, and spirit. She was the one who would tell the little lad stories of the fairies Puck, Oberon, and Titania. She would be the one to fire her boy's imagination with stories of his ancestor, Guy of Warwick; of his extraordinary exploits in the Holy Land to win Phillis; of his slaying the Danish giant Colebrand, the great boar at Windsor, and the dun cow of Dunsmore; of his turning hermit and daily leaving his cave to gain bread of his wife Phillis, "who knew him not"; of his send-

ing her a ring on his death-bed and of her closing his eyes. And Mary would tell Will of Alfred the Great's being scolded by the cowherd's wife for letting the cakes burn; of his being disguised as a minstrel before Danish King Guthrum, and of his final great victories over the Danes.

Will was fortunate, too, in being the eldest of six children. The give-and-take in a family with many children makes for wholesome play and fun, sharpening of wits, unselfishness, love, and affection—the kinds of things Will later emphasized in his plays. An eldest child, also, especially learns to help and share in family councils.

Moreover, ambition was fostered in his home. His father was a self-made man. His family was not equal to Mary's. He wished to "write himself gentleman" for his boy as well as himself, and when Will was twelve, the year after Queen Elizabeth's visit to Kenilworth, John applied for a coat of arms.

Then suddenly in the height of good fortune John began having financial troubles. Stratford experienced a slump in the making of clothing and yarn, which seriously affected John's business. On account of a lawsuit or an unwise investment he found himself greatly in need of money, and there were many mouths to feed. He and Mary mortgaged and lost all their properties except their home; their youngest son was born; John was fined heavily for non-ap-

pearance at court; little eight-year-old Annie died; and John was finally dropped from the list of Aldermen on the Town Council. By 1586 he was a broken man.

Such misfortune and sorrows matured Will rapidly. His father's troubles began when Will, approximately fourteen, was completing his school days. He then entered his father's store. As John became more involved, Will may have helped a butcher. At any rate he was doing his part.

He learned to follow the path across the fields to Shottery, a mile away, to the quaint, thatch-roofed cottage, now a shrine next in interest to Will's birthplace, where lived Anne Hathaway, eight years his elder, the daughter of a well-to-do farmer. An older girl like Anne would naturally attract Will more than a girl of his own age. She would be more mature and nearer his intelligence. He fell in love and at eighteen was married.

The young couple lived in the Henley Street home. The birth of their daughter Susanna was followed by that of twins, Hamnet and Judith, when Will was twenty-one and his father's fortunes were at their lowest. It was no longer right for Will to burden his parents in the crowded house. He left—not, as tradition states, because of poaching for deer, but to support his family in his own home. For some years he was

probably a teacher, near Stratford some of the time. He could have had no better training for his career.

Those were stirring times in England's history. For years before Elizabeth's accession England had feared Spain. Since King Philip of Spain had married Queen Mary of England, he had done all that he could to bring England under Spanish control. With Elizabeth on the English throne, Philip first attempted to win her hand in marriage. Failing in that, he continued to be a constant menace to England until finally in 1588, when Will was fighting out his destiny as a teacher, the overwhelming defeat of the Spanish Armada destroyed the power of Spain. Then swept a great burst of exuberant patriotism over England, and Will Shakespeare, following it, went to London to make his fortune.

A quaint city was London then—of approximately two hundred thousand, with narrow, crooked, filthy streets into which by law slops could not be thrown from the windows until after nine at night, and noisy with picturesque crowds by day; a city terrorized constantly by the dreaded plague; a city of churches, great nobles' houses, and inns, practically all swept away by the Great Fire of 1666. Beautiful St. Paul's Gothic Cathedral was its center and glory. The grim Tower was in constant use. The river was a regular thoroughfare with boatmen calling

"Eastward Ho!" or "Westward Ho!" London Bridge was a wooden affair with arches that so impeded the flow of the Thames that at certain periods of the tide there were waterfalls as high as two feet beneath its length. The bridge was covered with a double row of shops. At its south end was a high tower that bristled with the heads of traitors stuck on spikes. A ten-minute walk in any direction would take one into the country.

Plays were given in the courts of inns, which had two-storied verandas. A temporary stage, projecting from a veranda, would be erected at one end of the court. The audience would stand in the inn yard or would sit on the verandas on either side. The only theater was in plan a modified inn-yard theater, open at the top.

The theatrical companies employed university men as dramatists. Of these the two who can in any way be compared to Shakespeare were Kit Marlowe, the father of great English tragedy, and Robert Green, a writer of comedies breathing of English fields, and creator of the first lovely English heroine. Both were dead before Shakespeare was thirty.

Poor Robin Green sank from bad to worse after Shakespeare's arrival, and at thirty-two died "of a surfeit of pickle herrings and Rennish wine." Deserted by all on his deathbed except a shoemaker and his wife, and two women, Robin repented and wrote to his wife, whom he had

married in a fit of reform and had abandoned with his child: "Doll, I charge thee, by the loue of our youth and by my soules rest, that thou wilt see this man paide; for if hee and his wife had not succoured me, I had died in the streetes." Afterwards the shoemaker's wife, with a pathetic dim realization of the misspent possibilities of Robert's life, placed a garland of bays upon the dead poet's body.

Writing on his deathbed, Green had also called Shakespeare a jack-of-all-trades, had bitterly attacked him as an upstart crow, and had warned Marlowe and others that Will would steal their laurels. Within another year Marlowe, the cobbler's son, was killed in a tavern brawl. That was in 1593. In 1594, eight years after Will had left Stratford, he was recognized as the leading poet and dramatist of England. Moreover, he had gained the valuable patronage and friendship of the young Earl of Southampton, and had raised himself to a social position far above the "outcast state" in which most actor-players lived and which had borne heavily upon his sensitive nature.

Shakespeare now became connected with the Lord Chamberlain's Company as actor-dramatist, and remained with it the rest of his life, one of the busiest men in England, remaking old plays, writing new ones, and acting, too. He was a good actor, but he was so busy writing

that ordinarily he took minor parts like Adam in *As You Like It* and the Ghost in *Hamlet.* Students believe he wrote many parts in his plays to fit actors in the company. Dick Burbage, actor of heroic parts, and Will Kempe, clown, became household names throughout England. Also through Will's plays the members of the company became rich. At first they acted in The Theater; later they moved to The Globe on the Bankside of the Thames. Will was part owner of this as well as, later, of the Blackfriars.

His rise is not to be laid to chance. He started his career possibly by holding horses for patrons of the theater, but more probably by doing menial tasks or acting small parts for the Earl of Pembroke's Players, for whom Marlowe was then writing. Will could not be expected to be intimate with the great writer of *Dr. Faustus* and *Tamberlaine,* but he learned all he could from Marlowe. To provide for his family in London, it was necessary that he seize every opportunity. He knew, by his father's bitter experiences and by his own struggles to make ends meet, the value of money. He was eager to make good, and so clever that he soon was a marked man. He was given more important parts. Then came his real opportunity when, after Marlowe had left the company, it was necessary to make over some old chronicle-history plays. Will did this with such an eye for the right word and for the

dramatic situation that these plays—*Henry VI, Parts II* and *III*—captured the public by storm and, hence, occasioned the envy of such men as Green.

From making over old plays Shakespeare proceeded to write entire plays extolling the glories of Old England. Before he stopped, he covered English history from King John through Henry VIII. One of the most delightful ways of learning English history is to read these plays in their historical order. One famous character whom Shakespeare introduced into *Henry IV*, Sir John Falstaff—a marvelously humorous and likable boaster, liar, and coward, a drunkard and great tun of flesh—so pleased Queen Elizabeth that she is said to have bidden Shakespeare to write a play in which the fat knight should be in love. To satisfy Her Majesty's eagerness Will completed *The Merry Wives of Windsor* in two weeks.

Before 1600 Shakespeare wrote, besides his historical plays, a few tragedies and many comedies. For some time he averaged four plays a year. Just as a ball player's game gains skill through practice and playing, so Shakespeare's plays show steady development. His genius was the product of work, Work, WORK, WORK, aided by insight, intelligence, sympathy, a marvelous command of words, and an inborn artistic

sense that was never satisfied unless he did his best.

To satisfy a love for "Please another story!" he packed his plays with plot. *Macbeth* alone of his great plays has no subplot. *The Merchant of Venice* has four plots most cleverly combined. He delighted in surprising situations, in mystery and disguise. Time and again he has his fascinating girls masquerade as fellows—perhaps, in part, because he recognized that the young boys, who took all the female parts, would act more naturally in disguise than as girls. To give still more variety to his plays, since these boy-actors were practically all recruited from the choirs and could sing beautifully, this marvelous man, who seemingly never missed an opportunity, introduced many unforgetably appropriate and exquisite songs.

Yet his genius does not consist in creating plot —he picked up his main stories anywhere: from old plays or stories or chronicles. Shakespeare's genius consists in transforming these stories. He took the most absurd stories, such as those of the Caskets and the Pound of Flesh in *The Merchant of Venice,* and made them so real and magical that for the time being we forget that they are ridiculous.

In the same way he transforms his characters from mere names and stuffed figures into living people as real as those we live with daily.

Shakespeare has created an incomparable host of these, all different and representing a marvelous range of variety. He revels in the joys of youth, in fun, humor and wit, in sports and out-of-doors, in brave deeds and romance, in true love. And ever he has a sane outlook on life and values it correctly. In the long run truth wins over falsehood, right over wrong, purity over impurity, and high ideals over ignoble.

By the end of the century, so popular was Shakespeare that it almost seemed that he could ask for little more. He was wealthy and had bought New Place, the finest house in Stratford, where his wife and two girls now lived; he had cleared his father of debt; he had his coat of arms and could write himself William Shakespeare, Gentleman; he had been summoned with his company to appear before the Queen many times. No dramatist could compare with him. Besides being clever, he was good company—handsome, refined, and friendly. Even caustic Ben Jonson "did love the man this side idolatry as much as any." He kept very busy and probably lived simply, but some nights after the theater he would probably go to dinner with Southampton and other lords. On the first Friday of every month he would gather at the Mermaid Tavern with nobles, literary men, the great actors and playwrights, and others interested in art and literature to smoke and drink, and to dis-

cuss drama and poetry. Ben Jonson held a prominent place at these meetings. Wonderful those gatherings must have been! Keats has immortalized them in his poetry, and Noyes has written *Tales of the Mermaid Tavern.*

With the new century Shakespeare's attitude towards life changed. Essex, long a favorite of Elizabeth, fell into disfavor. With a number of discontented nobles in 1601 he determined to seize the government. They had the Lord Chamberlain's Company present Shakespeare's *Richard II* and vehemently applauded treasonous speeches, hoping to rouse the people against the Queen. The next morning with other great nobles and knights, about sixty in all, Essex marched into London on foot and raised his banner. The Earl of Southampton was with him.

The people did not rise, but the city seethed with excitement at the foolhardy rashness of the stroke. Some of the conspirators, realizing their danger, fled the city. Essex and Southampton shut themselves in Essex House on the Thames. They were attacked from the land side and from the river. By six that evening the besiegers were parleying with Southampton, fearlessly patrolling the roof with a drawn sword in his hand. Essex and Southampton were captured. Essex went to the block. Southampton's death sentence was changed to close confinement

in the Tower of London. There he remained during the Queen's life. The Lord Chamberlain's Players were examined for having presented *Richard II,* and cleared; but the Queen, as if in spite, on the night before Essex was beheaded had Shakespeare's company act before her. The morning Essex died she spent playing on the virginals.

As Shakespeare saw the grim tragedy unfold, he was deeply moved. Southampton was his loved patron and friend who had helped him in many ways. Perhaps that explains why, though Elizabeth had been so gracious to him, Will did not write any elegy on her death two years later. In the year of Essex's beheading Shakespeare's father also died.

Shakespeare had endured the agony of losing his eleven-year-old boy five years before without writing a word to disclose his grief. Now, with this heaping up of sorrow, for six or eight years in tragedy he searched the depths of the human heart and produced his greatest plays. Of these *Hamlet* is perhaps the best.

On the accession of Scottish King James in 1603 the Chamberlain's Men became the King's Men and enjoyed even a greater popularity than under Elizabeth. With eleven other members of the company Shakespeare was made Groom of the Chamber, a great honor. Later Shakespeare complimented the King by writing *Macbeth,* in

which allusions are made to James and in which he is represented in the vision of kings appearing to Macbeth in the cavern. So pleased was King James that he is said to have written with his own hand to Shakespeare.

There was an indescribable bigness about modest, gentle Shakespeare. People came to him in trouble. At the end of the century Ben Jonson, then an unknown dramatist belonging to a rival company, fell out with his company and brought his great new-type comedy, *Every Man in His Humor,* to the manager of the Lord Chamberlain's. He rejected it. Thereupon, Shakespeare persuaded him to take it. That play made Ben famous. For some years Shakespeare lived in the home of Christopher Mountjoy, a tight-fisted French-Huguenot wig-maker. Mountjoy's apprentice for six years was Stephen Belott, a young Frenchman. Mary, Christopher's only daughter, worked beside Stephen in the shop and fell in love with him. At the end of his apprenticeship Stephen left without proposing. On his return later, Mrs. Mountjoy asked Shakespeare if he would not help to bring the two young people together. Through his efforts Stephen and Mary were married. Many great men would not take interest in humble lovers.

As the poet grew older, he began to write less, and, leaving tragedy, he turned to serious ro-

mantic comedies like *The Tempest.* Now, mellowed with age and experience, he wrote with the serenity and vision of one who has found himself.

Soon, though he visited the city often, he left London for Stratford with Anne and Judith in New Place. He wanted to be home. Susanna was married to a distinguished physician, John Hall, and had a little daughter Elizabeth. Shakespeare visited them constantly in Hall Croft. He made much of Elizabeth.

On his fifty-second birthday he died. His body was buried within Trinity Church. On the flagstones over the grave is the inscription:

GOOD FREND FOR IESUS SAKE FORBEARE,
TO DIGG THE DUST ENCLOASED HEARE:
E T
BLESTE BE Y MAN Y SPARES THES STONES.
T
AND CVRST BE HE Y MOVES MY BONES.

The world knows three supremely great names in literature: Homer, Dante, and Shakespeare. The greatest of these is Shakespeare.

DANIEL DEFOE

1661—1731

No man has tasted differing fortunes more,
And thirteen times I have been rich and poor.

GREAT changes were starting in England in 1661. Twelve years before, in the sight of the people, the Puritans under Cromwell had beheaded Charles I on a scaffold built outside of his palace at Whitehall. Now Cromwell was dead, the Puritans were out of power, and the dead king's son, Charles II, had been on the throne for a year. Thirteen regicides, as those were called who sentenced Charles I to death, were hanged, drawn, and quartered with all the barbarous customs connected with death for treason. Men like the blind poet Milton, who had violently opposed the king, were in hiding, in prison, or out of the country. A new Parliament was making it clear that the Dissenters —the Puritans, and their like, who had been against the pleasure-loving Cavaliers and the Catholics—would have no easy time. Though the Dissenters felt sure that the new king would not dare to rule illegally like his father, yet they knew that they must expect trouble. London was an exciting place to live in.

There, about 1661, in the parish of St. Giles, Cripplegate, the district the boy Milton had lived in, Daniel Foe was born. Years later he changed his name to Defoe, perhaps because it was a better pen name. His father was a well-to-do butcher and a Dissenter, much opposed to the immorality of the court of King Charles and the too great freedom of the day. Like all good Dissenters, Mr. Foe made much of family religion in his home. He wanted Daniel to be a minister.

When Daniel was four years old, came a terrible experience to London—the Great Plague. For years, on account of the close buildings, the lack of modern plumbing and sewerage, the filthy condition of the narrow, ill-paved streets, and the ignorance of medicine, the plague had been a regular visitor to London. In such a city where the people were herded together, contagious diseases had to be a regular occurrence; but the pestilence of 1665 was almost as terrible as the Black Death of 1339. The plague spread with startling rapidity. There was no mistaking its dread signs. Those who could fled the city; those who stayed lived in terror, died in terror. Practically every house had its victims. Since the dead could be taken care of by no ordinary methods, in desperation the authorities had wagons sent through the streets at night, their drivers ringing bells and calling like street-venders,

DANIEL DEFOE

From a painting by E. Crowe in 1862

"Bring out your dead! Bring out your dead!" Then, piling the bodies in the carts with no respect for rank or position, they hurried on to finish their gruesome task. They say that one hundred thousand out of three hundred thousand or so in London died before cold weather stopped the pestilence. A terrible experience for a little child to pass through! Years later Daniel wrote his *Journal of the Plague Year,* which was so true to life that people for some time did not know that it was not an actual journal of the Plague. It is, in parts, a fascinatingly horrible book.

The next year, when Daniel was five, another calamity afflicted London. During the night of September second a fire broke out in the heart of the city between the Tower and the Temple. It raged furiously for four days, destroying thirteen hundred buildings and ninety churches, and other property and merchandise beyond valuation. Practically all of the ancient city, including beautiful St. Paul's Cathedral, was wiped out. A fire by night is fearful to see. It is a terrifying experience to be awakened by the cry of "Fire! Fire!" to see and hear the rush and roar of the flames, the tumult in the streets, the crash of falling buildings, the desperate efforts to save property and buildings. Unforgetable must have been this second calamity to the little boy. Indelibly what he saw and heard in these

two dreadful years must have written themselves on his memory.

Unforgetable, too, must have been his playing around and watching the rising of the new city on the ashes of the old, to the sound of wagons hauling lumber, brick, and stone; of carpenters' saws and masons' hammers; unforgetable, the watching the new cathedral of St. Paul's with its enormous Italian dome and pillars in front, so different from the customary arched Gothic architecture found in England in almost all of the churches and cathedrals.

To educate Daniel for the ministry his father sent him, when fourteen, to a Dissenting Academy under an alert, scholarly man. At Rugby and Eton and other great public schools, Latin and Greek were studied almost wholly then, and were considered essential for gentlemen and scholars. In Daniel's school, however, subjects were taken which a boy would actually need in everyday life. To make this knowledge of still more practical value, the boys were compelled to write all of their compositions in English, an unusual thing when so much was made of Latin. Writing compositions in Latin would seem queerer to us.

This schooling led to Daniel's having a remarkable fund of usable knowledge, and a remarkably keen and easy pen. When the much-feared, sarcastic Jonathan Swift, of *Gulliver's*

Travels fame, years later sneeringly called Daniel "an illiterate fellow," he replied that, besides knowing subjects of practical knowledge, "he had been in his time pretty well master of five languages, and had not lost them yet, though he wrote no bill [sign] at his door, nor set Latin quotations on the front of the *Review!*" Daniel made full use of his education, and his education seemed made to order for his extraordinary career. It was not, however, to be the ministry; he felt called to other work.

When Daniel left school at nineteen, the country, though outwardly quiet, was seething with unrest. At this time England feared France especially. Now France was Catholic, and England was by an overwhelming majority Protestant. Englishmen knew that King Charles was too much under the power of Louis XIV of France, and they rightfully suspected Charles of being a Catholic. Then some unscrupulous people stirred up fear of the comparatively few Catholics in England, making them all out as conspirators ready and eager to hand the country over to France. The result was that the ordinary Englishman wanted the next king on the throne to have nothing in common with France; hence, he must be Protestant.

So, bitterly opposed by Charles, Parliament fought hard to force through a bill that would exclude his brother James from the throne, and,

it was hoped by many, would make Charles' illegitimate son, the Duke of Monmouth, his successor. Monmouth acted foolishly and was exiled. Then in 1685, when Daniel was twenty-four, Charles died, and James ascended the throne. Daniel had already in these exciting days begun his political career with tongue and pen. Of a Dissenting family, intensely patriotic, hating with deadly hatred France and, hence, the Catholics, he was now ready to do anything he felt was for the good of England. He was bold and outspoken, clever and quick of tongue, with a knowledge of politics and affairs very unusual for his age.

The opportunity came in a few months. Hoping that the Dissenters would flock to him against James, the Duke of Monmouth sailed from the Continent to Lyme, in Devonshire, the west of England, and declared himself the rightful king. The lower classes in the country and western towns turned to him, but none of the higher classes. He marched toward London, still hoping for their support. By this time Parliament had passed a bill declaring him a traitor and condemning him to death without trial. Still none of the nobles went over to him; but Daniel Defoe, with a reckless fearlessness characteristic of him, did. He had often seen Monmouth before his exile in the streets of London and at the Aylesbury races riding his own horse, and knew

enough of the Protestant duke, who had done everything he could to win favor among the people, to believe him the needed savior of his country.

At Sedgemoor, in July, Monmouth with his raw army attempted to surprise the king's forces. The brave miners and peasants, charging across the moor, were held up by a deep cross-wise drain, and after a short desperate encounter were dispersed by the king's cavalry and scattered to the four winds. Monmouth himself was captured, taken to London, and there in a few days beheaded. Then Chief Justice Jeffreys, of *Lorna Doone* fame, with assistant judges held throughout southwestern England the infamous "Bloody Assizes" by which he had nearly nine hundred transported into virtual slavery in the West Indies and over three hundred hanged, too frequently on mere pretext. He was a terrible creature, who took a cruel delight in abusing with contempt and scorn such aged victims as kindly Alice Lisle, whom he condemned to death and had executed because she knowingly hid in her house two rebels.

Daniel was in the thick of the fight when Monmouth's raw troops broke and fled at Sedgemoor, but somehow he escaped in the mêlée from the battlefield and hid among the tombstones of a churchyard until night made it safe for him to flee the country. One thing he saw while hiding

there—a name on a tombstone, a name which burned itself into his memory indelibly. It intrigued him as it intrigues us. Thirty-five years later he resurrected it; now it is known all the world over—the name of Robinson Crusoe.

Daniel escaped from the relentless search after Monmouth's followers and from the clutches of Jeffreys only because he was unknown in that section of the country. Those were anxious days for him.

Back in London, he entered business and married. He planned leaving politics alone; it was too dangerous with James upon the throne. Then James had a son. It was bad enough to have a despotic king like James, who had been acting outrageously; but to have his successor a son like his father—or possibly worse—was more than Englishmen could endure. The country rose, and invited William of Orange, a great foreign Protestant prince, with his wife Mary, the older Protestant daughter of Charles, to the English throne. James fled to France, his forces were defeated, and the Glorious Revolution of 1688 with which modern English government starts was accomplished.

So enthusiastic and able was Defoe in the Revolution that at the coronation William made him one of his attendants, dressed in velvet coat, satin breeches, silver-buckled shoes, powdered wig, and wonderful hat. He was one of "a royal

regiment of volunteer horse made up of the chief citizens, who, being gallantly mounted and richly accoutred, attended their Majesties from Whitehall" to the City banquet given by the Lord Mayor. The butcher's son, only twenty-seven, had risen high. He was to go higher.

But his road was not easy. After seven years he was swindled and failed in business—he was a hose-jobber—for the huge sum of £17,000. Failure to pay one's bills at that time, as one hundred and twenty years later for Charles Dickens' father, meant going to prison. Certainly Defoe could not earn money to pay $85,000 off while in prison. The only way lay in staying out and continuing in business. Accordingly, to evade arrest and to do what he could to meet his debts, Defoe fled to Bristol, where during the six work days he hid from the bailiffs and managed his affairs. On Sunday, the only day on which by law he could not be arrested, he appeared in public. Then he could be seen "walking in the streets of Bristol, accoutred in the fashion of the times, with a fine flowing wig, lace ruffles, and a sword by his side," and cut such a figure that he earned the name of "The Sunday gentleman."

But he was not wasting time. With a numerous family, and no help but his own efforts, he forced his way, with undiscouraged persistence, through misfortune after misfortune, and re-

duced his debts, in a few years from seventeen thousand to less than five thousand pounds by rendering varied services to the government and by manufacturing tiles. Before he got through, he paid off all his indebtedness. That took courage and character.

While struggling to pay his debts, he plunged deeply into politics. Being a foreigner, William did not know English ways, though he strove to govern England wisely against the bitter opposition of his enemies. It was easy to attack William for being Dutch. One "vile, abhorred pamphlet, in very ill verse, called *The Foreigner,* fell personally upon the king and the Dutch nation." This attack so stirred Defoe's anger that he wrote in reply a famous satirical poem, *The True-Born Englishman,* in which he ridiculed William's enemies and showed that even those who boasted of their English blood were originally foreigners. The poem, pirated, ran through the streets of London. Over 80,000 copies were sold. Such service did it render the king that William had Defoe appear at the palace and there had the first of many interviews with him.

Under William's royal favor Defoe did many other services for him. One act which shows Defoe's customary daring occurred when William and Parliament were at loggerheads over securing for all time Protestant rulers in Eng-

land. Parliament had imprisoned some Kentish gentlemen for presenting a petition asking this, and was in an angry mood. As, since the Revolution, even the king was by law under Parliament, it was dangerous to take any chances; yet Defoe drew up a petition to help William, and, in order to get it before Parliament, disguised himself, it is said, like an old woman and presented it to the Speaker of the House as he entered the building. This *Legion Paper* raced over the entire country, helping the king tremendously. The author being unknown, Defoe escaped Parliament's wrath; the king closed the session of Parliament; the Kentish gentlemen were freed and given a banquet. Defoe attended the banquet.

Before and after being brought to the notice of the king, Defoe proved himself a pioneer and fighter in the world of politics and in making life easier and better for us to-day. For example, in his pamphlets Defoe emphasized the need of a standing army—and it came. He fought against the foolish and cruel imprisonment of debtors. Looking far into the future, he showed the need for such things as good roads, savings banks, the protection of sailors, the education of girls and women as much as of boys and men, the establishment of asylums for the insane—all commonplaces of to-day. A great distinction to be a pioneer for such benefits!

Shortly after the death of King William, Defoe attained his greatest fame. Fearing his opponents now in power, he wrote *The Shortest Way With the Dissenters,* a bitter satire pretending to demand the harshest treatment toward them. His stupid opponents thought the unknown author hated the Dissenters, and applauded his arguments as voicing their own. Then it was discovered that Defoe was the author, and that he was making fun of them.

Furious at being so tricked to show their real intentions, the party in power resolved to destroy Defoe. He ran to cover before the storm; the Government offered fifty pounds for the disclosure of his hiding place, and the House of Commons had his book "burnt by the hands of the common hangman in Palace Yard." Not finding him, they put his printer and his bookseller into jail. On this, Defoe came out of hiding and gave himself up to free them. He could not bear that others should be ruined through him. Such behavior requires more than courage, too.

He was tried at the Old Bailey. Under advice he threw himself on the mercy of Anne, the new queen. He was sentenced to pay a fine of two hundred marks, to stand in the pillory three times, to stay in prison during her pleasure, and to find sureties for seven years for his good behavior. The ordeal of the pillory—to stand

with hands and head fastened in the stocks, and to be the helpless object of derision and scorn by thoughtless boys and the riff-raff of the streets —in some ways that seemed worse than prison.

But the ordeal of the pillory at Temple Bar was a triumph for Defoe. Instead of treating him cruelly as was expected, the people thought him a martyr. They crowded to the pillory; and, in spite of the soldiers, they danced and sang about him; they drank healths to him; they showered him with flowers, and, when his hands and head were let out of the stocks, and he descended, hailed him with shouts and cheers.

The same day he published *A Hymn to the Pillory,* in which he denounced those who had brought him to the stocks, and boldly stated that the pillory should be used for crooked business men, dissipated pleasure-seekers, followers of James' son, Charles the Pretender, and naval officers who had recently disgraced the Navy. Something fine about this—prison awaiting him!

The imprisonment was ruinous. Without his guidance his new business of manufacturing tiles, in which he employed one hundred men, went to smash.

Having no other means for providing for his wife and six children except his pen, Defoe wrote harder than ever to meet the desperate situation. His opponents, the Tories, tried to buy him; he attacked them the more savagely in his writings.

Finally, after he had been more than a year and a half in prison, the Whigs began to become powerful, and through their leaders Queen Anne paid his fine and other expenses in Newgate Prison, sent money to his wife to settle her bills, and released him from prison.

For ten years or so after his imprisonment, his life was a continual round of mystery, excitement, danger, fighting—abuse and slander from his enemies; ceaseless counter-attack on his part. The mystery still remains. He was rewarded for carrying on secret missions of a dangerous nature for the Government at home and on the Continent; he was imprisoned in Newgate again; he was charged with being a spy a number of times—accusations which he indignantly denied, stating that he was an independent and worked for no party but what he thought right, though it would seem that he hunted with the hounds and ran with the hare. "I have served," he said, "with my utmost zeal, the great and original interests of this nation, and of all nations—I mean truth and liberty—and whoever are of that party, I desire to be with them." These are the ideals of true patriots to-day.

While in Newgate, he started his *Review,* a four-page, quarto-sized paper, which he wrote all by himself three times a week for nine years on all subjects of the day—just think of it! Through his attacks in the *Review* on vice and

folly Steele and Addison were led to write *The Tatler* and *The Spectator*. So indirectly we owe delightful, whimsical Sir Roger de Coverley to Defoe.

More important than this, by the *Review* this hard-pressed, much-abused man became the creator of our great newspapers of to-day. He was the first man to look at news as a reporter does. He devised such features as are now found in the New York *Times* or Chicago *Tribune*: the front-page leading articles, news by special correspondents, and the society column. Always he was looking for what was interesting to increase the sale of his paper. And like the newspaper man of to-day, too often he colored his facts too much. It must have given him a thrill, in spite of all the drudgery, to know that he was creating something new, and that it took the public eye. He would have been more thrilled could he have conceived that he was beginning the wonderful, many-paged papers of to-day with their color and magazine sections—the greatest educational force now in the world. Defoe is the Father of the Newspaper.

On the death of Queen Anne, weary of politics, Defoe again became a pioneer, and this time he made himself immortal. In 1719 he brought out *Robinson Crusoe,* one of the World-Books. Seven years before, Woodes Roger's *Voyage Round the World* had told how Alexander Sel-

kirk had been marooned for five years on the island of Juan Fernandez in the South Pacific. The bare facts of this terrible experience had appealed to Defoe as it does to the heart of every boy and man. What a wonderful opportunity to make a long story of the shipwrecked sailor's experience! Using the mere facts, perhaps supplemented by actually seeing Selkirk, as the skeleton of his book, Defoe added to it from his own imagination, and made it seem so true to life and so convincing that we never think of it as fiction. It seems a slice of real life. For the name of his hero he harked back to the time when he hid for his life in a Sedgemoor graveyard. He had never forgotten the name Robinson Crusoe.

Robinson Crusoe marked the birth of romantic fiction based on fact. Some time or other in our lives every one of us lives in imagination on a far-away island, not with uninteresting Alexander Selkirk, but with romantic, long-suffering Robinson Crusoe and his cat and his dog, his parrot and his goats, and Man Friday.

Defoe followed up the success of *Robinson Crusoe* with other realistic tales, but his great gift to the enjoyment of life lies in this first story of his old age. So great an innovation or invention was it that nearly the whole circle of booksellers had to be approached before any one dared accept such a startling creation. When

Crusoe's pen children unto the sixth and seventh generations are considered, what a debt for wholesome adventure and fine friendship is owed Defoe!

In his last years Defoe seemingly had a good income from his books, but suffered much from sickness and more from the cruel undutifulness of one of his sons who, the old man wrote, "has both ruined my family and broken my heart." When nearly seventy, for some unaccountable reason, he got into difficulty again and fled, hiding near Greenwich. On his death his personal belongings were seized by one Mary Brooks, probably his landlady.

Nineteen years before, in the introduction to his complete copies of the *Review,* Defoe had written: "I have gone through a life of wonders, and am the subject of a vast variety of providence; I have been fed more by miracle than Elijah when the ravens were his purveyors. I have some time summed up my life in this distich:

> No man has tasted differing fortunes more,
> And thirteen times I have been rich and poor.

When he died, the number was higher than unlucky thirteen. A courageous fighter, an extraordinary worker, for he wrote more than two hundred separate volumes; a man of mystery, his life being more exciting than a dozen novels;

a pioneer, a far-sighted journalist, and an inventive genius—through him we live better and enjoy things whose miraculous value we forget until deprived of them. And we have ***Robinson Crusoe.***

ROBERT BURNS

1759—1796

The tale of his days was sordid and tragic;
The lilt of his songs, melodious magic.

Among the undulating hills and valleys of Ayrshire, Scotland, it is the custom to harness a man and a woman together for harvesting. The first time Bobbie's father had him rigged for this hard labor in the hay and grain fields, Bobbie's companion was the daughter of the blacksmith of Mauchline, a lassie of fourteen, pretty and attractive. And she could sing sweetly. While they worked together in harness, she would croon old songs softly and clearly, and the boy, not realizing what was happening, fell in love with her as boys first fall in love. And after the day's work was done, the two would loiter, hand in hand, behind the others, and once or twice, when he had to take her little hand in his to remove from it nettles and prickles, it seemed to him as if she must hear his heartbeats. Her presence, her touch, her voice, her singing played on his nature like an Æolian harp.

One day Nellie had a new song which she sang over and over. The son of a laird had

written it for the girl he loved. Suddenly it came to Bobbie that if this son of a small laird, who had little more education than he, could compose a song, so could he. In an uncontrollable enthusiasm, his dark-brown eyes glowing in ecstasy, he composed *My Handsome Nell* containing:

> "She dresses aye sae clean and neat,
> Baith decent and genteel;
> And then there's something in her gait
> Gars ony dress look weel."

Not a great poem, but a remarkable one for a boy of fifteen! And Bobbie was a ploughboy.

He had had a hard and pathetic schooling to prepare him to compose *My Handsome Nell.* His life had begun dramatically. A night or two after his birth, the miserable clay biggan, or mud-walled cottage, which his father had built with his own hands for Bobbie's mother as a bride at Ayr by the bonnie Brigg o' Doon, had been struck by a terrible January storm, and the gable had fallen. To save their lives, Bobbie and his mother had been carried to another miserable hovel through the driving sleet at midnight.

Seven years later, in place of the seven-acre bit they had been living on, his father had leased a small upland farm, Mount Oliphant. Here, until Bobbie was eighteen, his father struggled more and more unsuccessfully to make a living

Robert Burns

From a painting by Chappel

from the thin, hungry soil for his growing family. It was a fight that made him stooped and gray before his time, and filled his eyes with the haunted look of one daily nearer bankruptcy. It was a life almost entirely within their own family circle with no boys of Bobbie's age, or near it, for companionship. The children—there were six younger than Bobbie, three boys and three girls—went bareheaded and barefoot in all seasons. For years butcher meat was unknown to them. When thirteen, Bobbie was doing a man's work threshing and following the plough; by sixteen he did the hardest work and was stooped; he would go to bed nights with headaches, and would often feel faint and as if suffocating. Their landlord had shown some consideration; on his death an agent exacted every penny, and wrote letters that brought tears from the entire family. No wonder Bobbie was moody and depressed at times!

Yet he was being educated to be a poet. An old nurse filled the children's ears with fairies, ghosts, and apparitions. Bobbie's mother was full of old stories, songs, and ballads, which she told or sang evenings. And Bobbie's father, a deeply religious man of strong temper, had a passion for knowledge and education. For some time, with four neighbors he hired a teacher, who boarded round like Ichabod Crane. Mr. Murdoch taught the children not only to read, but to

parse, to define words and give synonyms, and to turn poetry into good prose.

Later Bobbie's father taught them as he was able. He would cross the fields to his daughter herding the cattle, to tell her the names of grasses and flowers, or he would let her snuggle to him during thunder storms. He would borrow books on history, science, and theology, and explain them evenings by candle light to the children while the mother sat sewing by the fireside. A visitor at dinner-time once found each member of the family with a spoon in one hand and in the other a book.

In their pathetically small library were only *The Whole Duty of Man, The Spectator,* Locke's *On the Understanding,* and the Bible. Besides these, they were able to borrow *Pope* (his *Homer* included), and certain plays of Shakespeare, and a number of delightfully appetizing books like Boyle's *Lectures* and Taylor's *Scripture Doctrine of Original Sin.*

However, they had access to a few books more interesting to a boy. The first book Bobbie ever read through, a life of Hannibal, "gave his young ideas such a turn that he used to strut in raptures up and down after the recruiting drum and bagpipe, and wish himself a soldier"; while *The Life of Wallace,* Scotland's great traditional hero, poured a tide of Scottish prejudice into his veins. When famous, he called on an old lady, a

descendant of Robert Bruce—of spider notoriety, you recall—and was knighted by her with Bruce's sword; and he kissed the sod on Bruce's grave. Bobbie Burns was intensely patriotic. His poetry tingles with love of Scotland.

But the book to interest Bobbie most was of another sort, and unconsciously it did more than almost anything else to educate him to be a poet. He loved it with all the ardor of his passionate nature—a much abused copy of *A Collection of English Songs.* A queer book for a ploughboy! This he "pored over driving his cart, or walking to labor, song by song, verse by verse, carefully noting the true, the tender, or sublime, from affectation and fustian." Under Mr. Murdoch Bobbie had had difficulty in distinguishing the air of one song from that of another, and his voice was untunable; but now such a love for poetry possessed him that the rhythm, melody, and beauty of these songs became part of him, and he, a poor peasant's son, is the world's greatest writer of songs—songs so melodious that Carlyle called them "liquid music."

When Bobbie was eighteen, his father moved to Lochlea, a small rolling upland farm on the north bank of the Ayr. The boy had now come to his strength. He had no equal in the cornfield or the tasks of the threshing-floor. He never feared any rival in any kind of outdoor competition. Well-knit, rather above middle size

though not appearing so, he was manly and intelligent-looking, his face thoughtful when in repose, and capable of swiftest changes showing all the gamut of emotion. Full of fun and humor, clever and witty, proud, headstrong, and assertive, impetuous as a mountain torrent, jealous of all those above him in wealth or rank, with his whole being craving pleasure, he was destined for a tempestuous career unless he held himself strongly in leash. Moreover, with his love for beauty, he had an artistic nature that hungered for attention. He alone in the parish had his hair tied behind. In church everybody—the girls in particular—noticed him "with his plaid, which was a particular color, wrapped in a particular manner round his shoulders." He showed the same play-acting spirit when living later at Ellisland where he was found one day fishing, wearing a foxskin cap, a belted greatcoat, and a great Highland broadsword. He really never grew up. He was always the center of something. He was like a volcano liable to break through its crater at any moment and at most unexpected places. His dark-brown eyes, the most wonderful eyes Walter Scott ever saw, had a compelling power such as few men's ever had. No wonder he was popular among the younger set, the lasses especially. And he liked the girls. He fell in and out of love with every lass in the neighborhood.

He needed some one to hold him in hand, and, when twenty-two, it seemed that he had found such a one—Ellison Begbie, the daughter of a small farmer, of no beauty but of unusual grace and liveliness of mind. This was no boy's love, but the real thing. Robert wished to marry and settle down, but Ellison would not have him, a penniless ploughman. Her rejection overwhelmed his impulsive and passionate nature. It was three months before he could control himself sufficiently to answer her letter of refusal.

When nineteen, he had spent a summer on the Carrick coast, alive with smugglers and adventurers. Here he had become accustomed to scenes of dissipation. Now that Ellison had rejected him, down-hearted and depressed he went to Irvine on the coast to learn how to draw flax as well as to grow it. He fell in with a sailor, a wild, dissipated fellow who fascinated him by his stories and a certain false, reckless charm. Robert admired his so-called independence, and tried to deceive himself into believing he might forget Ellison and himself in pleasure. Up to this time Robert had kept himself straight. He was twenty-three.

To add to his distress and bitterness of mind and conscience, he was robbed, and in a New Year's carousal his flax-dressing shop burned. Then he was summoned home—his father was dying of consumption. When the old man's

death drew near, he stated that he could not think of the future of one of his children without fear. Robert bent over him and asked, "O Father, is it me ye mean?" It was. Robert turned to the window and tried to control himself, tears pouring down his cheeks, his bosom heaving with emotion. Father knew son. The old man—the best man Murdoch ever met—died, broken with toil and poverty, care and worry.

Almost immediately the family moved to Mossgiel, "a bare upland farm of one hundred and eighteen acres of cold clay soil," a mile from Mauchline village. Robert and Gilbert managed to scrape together enough money to stock it, and got to work. They were determined to succeed, and Robert, now twenty-five, was resolved to live down his father's fears. No man ever had better intentions. Bad seed and a poor harvest the first year put them hopelessly in debt, and matters went from bad to worse.

As Robert found more difficulty in making a living, he increasingly felt the call of poetry. He hoped to become Scotland's great poet, and wrote poem after poem in the next year and a half. Many he composed while ploughing; then, the day's work ended, he would enter the small two-roomed farmhouse, go up through the trapdoor into the garret where he and Gilbert slept, and on a small deal table, by a narrow skylight in the roof, put on paper the poems he had composed.

Each day while he was out at work, his youngest sister would slip up to the garret and read the poems Robert had hidden in a drawer of the deal table.

Among them was *The Cotter's Saturday Night*—of all his poems the one nobody would wish to lose—in which he paints so vividly and beautifully their family life before his father's death. Another was *To a Mouse.* One day, Robert holding the plough and a servant, Blane, driving, they saw a mouse running off across the field. Robert stopped Blane from killing it. What harm had the creature ever done him? During the rest of the afternoon the poet, very thoughtful, said nothing. That night he woke Blane, who slept with him, and read to him the poem. Robert even sorrowed over destroying the mouse's nest, knowing already that

> "The best-laid schemes o' mice and men
> Gang aft agley (wrong),
> An' lea'e (leave) us nought but grief an' pain
> For promis'd joy."

The next spring he hated to crush a "wee, modest, crimson-tippèd" mountain daisy, and in its fate, so common, so seemingly unimportant, was able to make us see some of the heart-searching realities of life.

At the same time he was bubbling over with fun and humor. He shocked certain ladies by

writing about a louse he saw on a proud lady's bonnet at church, his final comment being:

"Oh wad some Pow'r the giftie gie us
To see oursels as others see us!"

He would conclude a letter with an epitaph:

On a Noted Coxcomb

"Light lay the earth on Billy's breast,
His chicken-heart so tender;
But build a castle on his head—
His skull would prop it under."

Or he writes an epitaph on John Wilson, the printer, who publishes it, not knowing Wee Johnny is himself.

Hic Jacet Wee Johnny

"Whoe'er thou art, O reader, know
That death has murdered Johnny!
An' here his body lies fu' low;
For saul—he ne'er had ony."

No English poet is so humorous, except Shakespeare.

One day Jean Armour, the daughter of a Mauchline stonemason, was bleaching clothes with some other girls on the green. Robert happened by. He had a little dog that ran on the clothes. and Jean "scolded, and threw something

at the animal." Rab said, "Lassie, if ye thought aught o' me, ye wadna hurt my dog!" Jean thought to herself, "I wadna think much o' you at ony rate!" Life was to teach her the contrary. Later at a dance the same dog followed Robert, to the mirth and confusion of the dancers. Rab said laughingly to his partner as they danced, so that Jean could hear, "I wish I could fa' (fall) in wi' some lassie who would love me as well as my dog does." At their next chance meeting Jean asked him jokingly if he had not yet fallen in with a lassie to like him as well as his dog. From then on they became close friends. Later came trouble; a marriage contract was signed, but Jean's father refused to let her marry a wild, worthless fellow like Robert; she cast him off and tore up the contract.

Torn with varied emotions—sorrow, shame, self-pity, false pride, and anger at Jean's weakness in yielding to her father's will, and craving sympathy and affection—Robert now met Highland Mary, an Argyllshire girl named Mary Campbell. She had once been a dairy maid and was at service in the family of his friend Hamilton. A simple, modest girl, she felt pity and then love for Rab, and it seems that he returned her love with a devotion such as he never had for any other woman—a love mingled with a respect for her purity and sweetness that kept her memory ever sacred to him.

Such difficulties and debts were Rab's now that he had to skulk in hiding for fear of arrest and planned to go to Jamaica. Mary had to go home, but intended returning from the Highlands to marry him. On the second Sunday in May, 1786, the lovers met by the banks of the Ayr near its source for one last day together. There in a secluded spot, one on either side of the stream, they exchanged Bibles, clasped hands, and pledged eternal love and fidelity. On the first volume of the Bible Robert gave Mary he wrote, "And ye shall not swear by My Name falsely, I am the Lord. Levit. 19th chap. 12th verse"; and on the second volume, "Thou shalt not forswear thyself, but shalt perform unto the Lord thine oath. Matth. 5th chap. 33rd verse."

They never saw each other again. One evening at Mossgiel a letter was brought Rab. "He turned to the window to read it, and the family noted on a sudden that his face changed. He went out without speaking and they respected his silence and said no word." The letter stated that Mary had died of a malignant fever on her way to meet him.

Robert never forgot her. Although, after two years or so, he married, yet three years later, when living at Ellisland, as the anniversary of Mary's death drew near, his wife observed: "Robert, though ill of a cold, had been busy all day with the shearers in the field, and as he had

got most of the corn into the stackyard, was in good spirits; but when the twilight came, he grew sad about something and could not rest; he wandered first up the waterside and then went into the stackyard: I followed and begged him to come into the house as he was ill, and the air was sharp and cold. He said 'Aye, aye!' but did not come; he threw himself down on some loose sheaves, and lay looking at the sky, and particularly at a large bright star which shone like another moon. At last, but that was long after I left him, he came home—the song was already composed." It was *To Mary in Heaven.* Again three years later at the same season he wrote of her in the sweetest and saddest of love songs, *Highland Mary.* It was only with Robert's writing this that Mary's story became known even to his wife.

In the spring of 1786, not long after Mary's death, Gavin Hamilton suggested that Robert, then twenty-seven, publish his poems to raise money for his trip to Jamaica. In July an edition of six hundred came out. In two months it was sold. "Even ploughboys and maid-servants would have gladly bestowed their wages they earned most hardly and which they wanted to purchase most necessary clothing, if they might procure the works of Burns." He was richer by £20 and could pay his passage, but postponed sailing. He did not want to leave Scot-

land. He decided to try his fortune at Edinburgh.

There he did not visit first the great from whom he hoped for help, but sought out a poor lad from Mauchline, with whom he shared three shillings a week for a miserable lodging all winter. He climbed the rugged peak of Arthur's Seat whence he had a beautiful view of Edinburgh. He took in the shops and inns in the quaint old city; he made a pilgrimage to the humble grave of Fergusson, a Scottish poet; deeply stirred, he pictured the scenes of bloodshed and daring, of beauty and horror, of treachery and patriotism, for all time associated with the grim castle and bare, cold Holyrood.

Then this farmer, who had never been more than forty miles from home nor seen a city before, made himself known and was fêted by Scotland's greatest, and held his own among them without the slightest affectation, often with more force of will than tact; often acting from a mistaken pride as if courtesy and politeness were servility, and independence allowed rudeness. Clever, witty, humorous, common-sensed, full of life and spirits, he was the lion of the winter. "Why, sir," said the fascinating Duchess of Gordon, "his conversation set me completely off my feet."

Sir Walter Scott, then fifteen years old, met him once. The boy remembered that Burns was

so moved by a Bunbury print—a soldier dead on the snow, his mourning dog on one side, on the other his widow with a child in her arms, a quotation from a half-forgotten poem beneath—that he shed tears. No one except Walter knew who wrote the poetry. He whispered "Langhorne" to a friend, who told Burns. The boy was rewarded with a look and a word of thanks.

After the second edition of his poems and some touring, Robert returned unexpectedly home to Mossgiel. His mother met him at the door of the small farmhouse with simply "O Robbie!" He was famous now; he had such wealth as he had never dreamed of having; those who had looked down on him now could not make too much of him. He began seeing Jean Armour again. His mother must have had many mixed emotions in her heart.

He returned to Edinburgh to get money still owed him on the poems. This time he was not received cordially by the city's aristocracy. The previous winter, besides mingling in high society, he had become a "ranting, boon companion" at various taverns, and there he had ridiculed outrageously those to whose houses he had been invited. Too much of his clever and droll tavern wit and humor against them was now current. Moreover, he had offended many in other ways. Consequently, he frequented the taverns even more than the preceding winter. At last he re-

ceived the remainder of the money and, other matters having come to a crisis, returned home and married Jean Armour.

The previous summer he had come upon a farm, Ellisland, beautifully situated to the west of the Nith near Dumfries. He now selected it for his home. It was a poet's, not a farmer's choice. In June with the two hundred pounds he had left after helping Gilbert out of his difficulties, Robert proceeded to Ellisland to farm it and to build a home for his wife. Again he was determined to make amends for the past. He ought to succeed. He had money, a home, and fame. For some time he had to live in a mere clay-floored hovel; in his homesickness he wrote the most natural and beautiful of his love songs to his Jean:

> "Of a' the airts the wind can blaw
> I dearly like the west,
> For there the bonnie lassie lives,
> The lassie I lo'e best."

His dark-brown-eyed Jean joined him in December. Then came, perhaps, the happiest winter of his tragic life. She was not the poet's equal intellectually, but she was beautiful. Also she was good-natured, had a sweet disposition and winsome cheerfulness, and was warm-hearted and affectionate. Moreover, she had a beautiful untrained voice, "the finest wood-notes

wild," the poet wrote, "I ever heard." As soon as he composed a song, he used to have her sing it to him to see whether its melody could be improved. She proved a faithful, loyal wife and mother to his children, and did everything within her power to uphold his name.

When they entered the new house, Burns had Betty Smith, his servant, "take a bowl of salt and place the family Bible on top of it, and, bearing these, walk first into the house and possess it. He himself, with his wife on his arm, followed Betty and the Bible and the salt." At the house-warming all his neighbors drank "Luck to the rooftree of the house of Burns!"

A humble house indeed—a large kitchen in which the family and the servants took their meals, a room with two beds, a closet with one, and a garret for the female help! "One of the windows looked southward down the holms (flat river lands); another faced on the river; and the house stood so near the lofty banks that its afternoon shadow fell across the stream, on the opposite fields. The garden was a little way from the house. A pretty foot-path led southward along the river side; another ran northward, affording fine views of the Nith, the woods of Friars Carse, and the grounds of Dalwinston. Halfway down the steep declivity, a fine clear spring supplied water to the household."

At this time Robert held family prayers for

the whole household every night; he attended church regularly; he started a parish library. He tried in every way to live right. Besides composing many songs, he also wrote his only narrative poem, the ludicrous *Tam o' Shanter,* which he considered the best of all his works. Burns had wished Captain Grose, an antiquary, to include a drawing of Alloway Kirk among his sketches. To get his friend to visit it, Robert had told him the church was famous for its witches. Grose replied, "Write you a poem on the scene, and I'll put in the verses with an engraving of the ruins." When in the mood, Robert walked along his favorite path down the western bank of the river and composed the poem in a day. In the afternoon Jean went to join him with her two children. He was busy "crooning to himsel"; so she loitered with her little tots among the broom. Shortly she saw Robert making strange, wild gesticulations and reciting very loudly in an excess of joy the poem. "I wish you had seen him," said Jean; "he was in such ecstasy that the tears were happing down his cheeks."

But Robert had lost his first harvest before Jean came, and his second turned out badly. With a growing family he needed money and became an exciseman, adding fifty pounds to his income. It was not a popular job to stop smuggling, but he tried to do his best, being

severe on the regular smugglers and easy on the occasional offenders. He had to ride on horseback at least two hundred miles a week, hence to neglect his farm. Gauging liquor naturally threw more temptations in his way. As he realized that his farming was doomed to failure and as his conviviality increased, he had fits of despondency and moodiness. Finally he was forced to have a sale and remove to Dumfries.

In this dirty, unattractive town the poet's craving for liquor was still more increased by such taprooms as the Globe Tavern's. He knew what was right, but he could not live up to his knowledge. He was at odds with many of his friends and himself. He got into trouble about politics and nearly lost his position as exciseman. Yet as he fell lower and lower, he composed many beautiful songs. One stanza Scott said contained "the essence of a thousand love-tales"—

> "Had we never loved sae kindly,
> Had we never loved sae blindly,
> Never met—or never parted,
> We had ne'er been broken-hearted."

He wrote his most stirring patriotic poem—*Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled,* and was the first in Great Britain to proclaim man's rights in song in *A man's a man for a' that* to the principles for which the French Revolution was then being preached with bloodshed.

At the same time he was doing his excise duties well, and was watching most carefully over his children's education. Their school-teacher often found him "explaining to his eldest boy passages of the English poets from Shakespeare to Gray."

But such a life of dissipation as Robert was leading could have one ending only.

After an illness, one night he drank too much and fell asleep in the snow. They carried him home, but he died in a few days. He was thirty-seven.

It is pleasant to remember that as his first song was composed for fourteen-year-old Nelly Kilpatrick, so almost his last verses were inspired by another young girl, Jessie Lewars, the daughter of a friend, who, in these last days when Mrs. Burns was also sick, helped take care of him. To try to repay Jessie somewhat, one morning the dying man told her that if she would play one of her favorite songs, he would give her new words for it. She sat down at the piano and played several times an old song, *The Wren.* As soon as the poet had the melody, he composed in a few minutes the beautiful song, *Oh wert thou in the cauld blast.*

To-day we pardon and forgive him for his weaknesses, which were many; we wonder that he, a mere peasant boy, should have so achieved; we love him for the best of him—tragic, beauty-and-love-driven Bobbie Burns, Scotland's great poet!

SIR WALTER SCOTT

1771—1832

A hero he! Against stupendous odds
He kept his faith, his honor based on God's.

Instinctively we pity cripples. Often we ourselves should be pitied, not they. We may have missed altogether resources, powers, and joys which they, forced by their condition, may have found. These resources, hidden from us, may more than make up for their visible handicaps. In fact, most handicaps may become angels in disguise. Walter Scott found this true.

At eighteen months no healthier baby could be found. Then came a sudden three-days' fever from cutting his large teeth; on the fourth, his right leg was paralyzed. He was crippled for life! His parents, on the advice of his grandfather, Dr. Rutherford, sent Walter with a maid to his Grandfather Scott's at Sandy-Knowe, a farm containing the ruined tower of Smailholm and some picturesque crags. He was to live outdoors as much as possible.

Almost immediately Walter's thin thread of life was nearly cut from another unexpected source. The maid, compelled to stay at Sandy-

Knowe, but homesick for Edinburgh, grew to hate him as the source of her not returning. One day she carried Walter up to the crags intending, "under a strong temptation of the Devil," to cut his throat with a pair of scissors and bury his body in the moss, but her nerves failed her. She confided to the housekeeper her temptation and was dismissed at once. A lunatic!

To cure Walter, in fine weather a shepherd used to carry him piggy-back among the sheep and leave him. There could have been no better medicine than the sunshine and the turf. Among the knolls the child "delighted to roll about on the grass all day long in the midst of the flock," and formed a lasting affection for sheep and lambs. The household became so accustomed to leaving Walter to his own devices that once they forgot him when a thunder-storm broke. His aunt, running up to him, found him lying on his back clapping his hands and shouting, "Bonnie! Bonnie!" to every lightning flash.

Gradually he began to use his paralyzed leg. Then he walked and ran, and, in spite of his lameness, became more agile than most boys. They gave him a tiny Shetland pony. This he rode recklessly over rough ground, and it became such a pet that it would follow him even into the house to get something to eat. So, much in the school of solitude, Walter gained a self-

SIR WALTER SCOTT

From a painting by Sir Thomas Lawrence in the Royal Collection at Windsor Castle

confidence and ability to take care of himself few attain, and was everybody's darling at Sandy-Knowe. He became fearlessness itself. An affectionate and sweet-natured boy, he was loving and forgiving even when reprimanded, but if he thought himself wronged by one he disliked, he was a veritable spitfire. The Laird of Raeburn wrung the neck of Walter's pet starling. The little fellow flung himself in rage on the laird and had to be pulled off.

Walter's interests were led especially to the past. His aunt read him stories and ballads until he could repeat many by heart. These he would declaim with great feeling and unusual lung-power. In fact, Walter's elocutionary enthusiasm once so irritated the parish clergyman that he declared impatiently: "One may as well speak in the mouth of a cannon as where that child is."

His grandmother, in particular, gave the child his bent. She not only knew tales of local and national heroes, but she told him of his own ancestors: Auld Wat of Harden, his great-great-great-great-grandfather, famous the Border over, whose stirring deeds the boy later commemorated in ballad and lay; Auld Wat's son William, a very handsome gentleman, who, captured in a border raid, took three days before deciding to choose between dying on his captor's gallows and marrying the homeliest of his three

daughters, Muckle-mouthed Meg, the ugliest girl in four counties; William's grandson Walter, known as Beardie, because he never cut his beard after King James was banished, and lived to lose most of his belongings fighting for Charlie, the Old Chevalier, and the Stuart cause. Walter's grandmother told him, too, of her own husband's having spent—to the horror of the shepherd from whom he had borrowed the money to stock Sandy-Knowe with sheep—thirty pounds on a hunting horse which he later sold to advantage.

By the time the little boy, eight years old, left the simple life at Sandy-Knowe, he had acquired his outstanding characteristics—a passion for outdoors and animals, a romantic love for the past, a deep-seated loyalty to family, clan, and country. He was, if anything, too much a boy's boy, a conservative, opposed to new things and new ideas. And no boy had more pride. He was a doer rather than a thinker.

His father was a lawyer of Edinburgh, a Writer to the Signet, a hard worker, conscientious, very formal, who loved Walter deeply in a dignified way. He was the type of man who cares nothing for a book unless it has a fine binding. His main recreation was attending funerals, and he liked company in this unusual pastime; consequently, Walter had to be very ingenious to escape observing the deceased and

hearing a long-drawn-out funeral sermon. His mother possessed an extraordinary memory and could picture the past remarkably. Walter wrote of her at her death: "If I have been able to do anything in the way of painting the past times, it is very much from the studies with which she presented me." She was very fond of her little lame boy.

After his father and his mother died, the only pictures in Sir Walter's dressing-room in palatial Abbotsford were theirs. There he kept, along with some clumsy cabinets, even his father's rickety washstand. In Sir Walter's desk, where he could see them every day before starting work, were, with other things of the same nature, his father's snuff-box and the articles, neatly arranged, that used to be on his mother's dressing-table, and the silver taper-stand he bought for her with the first money he made as a lawyer.

As a schoolboy at Edinburgh, Walter showed great ability when he wished to exert himself. He became a good Latin scholar, knew French, but Greek he neglected. Later he learned Italian, German, and Spanish. When fifteen, he was apprenticed to his father in the study of the law. At this time, to increase his spending money, Walter once copied "120 folio pages with no interval for food or rest," fourteen or fifteen hours' work.

A very dangerous illness kept him in bed the spring he was sixteen. He was not even allowed to talk without being reprimanded; consequently, he played chess and read. Military history especially interested him. He would arrange "shells, seeds, and pebbles" as contesting armies on his bed, and contrived paper crossbows and even fortifications. He arranged his looking-glass so that he could watch the soldiers marching to parade.

He had a little den in which he already had begun to gather odd and curious articles and antiques such as Roman coins, a claymore, a Lochabar ax, and a little print of Prince Charlie. More and more his hobby was possessing him.

He grew to be a tall, muscular fellow, and, in spite of his lameness, thought nothing of walking thirty miles across country in a day. With his friend Will Clark he would perhaps go on a fishing trip. Returning, they would suddenly decide to visit some relatives of Will's. They would have so good a time that Walter would be away a day or two after he was expected home —and his parents know nothing of his whereabouts. No wonder his father was worried at Walter's heedless lack of consideration. He once told the boy he seemed destined to be a mere strolling peddler.

After his admission to the bar, Walter con-

tinued roaming over the countryside discovering old songs, ballads, and stories. On these trips he came upon the scenes of many of his famous novels and poems, such as Rob Roy's cave and the beautiful district of *The Lady of the Lake.* Also he pored over books of antiquarian lore, and he gained a name for story-telling.

Finally he was led by a friend, Miss Cranstoun, to turn Burger's *Lenore* from the German into verse. Starting after supper, so excited did he become over the violent specter-ballad that sleep meant nothing to him, and he finished it at one sitting. Then at her suggestion, he had some copies beautifully printed and presented one to Miss Margaret Stuart Belches. His hobby was leading into his life-work; and with the opening of his literary career, he was ending the one consuming love affair of his life.

One Sunday afternoon some six years before, on leaving Grayfriars Church a very beautiful girl with no umbrella was caught by a sudden shower. Walter braved a riotous heart and offered her his. The lady of the green mantle graciously accepted the offer, and he escorted her home. It became a custom for him to walk home with her after church. As she was a great heiress, Walter's father, fearing the two might come to an understanding without her father's knowing anything about what was going on, warned

him of their intimacy without Walter's knowledge. Sir Hugh Belches seemingly let matters go their own course, and for six years Walter worshiped Margaret so much that his fellows all marked the effect of his love on his life. A rival appeared on the scene. Shortly after Walter's sending her *Lenore,* Margaret chose his rival.

Thirty years later, when disaster had caught him, a chance meeting with her mother made him write in his diary: "I went to make a visit and fairly softened myself, like an old fool, with recalling old stories till I was fit for nothing else but shedding tears and repeating verses for the whole night. . . . The very grave gives up its dead, and time rolls back thirty years to add to my perplexities. . . . Yet what a romance to tell—and told I fear it will one day be. And then my three years of dreaming and my two years of wakening will be chronicled, doubtless. But the dead will feel no pain."

The mystery of their misunderstanding has never been explained.

A year after his refusal, while walking with a friend in the English Lake country, they passed a girl on horseback. She, too, was beautiful—so beautiful that they kept her in view until they felt sure that though they had not seen her before, she also must be staying at Gilsland. That night they dressed themselves

in their brilliant scarlet uniforms of the Edinburgh Light Horse Volunteers and attended a ball in the neighborhood, each hoping that the unknown beauty of the morning's ride would be there. Eagerly they scanned the girls in the ballroom—there she was! They met her; they danced with her—Charlotte Charpentier, dark-eyed and dark-haired, of irregular features and exquisite form, the orphan daughter of a French Huguenot loyalist, who had escaped to England after the death of her father in the early days of the French Revolution. Walter's friend was successful in engaging her for dinner, but Walter won her heart. She was not his equal mentally; but she was deeply religious, spirited, loving, and true-hearted. She brought a fortune of £600 a year. Their marriage, all in all, was a very happy one.

After some months in Edinburgh, they lived for six years at Lasswade, a pretty little cottage on the Esk. These years make a pleasing picture. Scott did many things for their comfort at Lasswade, even to building a dining-room table with his own hands. At the gate to the enclosure he tied together two willow trees to form an arch and placed a wooden cross above their joining-place. After it was completed, he and Mrs. Scott walked out to see it by moonlight, so proud of it were they. They also bought a phaeton, the first wheeled-carriage ever

to be seen in that section—six miles from Edinburgh!

Scott was appointed Sheriff of Selkirkshire with a salary of £300. The position carried him all over the shire, and he felt he had a home in every farmhouse. When the poet Wordsworth and his sister Dorothy visited him at the conclusion of their tour through the Highlands, they marveled at his knowledge of the countryside and the affection everybody had for the sheriff, and by chance they saw Scott "in his cocked hat and sword, marching in the Judge's procession to the sound of one cracked trumpet." With such interests and knowledge it was a natural thing for Scott at this time to edit with the aid of friends *The Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border,* a collection of old ballads with some of his own included.

His antiquarian friends were a rare collection. There was Erskine, a lawyer, later Lord Kinneder, a gentle ladylike slip of a man, who would dismount to lead his horse where Scott would hardly perceive a descent; who shuddered at the sight of coursing and considered fishing as deliberate murder—yet withal a fine critic and Scott's literary confidant. Leyden was another —a shepherd born, who was reduced for a term to bread and water, and at nineteen put to rout the learned Edinburgh professors; who in six months' study passed an examination for the

medical profession; who, to get the exact wording of a ballad, walked nearly fifty miles and broke in on a dinner party at Lasswade like a cyclone chanting the ballad with the vehemence of his genial bearlike nature. Still another was the cabbage-eating Ritson, an ill-mannered vegetarian whose neck Leyden once threatened to "thraw" for his boorish outburst on Mrs. Scott's offering him by mistake a piece of beef. Most interesting of all was James Hogg, the famous Ettrick poet, another shepherd, who had taught himself how to read by copying the letters from a printed book while caring for his flock; who the first time he dined at Lasswade on "finding Mrs. Scott lying on the sofa, stretched himself out on another, for, as he explained afterwards, 'I thought I could not do better than to imitate the lady of the house' "; who at dinner, as the wine passed, "advanced from 'Mr. Scott' to 'Shirra' (Sheriff), 'Scott,' 'Walter,' and finally 'Wattie' till at supper he convulsed every one by addressing Mrs. Scott familiarly as 'Charlotte.' "

Scott's ballads caused him to write a more extended poem, *The Lay of the Last Minstrel,* the first canto of which he reeled off in the amazing time of three days while kept in bed by a kick from a horse. He averaged a week apiece on the other cantos. Since he did not care particularly for the law, this spirited poem, begun

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at Lasswade, led him to decide definitely to make writing his vocation. He next wrote *The Lady of the Lake,* whose battle scene in Canto VI Sir Adam Ferguson read on the day the poem reached him to the cheers of his men lying prostrate on the ground with the French artillery playing over them. *Marmion* was composed mostly while in the saddle and tingles to the charge of cavalry. These long narrative poems are famous for their descriptions of Scottish country and their romantic stories. So popular are they that the scenes in which they are laid have become known the world over.

These poems and an astounding amount of other writing Scott did in the eight years he lived at Ashetiel by the Tweed, an ideal home for a poet, three miles from his nearest neighbor. Here Scott gained the reputation of being the hardest worker and player in Scotland. It was his custom to get up at five in the morning, light his own fire in winter, and by six write steadily, with all his reference books around him and under the eye of at least one dog, until nine or so, when the family had breakfast. By noon he was "his own man." Afternoons he would be in the saddle riding or coursing. He was recklessness itself on horseback. He passed many evenings spearing salmon by torchlight. Sometimes for excursions he stopped work by

ten; he made up for this by continuous work on rainy days.

No man ever loved horses or dogs more. His earliest horses, like Brown Adam, refused to be fed except by him; his deerhounds were part of him. When Camp died, he gave up a dinner party because of the death "of an old friend"; he erected a marble statue to Maida (the Bevis of *Woodstock*).

When Ashetiel was rented, Scott wanted a place of his own. He wished to found a great family estate. His writing was but a means to that end. Along with all his other duties, he had performed those of the Clerkship of the Session for more than five years for nothing in order to step into the position. In 1812, on the clerkship's coming to him with £700 more a year, he bought a mountain farm of a hundred acres five miles down the Tweed from Ashetiel. "Our flitting," he said, "and removal from Ashetiel baffled all description; we had twenty-five cartloads of the veriest trash in nature, besides dogs, pigs, ponies, poultry, cows, calves, bare-headed wenches, and bare-breeched boys." In the furniture "old swords, bows, targets, and lances made a very conspicuous show. A family of turkeys was accommodated within the helmet of some *preux chevalier* of ancient border fame; and the very cows, for aught I know, were bearing banners and muskets. This caravan, at-

tended by a dozen of ragged rosy peasant children, carrying fishing-rods and spears, and leading ponies, greyhounds, and spaniels, as it crossed the Tweed . . . reminds one of gypsy groups upon their march."

He paid for Abbotsford by borrowing £2,000 and counting on as much from *Rokeby,* not yet written. The gambling instinct was his by inheritance. From now on, as his hungry eyes saw this farm and that until he had bought a thousand acres, and as he built and enlarged Abbotsford from a cottage to a castle, he was always counting on futures. With his being created a baronet, the idea of a great estate more and more possessed Sir Walter, and his expenditures became more and more lavish. There was some justification for this, for he was making with every year an increasingly large sum of money; but he lived and entertained like a prince. And then Ballantine failed at a time when Sir Walter had received Constable's bills for four novels of which he had not written a word.

James Ballantine, a schoolmate of Scott's, had had a printshop in Kelso. Through Scott's influence James moved to Edinburgh where he and his brother John became publishers as well as printers. Scott advanced them money, and was a sort of secret partner directing their policy. Now the Ballantines lacked business ability, and Scott allowed his friendships to sway him

in recommending books of little general interest for publication. Consequently, though Scott's own books were bringing in money, he had to pour more and more into the concern. The Ballantines became involved with the publishing firm of Constable. In 1825 Constable crashed and pulled down the Ballantines, and Scott with them, for £117,000.

Scott was fifty-four, and the firm owed $585,000. If he had died before this, he would have been known as a great writer; he was now to live long enough to be known as a great man. He could have side-stepped responsibility and let the firm's creditors suffer, but he knew that though he might clear himself according to the letter, he could not according to the spirit, and he could have no peace of soul until every penny owed was repaid.

Thirteen years before, when hunting for some fishing tackle, he had chanced upon the manuscript of a Jacobite story, begun and thrown away nine years previously. It seized his imagination, and with almost incredible speed he finished it. The last two volumes he wrote in three weeks. It was *Waverley.* Published anonymously, it created a furore in the literary world. A new type of literature had been born—the historical romantic novel. Its success caused Scott to leave the field of poetry in favor of Byron. With the years novel after novel ap-

peared by "The author of *Waverley,*" great tales centering about great events in the lives of great personages in Scottish, English, and French history, like Mary Queen of Scots, Queen Elizabeth, Richard the Lion-hearted, and Louis XI. With every novel the public cried for another piece of romantic-fiction pie. It whetted the appetite for adventure, mystery, and love, and, besides its knights and fine ladies, was flavored with genuine sons and daughters of the soil, and with humor. History was no longer dry but thrilling.

As early as 1814 a group of friends were spending an evening together. "I observed," said one, "that a shade had come over the aspect of my friend, and said something that intimated a fear of his being unwell. 'No,' said he, 'I will be well enough presently, if you will only let me sit where you are, and take my chair; for there is a confounded hand in sight of me here, which has often bothered me before, and now it won't let me fill my glass with a good will.' I rose to change places with him accordingly, and he pointed out to me this hand, which, like the writing on Belshazzar's wall, disturbed his hour of hilarity. 'Since we sat down,' he said, 'I have been watching it—it fascinates my eye —it never stops—page after page is finished, and thrown on the heap of MS., and still it goes on unwearied; and so it will until candles are

brought in, and God knows how long after that. It's the same every night—I can't stand the sight of it when I am not at my books.' 'Some stupid, dogged, engrossing clerk, probably,' exclaimed one of the group. 'No, boys,' said our host; 'I well know what hand it is—'tis Walter Scott's.' "

The weary, heart-sick man of fifty-four with the skill gained by years of writing as resolutely turned to his almost superhuman task of paying off £117,000. Within four months Lady Scott, who had been ill for two years, died; but "the old struggler," though so wounded, persisted. In two years he had earned for his creditors £40,000. No man could stand his pace. He had a stroke. Recovering somewhat, he still could write with clouded brain but indomitable will. When he could not hold his pen, he dictated to Laidlaw, his farmer-manager. Sir Walter "would frequently pause and look around him, like a man 'mocked with shadows.' Then he bestirred himself with a great effort, rallied his force, and the style again flowed clear and bright, but not for long. The clouds would gather again, and the mental blank recur." In five years he had paid back £63,000. In 1831 alarming symptoms developed, but he tackled *Count Robert of Paris*. Another stroke, and, for the first time, his publishers objected to his practically completed manuscript. In spite of the

remonstrances of his doctors, he recast the entire novel. He started another. Then he had to give up. He went to London in his wheel chair, and from there on a ship of His Majesty's Navy sailed to Malta and Italy. On the Rhine another stroke of apoplexy! He wanted to go home, and at last the doctors let him.

On reaching Abbotsford, he exclaimed to Laidlaw, "Ha! Wullie Laidlaw! O man, how often I have thought of you!" His dogs licked his hands and fawned about him, to his smiles and tears. For a day or so he was wheeled about in the garden, but then he kept to his room. The hissing and derision at Jedburgh a year before caused by his opposing the Great Reform Bill was haunting him still. Often in delirium he would call out, "Burk Sir Walter!" Then one morning Lockhart, his son-in-law, was called to his bedside. "Lockhart," said Sir Walter, "I may have but a minute to speak to you. My dear, be a good man,—be virtuous, be religious,—be a good man. Nothing else will give you any comfort when you come to lie here." Shortly afterwards he died.

In imagination he still lives at Abbotsford—reforesting the land; swinging across country on Sybil Gray or the Covenanter, his deerhounds racing beside him; consulting with Willie Laidlaw, wise, loyal, companionable; and joking with devoted Tom Purdie, the poacher, whom he let

go free, and made his own shepherd, when he heard his pathetic tale of wife and many children, no work and many grouse. Or Sir Walter is starting with one group on horseback for a grand coursing match at Newark Hill while another group is prepared with salmon-rod and landing-net to fish the rippling, white-pebbled and deep-pooled Tweed—to be stopped by Lady Anna's breaking from the line of the cavalcade exclaiming, "Papa! papa! I know you could never think of going without your pet," a little black pig, frisking about his pony, soon led away by a strap about its neck to the cheers of the entire happy party. Or he is indoors, at the dinner table or before the crackling fire, surrounded by his family and guests—the delightful host, full of anecdote, wit, and humor. Or he is alone in his study at his desk writing, writing, writing, doing his daily task—The Wizard of the North.

Fifteen years after his death all of his creditors were paid in full through the sales of his works. Fifty years after his death, of his entire family only one, a great-granddaughter who had to borrow his name, Mary Monica Hope-Scott, was living. The dream of his life, a great baronial family and estate, had vanished; but his poems, and especially his novels, abide. Supremely does his life abide—as do the lives of all good and great men.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY

1792—1822

He was no creature born for our low world.
Against base custom and hypocrisy,
Loud sham, and ancient creeds he bravely hurled
Defiance, craving love and liberty.

Percy was a freak. A great Public School like Eton was no place for him. It would either crush him and turn him out a block exactly like ninety-nine out of a hundred of his fellows, or it would so intensify his freakishness that life would buffet him cruelly. The odds were a hundred to one that the School would break him. It takes heroic qualities to buck against the tradition and custom of a school where countless boys have grown into each other, studying, playing, and fighting together. A wolf that runs counter to the law of the pack obtains no mercy. Schoolboys are as merciless.

Percy had a girlish grace and beauty. Boys despise that—in a boy. Percy refused to honor their holiest of holy unwritten laws: he would not fag. To dare to object to the sacred system rendered a boy liable to ill-treatment; to refuse to act the slave for an Old Boy made him an outcast whom it was the rare privilege and

Percy B. Shelley.

From an engraving after an original painting owned by Mrs. Shelley

bounden duty to hound, bully, and knock about. Percy delighted to fool with chemicals and to make vile odors and explosions. No real fellow wasted time on such foolishness. Percy did another thing—scandalous, horrible: he was always carrying a book, and reading—*poetry*. Moreover, he said he didn't believe in Christianity, but was an atheist.

On any one of these counts Percy was meat for the pack. At the cry "Shelley!" with incredible speed it would gather, and in full scream pursue its prey until the boy, brought to bay, would utter a shrill piercing shriek. It would plaster him with spitballs, cuff him, pinch him, hurl his beloved books on the ground; then, pointing finger at him, would hoot his name derisively until he would burst into a paroxysm of fury and rage. The wolves called him Mad Shelley and Atheist Shelley. But Eton did not break him.

On the first night he appeared for dinner in hall at University College, Oxford, Thomas Jefferson Hogg, a keen, humorous fellow, as common-sensed as Percy was impractical, sat next to him. Hogg fell into conversation with the preoccupied freshman about Italian and German poetry. Their talk waxed eager. They continued it strenuously in Hogg's rooms until —each acknowledged finally that he had known nothing about the subject from the beginning.

Shelley's tall, large-boned figure was slight,

and so stooping that he seemed small. He wore his shirt open at the throat. His expensive clothes were rumpled and untidy. His delicate, red-and-white complexion was tanned and freckled; his features, symmetrical; his blue eyes, glowing, fathomless; his head, small, but appearing unusually large, because, contrary to the close-cropped style of the day, he wore his brown hair long and bushy; his voice, low, or when excited, piercing. In his enthusiasm his body trembled; he gesticulated constantly, sometimes violently; he rubbed his head furiously or thrust his fingers through his hair unconsciously, making it look shaggy and wild.

His rooms were confusion on confusion—books thrown about hit-or-miss or piled, scattered manuscript, chemical apparatus, electrical machines, furniture covered with holes made by acids, dishes unsafe to drink out of for fear of dregs of poison, open razors lying around, used to cut the lids of wooden boxes.

His eating was similar—anything except meat, and at any time. Often he would not know whether he had eaten. He used to nibble at buns which he carried in his pocket.

Hogg and Percy became inseparable. They would study mornings each in his own room, lunch together at one, and then take long walks in the country. They had supper, washed down with tea, in Percy's rooms. At six he would lie

upon a sofa or, ordinarily, stretch like a cat on a rug before a large open fire, his head so near the hot blaze that Hogg wondered Percy could endure it, and would fall into a profound sleep until ten. Then he would sit up suddenly, rub his eyes, push his fingers violently through his bushy hair, and begin to talk or argue or recite poetry. The night session had begun.

At Eton he had consecrated himself to be just, wise, and free, never to become an accomplice, even by silence, of the selfish and the powerful, and to worship beauty. He never deviated from his vow, and his face was suffused with the beauty growing from such consecration. A painter said it was impossible to paint his beauty adequately.

Since Percy wished all men to have as high ideals as his own, he dedicated himself to bring this heaven on earth. Accordingly, he often read sixteen hours a day—anywhere, even in the crowded streets of London. Knowledge was a passion with him. On opening a new book, often his eyes and cheeks glowed, and his body trembled in anticipation. Always he was writing, too, and he wrote with remarkable ease.

One day Percy rushed into an Oxford bookshop with a bundle of two-page pamphlets, *The Necessity for Atheism,* a summary he had made of others' arguments against there being a God. At its end Percy had placed a big Q. E. D.

Percy gained permission to display the pamphlets prominently in the show-windows. Then he proceeded to sell them himself at sixpence. He went out. Shortly a Fellow of another college saw the sheet for sale in the window. Horrified, he entered the shop, compelled the shopkeeper to remove the pamphlets, and told the Master of University College about it.

A few days passed. The youthful freethinker and promoter of no-Goddism, who really believed in all-Goddism, received a summons to appear before his Master and Fellows. Holding in his hand a copy of Percy's pamphlet, the Dean asked, "Did you write this?" The Dean's tone being harsh, Percy refused to answer. Thereupon he was handed a letter of expulsion made out beforehand. He must leave by the next morning.

Furious, Percy flung himself out of the Common Room, rushed into Hogg's rooms, threw himself on the sofa, exclaiming, "Expelled! Expelled!" Hogg, like a true friend, wrote a note in Percy's behalf. Hogg was summoned before the same conclave, still sitting. He, too, was expelled. The next morning, the two friends drove by coach to London. Percy's college career had lasted six months. His first effort at converting mankind had not succeeded.

Percy dared not return home. His father, Timothy Shelley, heir to Sir Bysshe Shelley, one

of the wealthiest men in Sussex, was already at swords' points with him. Most fathers would have been, for Percy was constantly talking against things necessary for peace and happiness. It is all right to inveigh against oppression and tyranny, and demand liberty; but Percy found oppression and tyranny where most men found none, and demanded liberty where law-abiding people wanted none.

In religion at that time men too often emphasized forms of worship and the delights of hell-fire. Religion was too often gloomy and terrifying. Percy knew that religion ought to be joyous. Not finding the professed Christians about him happy, he attacked all Christianity. The fault was not in Christianity, but in a false idea of Christianity.

Calling himself an atheist, Percy lived according to the teachings of Jesus. And he was—for this world—too unselfish, too pure. People took advantage of his unselfishness constantly, shunned him for his tolerance, and did not believe his purity possible, so far was it above theirs. He carried his ideas about liberty too far except for an ideal world. He argued that marriage needed only love and no wedding ceremony, and should continue only so long as love continued.

Now Percy's father was narrow in a hide-bound age. Father and son had bitter words.

Towards his father alone of all men, Percy was unfair. Both acted unreasonably, especially Percy, and his father cut off Percy's allowance.

Then came bitter days for the nineteen-year-old. Hogg left to study law, and Percy had to face the loneliness of London without money, estranged from his parents, and—jilted by Harriet Grove, his cousin, whom for some time he had worshiped with the fervor of a first love. Everything had been perfect between them until Percy had tried to convert her to his ideas, among them those about marriage. Percy was heartbroken.

One refuge only did he have in this extremity —his younger sisters at Mrs. Fanning's Academy for Young Ladies. They gave him their spending money, and their schoolmates were all a-flutter over the big, handsome brother. Then Percy's father had Mrs. Fanning stop Percy's visiting. His sisters' best school-friend, Harriet, the daughter of Jew Westbrook, a retired coffee-house-keeper, came to the rescue. She was a perfectly beautiful girl—sixteen, apple-blossom complexion, fine brown hair, attractive voice, agreeable manners. She brought home to Percy cakes and money from his sisters, became a convert to his atheism or free thought, and fell in love with him. Her father and her sister Eliza were cordial. Though for the time penniless, Percy was heir to a great fortune and a

baronetcy. He would be a great catch for an innkeeper's daughter.

Now Percy's heart was with Harriet Grove, but when Harriet Westbrook, whom he saw constantly, began to hint of cruelty at school and of unhappiness at home, his sympathy was aroused. Then, on his advice, Harriet threw herself on his protection, and Percy, hater of tyrants, tried to bring Harriet's father, the oppressor, to reason. Strangely enough, Mr. Westbrook was furious. What the oppression was no one knows unless it was that Harriet should return to school. But Percy rose to the occasion, and agreed to fly with her if he received word that she needed him. In less than a week word came; they eloped at once on the Edinburgh Mail Coach. Their ages were nineteen and sixteen. Percy did not act in this case according to his theories—they were married at Edinburgh.

His father, on hearing of Percy's marriage to an innkeeper's daughter, again cut off the allowance he had shortly before renewed. However, Percy and Harriet got along somehow through the generosity of friends. Then Harriet's father made her an allowance of £200, and, Percy's father, to save his face, did the same.

They were extremely happy in Edinburgh. Soon Hogg joined them. They read, wrote, took long rambles around the beautiful coun-

try. Percy began to teach Harriet Latin, and she read novels out loud to them. Later at York Harriet's many-years-older sister Eliza appeared. Her face, marked with smallpox, was dead white in color like rice boiled in dirty water; her eyes, expressionless dark-brown; her hair, coarse black; her figure, skinny and prim. Harriet thought her beautiful, adored her, and obeyed her implicitly. From her arrival trouble was brewing.

First the Shelleys with Eliza left Hogg without notice. Then Percy resolved on a bold stroke. William Godwin, the author of *Political Justice,* had been largely responsible for Percy's unusual ideas about tyranny and liberty. Percy had by letter—he was always writing to people whom he had never met—made himself a disciple of Godwin. Percy would show himself worthy. He would help bring Catholic Emancipation to the Irish.

Full of enthusiasm, Percy took the two girls and *An Address to the Irish People* to Dublin. There, to the wonder of the Irish, Percy, very serious, and Harriet, "ready to die of laughter," attempted helping Irish liberties by throwing the book out of the window to those they thought likely converts, and by handing it out in the streets. Percy thrust one into the hood of a woman's cloak. The nineteen-year-old reformer also addressed a meeting of the Irish Catholics.

But Percy found the Irish "of scarcely greater elevation in the scale of intellectual being than the oyster." Percy and Harriet, plus Eliza, became lonely; they sailed for Wales—the Irish remained in their miserable condition.

In Wales on Percy's invitation another friend joined them—Miss Eliza Hitchener. She, like Godwin, was a friend by correspondence and had not been put to the acid test of acquaintanceship before her arrival. She gave up her school to live with them—a gaunt, middle-aged creature whom later they called the Brown Demon and whom he got rid of only by bribery.

Percy now had printed a *Declaration of Rights* for the salvation of the world. His servant was arrested and imprisoned for six months for distributing the pamphlets. Percy used to bottle them and send them floating out to sea. Or he would ship them by fire-balloons. He always liked to sail paper boats. Once he manufactured one out of a fifty-pound note. His favorite amusement at this time was blowing soap-bubbles.

They moved to London where their first child, Ianthe, was born. Shelley loved her fervently and used to sing her to sleep with a song of his own, "Yáhmani, yáhmani, yáhmani!" but Harriet was cold to her baby. Now came constant friction. Harriet wanted pleasure and luxury, which he detested. Eliza Westbrook, for whom

Percy now had unbounded abhorrence, encouraged Harriet in this. Shelley barely escaped imprisonment for debt to buy Harriet a carriage to satisfy her vanity. The quarrels became more violent. She became indifferent and hard, and he grew to believe her unfaithful to him.

At this juncture Percy fell violently in love. He had become intimate with Godwin, the Philosopher. He was a pudgy man, always in money troubles, and did not hesitate to borrow money from his disciple and never to repay him. In Godwin's home were his second wife; Fannie Imlay, the daughter of his first wife, Mary Wollstonecraft, by a former marriage; Claire and Charles Claremont, the children of his second wife by a former marriage, and Mary Godwin, his daughter by Mary Wollstonecraft. Mary was away on a visit.

On her return Percy was immediately drawn to the slight, serious girl of sixteen, with a pure light complexion, hazel eyes, beautiful golden hair in smooth bands on either side of her head. She was gifted, loved poetry, and was, from her upbringing as a daughter of Godwin, free from prejudice. Mary thought her stepmother an ill-bred ogress and was unhappy. The only place where she could find peace was by her mother's grave in old St. Pancras' churchyard. There she used to go daily to read and dream. One day Shelley accompanied her, and told her the

story of his unhappy life, and the reasons why he had now decided to leave Harriet forever. By her mother's grave the girl of sixteen confessed her love for the married boy of twenty-two. He felt that with her love he could be good and wise, and help humanity; she, from the ideas she inherited from both her father and mother, felt no hesitation in giving herself to him.

Percy told Harriet he had decided to separate from her as they no longer loved each other. And he told Godwin. It took untold courage and agony to live up to convictions. Godwin, who preached freedom in love, did not like having his preaching practiced in his own family. What a man sows, he reaps.

At four o'clock one July morning Percy and Mary with her half-sister Claire Claremont ran away from her father's and crossed the English Channel in an open boat. During the night the wind became a gale, and Mary, very sick, lay with her head resting on Percy's shoulder. Then a terrific thunderstorm raged over them. It was a terrible experience for the runaway lovers. They had many more before they were through.

At Paris they bought a donkey for their luggage and started on foot for Switzerland. It was the year before Waterloo; France was overrun with disbanded soldiers and robbers, the country desolate. They substituted a mule for

the donkey. The inns were filthy and full of rats; they dared not sleep in the beds. They turned to spending the nights in farm-kitchens, sitting by the big stoves. By day they passed wondering peasants at work in the fields, and poverty-stricken and fire-struck homes, to Switzerland. At Brunnen, near the scene of William Tell's apple exploit in defense of liberty, they engaged an old château, furnished it, and planned to live "forever." But it rained cats and dogs, and after two days the three homesick young people left for England.

They arrived in London unable to pay their cab fare and forced to borrow from Harriet, who had drawn out all the money in Percy's bank account. Godwin would not see them. Shelley's creditors sought his arrest; Fannie Imlay, though forbidden to have any communication with the outcasts, warned him of his danger. Percy left Mary and Claire at their mean lodgings and disappeared. They could meet now only by stealth and for short periods, except on Sundays when Percy could not be arrested. They went hungry sometimes, but they loved each other. An allowance at the death of Percy's grandfather ended this miserable situation.

A year later Shelley's and Mary's first son, William, was born. With the spring, again accompanied by Claire Claremont, they journeyed

to Lake Geneva, where they spent the summer. Percy here met the most famous Englishman of his day, the proud, erring Lord Byron, whose villa was next to his. They passed their days on the beautiful lake boating and their evenings in conversation. On a tour of the lake Byron and Percy were nearly drowned. As usual, Percy, who never learned how to swim, was as "bold as a lion," his only fear being lest Byron risk his life for him. Their visit to the Castle of Chillon led Byron to write *The Castle of Chillon.* The world-weary poet thought Percy "the most gentle, the most amiable, and least worldly-minded person" he "ever met, a 'beau ideal' of all that is fine, high-minded and noble," and acting up "to this ideal even to the very letter." Percy recognized Byron's ability as a poet, but deplored his character.

On returning to England the full horror of tragedy struck Percy. One morning came a letter from Fannie Imlay— "I am going to a place whence I hope never to return." Before Percy could reach Bristol, she was dead—by her a bottle, a little Swiss watch Percy and Mary had sent her from Switzerland, and the beginning of a pathetic letter. When she had said good-by to him a short time before in London, her lips had trembled. The gentle girl had loved Percy. She had felt that no one cared for her, and that her life was useless under unbearable

conditions at her stepfather's. According to Godwin's teachings, she was committing no crime in suicide. Godwin was reaping a whirlwind.

To get hold of himself, Percy visited Leigh Hunt. On his return to Bath, he found a letter stating that Harriet had committed suicide. Over two years had elapsed since their separation, and Percy did not feel himself in the least responsible, but the blow was overwhelming. To add to his anguish, Harriet's father refused to let her two children by Percy come to him, and a lawsuit declared Shelley unfit to bring up the children! They were put under the care of a clergyman.

In the spring of 1818 with Claire Claremont and her child Allegra, Percy and Mary left England for Italy. Percy's health was very poor. Feeling was still very strong against Percy and Mary, who were now married; they wanted to be away from people. Percy never returned to England.

Tragedy dogged their footsteps. In the autumn, while living in Byron's villa near Este, Clara, their infant child, became alarmingly ill; they hurried to Venice to reach a competent doctor. The custom officers stopped them—their passports were forgotten. Shelley forced permission to go on. An hour after they reached their hotel in Venice, the baby died in Mary's arms. Mary bore up bravely. The next June

at Rome, their beloved boy William fell ill and after a short illness, during which Percy sat by his bed for sixty hours without resting, died. The two parents were brokenhearted, and Mary for months simply crushed.

In January they moved to Pisa—lovely, sleepy Pisa. Already during his sufferings Shelley had written the two greatest of his long poems: *The Cenci,* the most terrible and finest tragedy in verse since Shakespeare; and *Prometheus Bound,* an allegorical story of a vulture eating the liver of the chained demi-god Prometheus. Shelley's longer poems, however, do not interest most of us so much as his lyrics, like the inexpressibly beautiful *Ode to the West Wind,* which he composed the year before, while watching a storm approaching from the Cascine, the famous park of Florence stretching along the yellow Arno. At Pisa he wrote such favorites as *Ode to a Skylark* and *The Sensitive Plant,* suggested by the flowers in Mary's drawing room. These poems and others are as imaginative and ethereal as any in our language. They should be woven into the fabric of our lives. Shelley is the poet of the atmosphere and great spaces, of the high mountains and the far-stretching sea, of a passionate longing and love for mankind and liberty, of a consecration to ideals. He generally composed out-of-doors.

His favorite spot at this time was a great wood of stone pines on the Pisan Maremma.

The Shelleys found congenial friends in Pisa, particularly the Williamses. To Mrs. Williams —Jane—some of Percy's finest lyrics are written. A mustachioed Captain Trelawney, who had led a wild adventurous life all over the world and fought pirates, became a devoted friend. He thought the boylike Shelley one of the bravest and most wonderful men in the world. Byron opened his palace in Pisa to be near Shelley. They used to go horseback riding and pistol shooting, and Percy held his own with them. His nicknames were Ariel and, on account of his sparkling eyes, the Snake.

Once while bathing with Trelawney, Percy plunged into deep water and "lay stretched out at the bottom like a corpse, not making the least effort to save himself." When Trelawney had fished him out, Percy said, "I always find the bottom of the well, and they say truth lies there. In another minute I should have found it, and you would have found an empty shell. Death is the veil which those who live call Life; they sleep and it is lifted."

Williams and Percy had sailed the Arno and Serchio in flat-bottomed boats. On Trelawney's arrival, they talked of larger craft, and Byron had built the schooner *Bolivar* and Shelley the sloop *Don Juan*. The sloop required two tons

of iron ballast and was cranky. Not being seamen, Percy and Williams had Vivian, a young, inexperienced English sailor, help them.

In the spring of 1822, probably the happiest period in Percy's life, the Shelleys and the Williamses rented Villa Magni on the Gulf of Spezia. Mary, with a new son, had some of the heavy burden of grief lifted from her heart. In June Leigh Hunt brought his family to Pisa; he was planning a magazine with Byron. In July Shelley, delayed longer than he had expected visiting Hunt, hurried back from Pisa to Leghorn to sail with Williams and Vivian to Villa Magni.

It was a sultry afternoon following days of drought during which the priests had gone through the streets with images praying for rain. Trelawney planned accompanying Shelley and Williams in the *Bolivar,* but was detained by not having proper clearance papers. As the *Don Juan* left the harbor, Trelawney's mate said it ought to have sailed at 3 A.M. instead of twelve hours later, for the devil was brewing mischief. A fog hid the *Don Juan.* Trelawney went to his cabin and slept. He was wakened by the cries of the sailors getting their boats ready for a gale. With a swoop a furious thunder-and-lightning storm burst. In twenty minutes it was over. Trelawney looked anxiously for the *Don Juan.* It was nowhere to be seen.

Three days later Trelawney found a punt, some bottles, and a water-keg belonging to the *Don Juan*. At the end of a week three bodies were cast up by the sea. Williams' and Shelley's were four miles apart; Vivian's, still farther away. In one pocket of Shelley's jacket was a copy of *Æschylus;* in the other, Keats' poems with a page turned down as if hastily put there while reading. Trelawney had to tell the two widows.

Before Percy could be buried in Rome, his body by Italian law had to be cremated. The day after this was done to Williams' body, Trelawney, Byron, and Leigh Hunt with health officers and curious children came to the spot near Via Reggio where, marked by three white wands some distance apart, Shelley's body, enclosed in lime, had been temporarily buried in the sand. For an hour they dug in silence a trench thirty yards long. Then a mattock made a dull hollow sound. Its iron had struck the skull. They uncovered the body. They placed it on a funeral pyre. They lighted it. They threw incense, oil, and salt upon the leaping flames, and more wine on Shelley's body than he had ever drunk during his life. The yellow flames glistened and quivered. "The heat from the sun and the fire was so intense that the atmosphere was tremulous and wavy. . . . The fire was so fierce as to produce a white heat on the

iron, and to reduce its contents to gray ashes. The only portions that were not consumed were some fragments of bones, the jaw, and the skull." The heart remained entire. Trelawney thrust his hand into the flames, burning it severely, but he seized the heart.

Trelawney carried the ashes to the Protestant Cemetery at Rome, which Percy had thought the most beautiful and solemn cemetery he had ever beheld. There, beneath the shade of its great trees by the pyramidal tomb of Sestius, Percy and Mary had buried their beloved William; there lay the body of Keats, whose death so recently Shelley had immortalized in *Adonais*.

Percy's Latin epitaph, composed by Hunt, contained, besides the name and dates, two words —*Cor Cordium*. Trelawney added these lines from Ariel's song, a favorite of Percy's:

> "Nothing of him that doth fade,
> But doth suffer a sea-change
> Into something rich and strange."

Into the far unknown a childlike loving genius, born for an ideal world, had passed. Life, to be kind to him, had been cruel. He had not been broken, but was finding himself. He still had great dreams and ambitions, and they were closer to the touch of life. Perhaps— Who knows?

JOHN KEATS

1795—1821

He lived for Truth and Beauty; when he died,
Beauty was fain to welcome him on high,
And kept him ever joyous by her side,
Ranging with Truth the mountains of the sky.

Tom was impertinent. There was no question about it. The usher could not allow that. He had his dignity to uphold as master among the eighty-odd boys at Enfield. Accordingly, he boxed the little fellow's ears soundly. Hardly had he finished before a tiny human terrier, wild with rage and so small that he seemed ridiculous, rushed through the surrounding group of boys, and with true boxing form hurled himself upon the usher, hitting with all his little might. It was Johnny Keats.

To have anybody box Tom's ears was unendurable; for Tom, though taller than he, was four years younger and delicate. To strike a master was an unheard-of thing; but Tom was his brother. If need be, Johnny would strike Mr. Clark, the Head Master. The usher stopped the little fury.

Johnny was the school's fighting bantam. When, eight years old, he entered Enfield, he was

John Keats

From a portrait in oils by his friend, J. Severn, made when Keats was twenty-three

the smallest boy there; when he left, seven years later, he was little more than five feet tall—he never grew an inch more. His brother George, two years younger, but much taller and stronger, knew how to manage Johnny. George simply held Johnny down by main strength and laughed at him when in his moods; for Johnny, though always fighting, could not stay angry long. In fact, so affectionate, open-hearted, generous, true, and square was he that the little Welsh spitfire became the most popular boy in school. Everybody loved him—the boys he fought, the master he attacked. He was as sensitive to feeling and emotion as an undeveloped film to light. A word could bring a quiver to his lip, a tear or glorious flash to his eye. He felt so keenly that often he was morbidly melancholy, but ordinarily his glowing dark-brown eyes lighted his beautiful face, crowned with wavy golden-brown hair. His company was joy.

Ugliness in any form he hated; but how he loved beauty!—beauty of flowers especially; of woods, fields, and streams; of birds and sunsets; of noble and kindly deed, word, and thought! His first five years at Enfield he seemingly cared for nothing except athletics and fighting. His ideal was his uncle, Captain Jennings, who had fought under Duncan at the naval victory of Camperdown. His last two years at school he changed greatly. Not only did he always have

a book in his hand, but he cared for reading so much that he even neglected his athletics. He won all the literary prizes of the school easily, and, besides his regular work, for the love of it wrote out a prose translation of the entire *Æneid*. The dictionary names and facts of mythology he learned by heart; they were not dry-as-dust to him, but flamed with beauty and suggestiveness.

The boys knew he would do anything to help a fellow, and never count the cost. They thought he would be great. Was not the little Corporal, Napoleon, the terror of all Europe, just then threatening to invade England, unusually short? Johnny carried himself with the quiet assurance of greatness—just as when older. The expression of character and spirit-beauty on his face and in his bearing—as when older, too—attracted strangers seeing him anywhere.

Johnny did not have much to boast of for his family tree. A real man does not need a family tree to protect him from the heat of the sun, but revels in facing it in the open; in standing absolutely on his own; on what he himself is, not on what his ancestors were. His concern is only what his great-grandchildren shall be. Johnny's father, hailing from somewhere near Land's End, Cornwall, became head hostler for John Jennings, a liveryman at the stable marked by the sign of the Swan-and-Hoop, Finsbury

Pavement, Moorfields, opposite what is now Finsbury Circus and the London Institution. He married Jennings' daughter, Frances.

To make up for pedigree, Thomas Keats had common sense and natural refinement, and Frances was "lively, impulsive, unusually talented," and fond of amusements. Their three boys had a younger brother who died in infancy, and a younger sister who outlived them. The family was bound together in love and affection. After Johnny's father died from falling off a horse when the boy was eight, his mother made an unhappy second marriage with a stable-keeper, and soon left him.

Johnny and she were unusually close to each other. During an illness of hers, the five-year-old, with a sword he had found somewhere, once watched by her door that no one disturb her. After her fatal illness started, for two years the boy bore a heavy burden. As she suddenly grew worse, love made the careless fighting-cock serious-minded. Near the end "he sat up whole nights with her in her great chair, would suffer nobody to give her medicine, or even cook her food, but himself, and read novels to her in her intervals of ease." On his mother's death he hid under a master's desk like a pathetic puppy and gave way to such grief as aroused the sympathy and pity of all at Enfield. His mother died from tuberculosis.

A year later Johnny was taken by bungling Mr. Abbey, one of his two guardians to whom his grandmother, still living, had entrusted the orphans, and was bound apprentice to a surgeon named Hammond at Edmonton near Enfield. When nearly nineteen, Johnny quarreled with and left Hammond, but continued his studies in London, and, when twenty-one, was made an assistant to dress wounds and sores at Guy's Hospital. But his thoughts were so far from his work that he decided to follow their call. Once, while he was attending a lecture in the hospital, a sunbeam broke into the room, bringing with it, to his imagination, a "whole troop of creatures floating in the ray," and Johnny "was off with them to Oberon and fairy-land." Fairy-land for him led straight to Poetry-land. His one ambition and aspiration now was to be a poet.

At Enfield he had formed a wonderful friendship with Cowden Clark, the Head Master's son, eight years older than he. When apprenticed at Edmonton, Johnny used to go to Enfield at least once a week to see Cowden. The two would sit in pleasant summer weather in a shaded arbor of the school garden exchanging the long, deep thoughts of youth, and Cowden would read poetry to Johnny and delight in his delight. One day Cowden loaned him Spenser's *Faërie Queene*. The boy reveled in its melodious fairyland enchantment, and adventures of knights and lovely

ladies by meandering streams and in forest glades. He imitated Spenser's famous stanza and other forms of verse. Two years later, happening on Cowden in London, John gained sufficient courage to show him a sonnet on Leigh Hunt's being released from prison. John's fellow medical students teased proud "little Keats" somewhat on his poetical efforts; Mr. Abbey, who would have had him in his tea business, gave him no sympathy; George, Tom, and Cowden encouraged him most enthusiastically.

Cowden Clark shortly removed to London, where John and he renewed their intimate comradeship and reading. One night they got hold of a huge folio translation of *Homer*. With sparkling-eyed Welsh enthusiasm John read with Cowden into the wee hours of night. When Cowden came downstairs for breakfast before ten o'clock, he found John's famous sonnet, *On First Looking Into Chapman's Homer,* already awaiting him. This sonnet marked a great event, an event which occurs only once or twice a century—the birth of a great English poet.

The eager, beauty-loving fellow naturally met others in love with art and literature. One of these was Haydon, the painter, eleven years his elder, who thought himself inspired to paint heroic canvases like *The Judgment of Solomon* and *Christ's Entry Into Jerusalem* (into which he introduced a portrait of Keats). Haydon

would rise from his knees in prayer "with a refreshed fury" of enthusiasm and piety, paint unceasingly, lecture his friends on their conduct, and, at the same time, live on money borrowed from them. His ardor and assurance in his vain struggle for immortality deceived John as it did Wordsworth; but his fury for work was contagious, his encouragement inspiring.

Keats knew Shelley also, but though Shelley was cordiality itself, John was always shy of him, perhaps because the liveryman's son had a false pride in measuring himself against the baronet's son.

Leigh Hunt, the creator of *Abou Ben Adhem* and editor of the *Examiner,* was different. He was a better critic than poet, and a child in money matters who found it easier to borrow than to pay. He had been imprisoned for two years for libeling the Prince Regent, whom he had called "a fat Adonis of fifty." In prison he had been visited by Byron and Lamb, who believed him a martyr. John and Hunt became very intimate. John once gave him a poet's wreath of ivy and received in return a group of sonnets.

The two entered into friendly poetical contests. The eleven-year-older man was always generous in his criticism and praise of his rival. In one such contest each wrote a sonnet *On the*

Grasshopper and the Cricket. When Hunt came to Keats' tenth and eleventh lines—

> "On a lone winter morning, when the frost
> Hath wrought a silence"—

he cried, "Ah, that's perfect! Bravo, Keats!" And then Hunt enlarged "on the dumbness of Nature during the season's suspension and torpidity." Another time Hunt, Shelley, and Keats each wrote a sonnet on the River Nile.

In May, 1816, Hunt printed in *The Examiner* without comment Keats' sonnet *O Solitude;* in December the *Sonnet on First Opening Chapman's Homer,* with introductory remarks comparing Keats in promise to Shelley. This decided John to give his life to poetry. It also decided his friends that a volume of his poetry must appear. They found a publisher, and, shortly after, the last proof sheets were handed John as they were enjoying a gay evening together. If there were to be a dedication, it must be furnished immediately. Seating himself at a small side table, in no time John composed, while the fun continued, his sonnet *To Leigh Hunt, Esq.*

The thin volume appeared, and it fell flat. John's brothers, Tom and George, were angry at the publishers—as if the publishers were to blame! The volume had too many marks of youth to sell.

On Haydon's advice, John decided to live by himself that he might write without interruption a long poem about Endymion, the sleeping youth beloved by the goddess of the moon; but the young poet found living by himself was too lonely. Finally the three brothers took lodgings at Hampstead, not far from Hunt. There he and his friends took unforgetable walks across the heath. He would recite passages he liked best of *Endymion,* or they would out-pun or out-joke each other, or join in more intimate serious conversation. The fighting bantam-cock still lived within John. One day he knocked out a big bully of a butcher whom he found mistreating a cat. During these glorious days John also visited his undergraduate friend Bailey at Oxford for over a month, walking or boating afternoons on the Isis, and deeply responsive to the beauty of the university's many age-mellowed colleges. Also, with the completion of *Endymion,* John was throwing off his unquestioning dependence upon his older friends. The result was, they were jealous.

Endymion was finished in November, 1817. Then in the next two years the experiences and emotions of a lifetime were crowded into fewer months. Magic tragic years they were. In June the emigration of his closest friend and adviser, his brother George, with his bride to America moved him greatly. Then John and his friend

Charles Brown, knapsack on shoulder, followed the lure of the winding road, and the timely cottage and inn, on a walking trip. Keats carried one book only, a little three-volume edition of Cary's *Dante*. They tramped the English Lake Country, where John felt the mountain scenery overpoweringly beautiful. They visited Burns' tomb and last home at Dumfries. They traveled through the *Guy Mannering* country of Galloway. They went to bonnie Ayr, Burns' birthplace, where "a mahogany-faced old jackass who knew Burns ought to have been kicked" for having spoken to him. "His gab hindered my sublimity," said Keats; "the flat dog made me write a flat sonnet." They were annoyed by tourists in *The Lady of the Lake* country.

Proceeding farther north, at Loch Awe John had symptoms of his fatal illness appear. At first Keats had fallen into bed so fatigued that he wrote, "When I am asleep, you might sew my nose to my great toe and trundle me round the town, like a hoop, without waking me." He soon found he could do his twenty miles daily; but in the north country of continual oatmeal and eggs, and of constant soakings from rain, he began to overtax himself. One day they crossed the island of Mull, thirty-seven miles of the hardest kind of walking in nasty weather, and he developed a sore throat. At Inverness a doctor forbade Keats' walking farther—he had

fever. Leaving Brown, he started for London and arrived at Hampstead "brown and shabby, scarcely any shoes left, his jacket all torn at the back, a fur cap, a great plaid, and his knapsack." And a whirlpool of excitement burst on him!

He was met by savage attacks against *Endymion* and himself. The Tories, to whose party the fat Adonis Prince Regent belonged, were bitter against Leigh Hunt, and had already in *Blackwood's Magazine* insulted him in three articles. Now it was "good Johnny Keats' " turn. *Endymion* was open to the attack of youth and immaturity. No one knew that better than Keats. But it was the best he could do when he wrote it. Not content with slashing *Endymion* outrageously, the unknown "Z," probably brilliant "Scorpion" Lockhart, Sir Walter Scott's son-in-law, sneered: "Hunt is a small poet, but he is a clever man. Mr. Keats is a still smaller poet, and he is only a boy of pretty abilities which he has done everything in his power to spoil. . . . It is a better and a wiser thing to be a starved apothecary than a starved poet. So back to the shop, Mr. John. Stick to 'plasters, pills, ointment boxes,' etc."

The attacks so hurt the sensitive poet that he said he would write no more. Then his fighting spirit showed itself. "This is a mere matter of

the moment," he wrote: "I think I shall be among the English poets after my death."

Within a year he composed poems so beautiful that they will last as long as the English language—among them the exquisite *The Eve of St. Agnes,* the midnight adventure of Porphyrio's stealing into the hostile castle and escaping with the fair Madelaine; the magic *La Belle Dame Sans Merci,* and the shorter minor odes. A visit to the marbles in the British Museum influenced him to write the lovely *To Psyche* and *On a Grecian Urn.* A nightingale which had built her nest in his tramping-mate Brown's garden and gave the poet continual joy inspired another. Brown states: "One morning he took his chair from the breakfast table to the grass plot under a plum, where he sat for two or three hours. When he came back into the house, I perceived he had some scraps of paper in his hands, and these he was quietly thrusting behind the books. On inquiry I found those scraps, four or five in number, contained Keats' poetic feeling on the song of our nightingale. The writing was not well legible, and it was difficult to arrange the stanzas on so many scraps. With Keats' assistance, I succeeded, and there was Keats' *Ode to a Nightingale.*"

Brown sought out, found, and copied many other fugitive poems which Keats, once he had composed them, had cared nothing about. He

loved beauty so much that he would have written "even if his night's labors were burnt every morning and no eye ever rested upon them."

While he was writing this glorious poetry under the lashing of the magazines and in poor health, worse came to him. In the spring before George had sailed, John had been with Tom for two months of raw rainy weather among the downs of Devonshire in the hope that his delicate brother might there improve in health. While John was in Scotland, Tom had grown rapidly worse. Now John was with him constantly, caring for him day and night. Early one morning in December (1818) Brown was awakened in bed by a pressure on his hand. It was Keats who came to tell that his brother Tom had died. Brown said nothing, and both remained silent for a while, Brown's hand locked in Keats'. At length Brown said, "Have nothing more to do with those lodgings—and alone, too! Had you not better live with me?" Like his mother, Tom had died of tuberculosis. John had helped still more to seal his own death by his devoted nursing. He went to live with Brown.

To add to the feverishness of these days, Keats now fell in love with a lively, gray-blue-eyed blonde of the English hawk type, Fanny Brawne. At first John was repelled by her; then, despite himself, he fell desperately in love, to the dismay of his closest friends, for they knew

she was not his equal in heart or mind. The two became secretly engaged. John's health became so precarious that he tried to keep away from Fanny. He found life apart from her unendurable; by her, torment.

Moreover, money troubles were gnawing at his peace. His guardian had bungled the Keats inheritance. John in his unselfishness had loaned large sums to Haydon and others when he had practically nothing himself. George, returning from America, needed more money to carry on. Not letting George know the situation, John raised the sum needed and sent George back to America.

And all the time, so stupidly had Abbey managed affairs, over £1,000 were in trust for Keats that no one knew about until after his death!

And all the time the joys and torments of love stabbed him deeper, the exhaustion of writing poetry drained his strength—his lungs grew weaker.

However, in peaceful Winchester he had a few restful days during the soothing glory of autumn and wrote the last and one of his most beautiful odes, *To Autumn*. There he made new resolutions not to yield to his morbid imagination, but to face life sanely. His health would not allow him to marry Fanny; he must keep away from her. On his return to London, within two

days he saw her and was her slave again. He could not work nor rest separated from her. He felt that he had cast the die for Love or Death. The die fell for Death.

In the winter Brown found him taking laudanum to ease his torment. Keats promised never to do it again. A promise was sacred to him. At eleven one night in February, five days after George left for America again, John entered the house looking as if in fierce intoxication. Brown knew that was impossible and asked, "What is the matter? You are fevered." "Yes, yes," Keats answered, "I was on the outside of the stage this bitter day till I was severely chilled —but I don't feel it. Fevered!—of course, a little." Brown asked him to go to bed immediately. Brown entered Keats' room as he jumped into bed. On feeling the cold sheets before touching the pillows, John coughed slightly. Brown heard him say, "That is blood from my mouth." Brown approached him; he was examining a drop of blood on the sheet. "Bring me the candle, Brown, and let me see this blood." Keats looked at it steadily; then, calmly gazing at Brown, said, "I know the color of that blood—it is arterial blood—I cannot be deceived in that color—that drop of blood is my death-warrant—I must die."

Though physicians knew so little about tuberculosis in those days that they starved patients

instead of feeding them, John was soon able to receive visits from Fanny Brawne and to exchange notes with her. In April he found strength sufficient to get out to see the spring flowers. He had relapses and hemorrhages; at times he was beside himself and knew not what he said or wrote. A note from Fanny opened by a servant and handed Keats two days later affected him terribly. Fanny and her mother took him to their home and nursed him. There one day Haydon saw him "lying in a white bed, with white quilts and white sheets; the only color visible was the hectic flush of his cheeks."

He could not live through another winter in England. Italy was decided upon by his friends, and he sailed from London in September. Brown, hurrying back from Scotland to accompany him, missed him by a few hours; with John was his young artist friend Severn.

Contrary winds held the *Maria Crowther,* and he had two more days on English soil on the Dorsetshire shore. On one he wrote his last poem, the solemnly tender and beautiful sonnet, *Bright star, would I were stedfast as thou art.* On landing at Naples, refusing Shelley's invitation from Pisa, they proceeded to Rome, where they lodged in the Piazza di Spagni, in the first house on the right ascending the steps of Sta. Trinita dei Monti.

The two were alone in the great city. They

knew practically nobody; they were shunned by Italians because of Keats' illness; at one time their money ran out. John seemingly improved and Severn thought him recovering; but Keats knew he must die and leave Fanny. Everything in his traveling trunk that reminded him of her went through him like a spear. The silk lining she put in his traveling cap scalded his head. He saw her; he heard her. He had coals of fire in his breast and marveled that the human heart was capable of so much misery.

With December hemorrhage followed hemorrhage, and violent fever succeeded. Keats urged Severn to give him laudanum to end his agony. Hitherto John had felt no surety as to life hereafter; now Severn's loving reasonable faith and untiring devotion won him to belief. After the intermingled agony and delirium of the first few weeks following the hemorrhages, generally "he lay quiet with his hand clasped on a white carnelian," a token from Fanny, while Severn read to him from Jeremy Taylor's *Holy Living and Dying* or played some of Haydn's *Sonatas.* He longed for the peace of death. "I feel," he said, "the flowers growing over me." Yet as the darkness settled in, the poet was as winsome and unselfish as ever, and Severn's kindness affected him inexpressibly.

Sometimes Severn would fall asleep watching John and wake up in the dark. "To remedy

this, one night he tried the experiment of fixing a thread from the bottom of the lighted candle to the wick of an unlighted one, that the flame might be conducted, all which he did without telling Keats. When John awoke and found the first candle nearly out, he was reluctant to wake Severn, and, while doubting, suddenly cried out, 'Severn, Severn, here's a little fairy lamplighter actually lit up the other candle.' "

When death came, Severn was with him. John lapsed into unconsciousness and the end was so quiet it seemed sweet sleep. His body was placed in the lovely tree-shaded Protestant burying-ground near the pyramid of Caius Sestius, where the grasses and flowers he loved so much grow over his dust, and over Shelley's and his little boy's—and Severn's. On Keats' tombstone is inscribed the epitaph he himself composed:

"Here lies one whose name is writ in water."

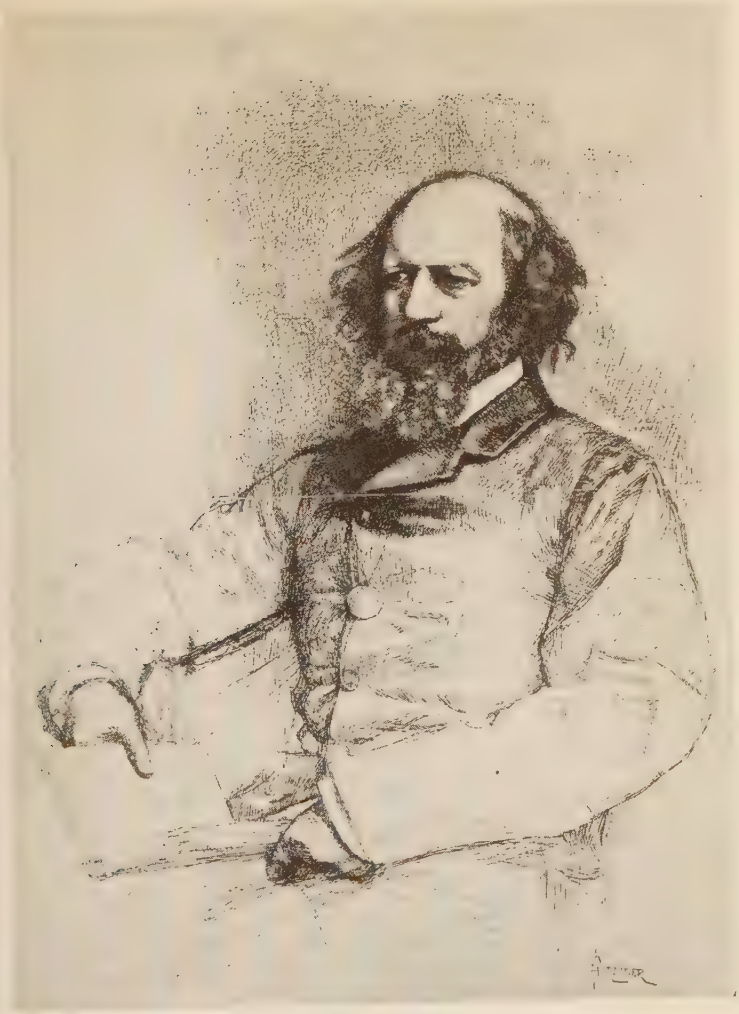
Just twenty-five! His life is the shortest and most tragic among England's great poets—little Johnny Keats, the stableman's son, the apothecary's apprentice, the only one we know of who, had he been given health and length of life, might have greeted Will Shakespeare as a peer!

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON

1809—1892

His England did he honor, and his gracious Queen,
And gained the love of all her great demesne;
He built the City Beautiful not made by hands,
The language of whose streets the spirit understands.

A VERY young man was dining at the English Minister's in St. Petersburg; he spoke across a Russian to his host: "It is perfectly well known in England who murdered the Emperor Paul; it was Count So-and-So." Immediately, in place of gaiety, silence in the room, and marked constraint! Directly after dinner the Minister drew the young man apart and said: "Ride for your life from this city: the man across whom you were speaking to me was Count So-and-So, whom you accused of murdering the Emperor Paul." To escape, the young man rode on horseback for weeks through Russia until in the Crimea he fell sick. In his delirium he remembered the villagers dancing and chanting around him to drive away evil spirits. An English courier, blowing his horn to announce his presence, passed through the village every three months. By his aid alone could the young man escape



ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON

From an etching by Forestier after a photograph by Elliot Fry

from Russia. In agony he would toss and doze lest he should not hear the horn. He connected with the courier, and after many further exciting adventures finally reached England.

This same young man was an eldest son and would expect, according to English custom, to inherit his father's estate; but his father gave it to his younger brother, and he received only a living in the church. He spent the rest of his life in Somersby, Lincolnshire, as rector of the little village and vicar of Enderly. A scholarly and broad-minded man for his day, totally unfitted for the church, he brought up his twelve children as well as he could. But he had great difficulty to make ends meet, and always the injustice of his disinheritance rankled. Nervous and high-strung, he had attacks of despondency. These affected his children—his fourth child and son particularly. More than once, scared by his father in these attacks, the boy stole out in the black night, threw himself on a grave in the churchyard, and prayed that he might die and be buried there. That boy was Alfred Tennyson.

However, the rectory knew more sunshine than shadow. It lay on the slope of a wold—a rambling woodbine-covered house with a vaulted Gothic dining room lighted by stained-glass windows, a stone chimney piece carved by Alfred's father, a drawing-room lined with book-

shelves. The lawn stretched between wych-elms, larches, and sycamores; on one side was the orchard; on the other, a path bordered by lilies and roses with hollyhocks and sunflowers; beyond, the beautiful flower-garden sloped to a field with a swift winding brook; and all around, the fields and lanes of Lincolnshire, the low gray hills and hollows, and sleepy villages crowned with tall church towers.

House and grounds and countryside echoed to the joyous give-and-take of the children, bound together by the discipline of the "stern" father—moody, yes; but brilliant and genial—and the loving care of their saintly tender-hearted mother, so beautiful that, as she once confessed, she had received twenty-five offers of marriage.

The children delighted to play at games such as being knights. They used a big beam in Alfred's attic den for gymnastics. Of course, they had pets. One night, sitting by the open window of his den, Alfred heard a young owl's call. He answered it. The owlet flew to him, snuggled to him, ate out of his hand, and soon became a recognized member of the family. Later Alfred, nearly choking with laughter, used to describe a fight it had with his grandmother's jealous pet monkey. The owl finally met an ignominious death by drowning in a well.

The children loved history, especially stories

about Napoleon and Wellington. They would write stories in letter form and place them under the vegetable dishes at dinner for reading afterwards. They acted old English plays and those of their own composition. The little boy who before he could even read would on stormy days stretch his hands to the wind and exclaim, "I hear a voice that's speaking in the wind," had a gift to act a part with great feeling and to make up fascinating stories of knights and distressed damsels, witches, and Indians. Winter evenings gathered around the fireplace for their tales, Alfred—perhaps with Cecelia on his knee, Arthur and Matilda on either side, and the baby between his knees—was the uncrowned king of this group of brilliant children, three of whom, besides himself, became poets.

When seven, Alfred went to his grandmother's at Louth, there to attend the Grammar School. The Head Master lost his head easily and used to flog the boys on principle. Alfred hated the place, and his father soon brought him home and himself prepared Alfred for the university. The boy detested *Horace* as much as Byron did, or boys of to-day often detest *Cæsar,* but his father taught him such habits of accuracy that he became a good scholar. He passionately loved reading and nearly always carried a book in his pocket on his strolls. Once walking on the road in the snow, he suddenly was startled by hearing

a "Ho! ho!" from the driver of the Louth mail. Looking up, Alfred "found a horse's nose and eyes over his shoulder." Evidently the horse was a book-lover.

Like all children who wish to write poetry—and there are countless—and like nearly all great writers, Alfred began by imitating his favorite authors. When eight, he covered both sides of his slate with verse like Thomson's in praise of flowers; when ten, he wrote hundreds of lines copying those of Pope's *Homer's Iliad;* at twelve, he composed an epic of six thousand lines imitating Scott's stirring poems; at fourteen, he wrote a drama in blank verse. Byron influenced his early verse more than any other. When, at fourteen, Alfred learned of Byron's death, in an agony of grief he carved on a sandstone rock, "Byron is dead!"

The first money he earned came from a poem written at his grandfather's request on his grandmother's death. The crotchety old gentleman paid him saying, "Here is half a guinea for you, the first you have earned by poetry, and, take my word for it, the last."

With his brother Frederick, one year older, who had the great honor of being captain of Eton, the most famous school in all England, Alfred conceived the idea of publishing a volume of their own verse. The boys found a publisher who agreed to give them twenty pounds, half of

it in books, for their poems. On the day *Poems by Two Brothers* appeared, the two boys—Alfred then only seventeen—with some of the money drove in a hired carriage to Maplethorpe, the family's favorite seaside resort, fourteen miles away, to celebrate with the winds and the waves. They were in print!

The next year with his brother Charles, Alfred followed Frederick, who had already made a name as a scholar, to Trinity College, Cambridge. Shortly Alfred became a leader in the most distinguished group there, the Apostles. Its members, congenial undergraduates of marked ability, gathered regularly once a week, with much coffee and tobacco, for discussion introduced by an Apostle standing before the mantelpiece, the other members sitting around the fire, and met informally other nights in threes and fours in each other's rooms.

Already Alfred stood six feet and looked the great man. He had a powerful frame finely developed, and a magnificent head. So strong was he that once on a vacation he lifted and carried a pet pony some distance. Years later Carlyle wrote of him: "One of the finest-looking men in the world. A great shock of rough, dusky dark hair; bright, laughing, hazel eyes; massive aquiline face, most massive yet most delicate; of sallow brown complexion, almost Indian-looking, clothes cynically loose, free-and-easy, smokes in-

finite tobacco." Wherever he went, he attracted attention. Thompson, later Master of Trinity, exclaimed when Alfred first entered its hall, "That man must be a poet!"

For exercise he fenced, rowed, or took long walks. He found walking the most relaxing; for he could at the same time think or talk on other matters, or compose poetry, and also enjoy the beauty of the countryside. In spite of his near-sightedness, no one ever observed more closely or lovingly every aspect of nature. Water especially appealed to him. He would walk miles to see a brook or spring, and later would visit places famous for the size of their waves. After his marriage he made his home where, looking out of his window, he had a glorious view of the sea. When over eighty, he walked regularly an hour and a half in good weather, and on rainy days would pace up and down the music room at Farringford or do gymnastic exercises. At eighty-two he would challenge friends to get up as quickly as he twenty times from a low chair without touching it with their hands.

But at Cambridge as everywhere his main interest was poetry. When he won the Cambridge prize medal for his blank-verse poem, *Timbuctoo,* a few undergraduates like Arthur Hallam, Alfred's closest friend, thought it foretold a great poet, perhaps the greatest of the century. Al-

fred later considered it so trivial that he did not include it in his complete works. When twenty-one, he published *Poems Chiefly Lyrical.* The entire undergraduate body then believed that he would be a great poet.

His prominence and popularity did not make Alfred conceited. Like Addison, he was one of the shyest persons imaginable except among closest friends. He was too bashful to read an article on *Ghosts* before the Apostles, or *Timbuctoo* at Commencement. Among strangers his embarrassment would often make him appear gruff. When on a trip in the Lake Country, though Wordsworth would have liked to have seen him, Alfred did not wish to "obtrude himself on the great man at Rydal," and did not call. Years later a sixteen-year-old girl could disconcert him, and he would run at the sight of a tourist. Once he thought some distant sheep were tourists and made a bee-line to escape. Harsh criticism, too, of his poetry always cut him like a knife.

The summer after *Timbuctoo* the shy young giant-poet got a taste of adventure to rejoice any undergraduate's heart. Spain was in the throes of casting out an absolute monarch and the Inquisition, and King Ferdinand was having a wonderful time suppressing insurrections, and torturing and killing people. Spanish exiles, "stately, tragic figures in proud threadbare

cloaks," on the streets of London, who had as their leader General Torrijos, had won the sympathy of the Apostles. He was gathering his friends one by one at Gibraltar for an uprising against Ferdinand. Alfred and Arthur Hallam undertook the dangerous task of carrying funds for the insurgent allies of Torrijos among the Pyrenees. The two college men first held a secret meeting on the Spanish border with the heads of the conspiracy; then they disappeared for three weeks in the interior. They had a thrilling experience among the wild, snow-capped Pyrenees, meeting outlaws whose greatest joy, in the words of their local chieftain to Alfred, would be to cut the throats of all those who at that time were oppressing the people.

On Alfred's return home, he heard that one of the Apostles had been caught in the south of Spain with the insurgents. Alfred posted for miles to find some one in authority to help save the life of his friend. Luckily the report was untrue. But another college mate, Boyd, who had joined Torrijos and his picked fifty Spaniards at Gibraltar, was not so fortunate. When the uprising broke out in Spain, they sailed in two small vessels for Malaga, were driven ashore by Spanish guardships near there, ran to cover in a farm-house, were surrounded by overwhelming forces, and compelled to surrender. All of

them, Boyd included, were later tried and shot. Alfred was lucky.

The next winter Alfred was called home. His father was failing and wished him to be with his mother. Not realizing the situation, Alfred gave a farewell dinner in his rooms, after which all danced a quadrille. His father died in March, and Alfred soon found that he was caught in the clutch of life. He was not to free himself until nineteen long years had passed, until he had known much poverty and suffered tragic grief.

The new rector allowed the Tennysons to live in Somersby for some years; then they moved to various places, always within easy distance of London. Alfred did not return to the University; his place was with his mother, as his older brothers were striking out for themselves. His tiny annuity made marriage impossible unless his poetry became very popular; but that did not worry him. He had the confidence of youth.

Wonderfully happy days came to him in further companionship with Arthur Hallam at Somersby—days made more joyous through Arthur's becoming engaged to Alfred's beloved sister Emily. Alfred and Arthur made excursions to London, and then a tour to the Rhine. When twenty-four, Alfred published a much better volume than his undergraduate one, and gained wider recognition. The world looked

roseate. Then came the news that Arthur Hallam, who seemed destined for the most brilliant career of all the Apostles, had died suddenly at Vienna. The entire family mourned him. Emily was ill for months, and Alfred was prostrated. For Arthur's and Alfred's was one of the great friendships, like Jonathan's and David's. For a time Alfred even thought of giving up poetry.

But he set himself resolutely to work. As John Milton, the greatest of our poets next to Shakespeare, was tireless in his studies to help make his life a poem worthy of noble poetry, so Alfred Tennyson studied harder than most students to be worthy and to keep abreast with the times. His schedule for a week's work which his son gives in his memoirs of his father, is interesting:

Monday	History, German
Tuesday	Chemistry, German
Wednesday	Botany, German
Thursday	Electricity, German
Friday	Animal Physiology, German
Saturday	Mechanics
Sunday	Theology
Next week	Italian in the afternoon
Third week	Greek. Evenings, Poetry.

Once in a while during these years he ran to London for a night or so, generally staying at

the home of some friend, but he passed practically all the time in secluded Somersby, eight miles from a post-office, devotedly caring for his mother, whose health was very poor, and looking after the younger children. The greater part of the day he kept by himself studying, musing, writing poetry. He saw friends prospering and marrying. He was recognized as a poet by a chosen few, but he was not making a living. Moreover, his poetry was an exacting mistress who demanded his best, his all, regardless of money or position. No wonder that like Milton he may have asked himself often, What is the use? Why not live like other men and enjoy life before it is too late? It was a lonely life Alfred was leading.

In 1836 a flash of glory came to him to make his lot all the harder. His brother Charles, who had entered the church, married Louisa Sellwood. Her older sister, Emily, Alfred had met at a turn in the path six years before while walking with Arthur Hallam in the Fairy Wood at Somersby. Startled by the beauty of the slender seventeen-year-old girl, dressed in gray, Alfred had burst out suddenly, "Are you a Dryad or an Oread wandering here?" Now when he took her as a bridesmaid into the church, he knew he loved her—and she loved him. Her love was a glint of gold bursting through the blackness of night. They became engaged, and

Alfred with new hope and ambition worked all the harder on his poetry. Then, in 1840, because there seemed no possibility of his being able to support Emily, her parents forbade even their correspondence. The darkness of the night settled in once more.

Two years later, after ten years of silence, Tennyson brought out a new volume. Though he sometimes struck a false note or was over-sentimental, and often over-decorated his ideas and word-pictures, England now knew that a poet had arisen. The 1842 volume contains some of his greatest poems and marks the main types for which he is famous: besides more general poems, exquisite lyrics such as *Break, break, break,* composed in a blossoming hedge-lined Lincolnshire lane at five in the morning in memory of Arthur Hallam; blank verse poems on historical, romantic, or mythological subjects like *Ulysses,* also inspired by the death of Hallam; idyls like *Dora* and *Locksley Hall,* painting unforgetable cameo-like pictures of English country and home life; *Morte d'Arthur* and *Sir Galahad* on the Arthurian legend, following his earlier *Lady of Shalott.* Here was an *English* poet voicing the thoughts, feelings, and tastes of Englishmen.

Tennyson spent much time in London now. As Shakespeare with his friends had made the Mermaid Tavern peal with wit and humor, and

Samuel Johnson the Cheshire Cheese, so now Tennyson was one of the group that frequented The Cock. The ideal dinner was "a beefsteak, a potato, a cut of cheese, a pint of port, and afterwards a pipe—never a cigar." Here Tennyson met many of the Apostles and his great contemporaries—Carlyle, Thackeray, Dickens. Tennyson's magnetic personality, his dramatic humor and take-offs of others, his stories, his wealth of poetic recitation, won the admiration of all. But behind his geniality and laughter sadness ever lived. In repose his face bore the marks of suffering and sorrow—and of fixed resolve.

Now again hope came to Tennyson that he might marry soon, and his mother suggested dividing her inheritance with him for this purpose. He refused to allow her to do so. Then fortune dealt him another cruel blow. He was persuaded to invest all his little inheritance, together with £500 recently bequeathed him, and part of the portion of his brothers and sisters, in a project of wood-carving by machinery. They lost every pound. Never had the family been in such extremity; not only was marriage out of the question, but Alfred's brothers and sisters, too, were suffering. Such melancholy seized him that his friends despaired of his life.

They rushed to the rescue. A relative insured the life of Dr. Allen, who was responsible for the loss, for some of the vanished money. His death

shortly relieved the situation somewhat. With others, gruff, chestnut-burr-like Thomas Carlyle worked on Lord Houghton to gain Tennyson a pension from Parliament. On Lord Houghton's insistence Peel, the Prime Minister, read *Ulysses*. That reading gave Tennyson a pension of £200.

However, five years more must Alfred Tennyson wait; then his great year arrived—1850. Three things happened to him then, any one of which would have marked a great year in his life. Since the death of Arthur Hallam, seventeen years before, Tennyson had been writing a poem, or series of connected poems in Hallam's memory. *In Memoriam* appeared in June. It gathers to itself as no other poem the doubts and fears, the hopes and aspirations of the entire nineteenth century; and Tennyson has raised the poem from a personal lament for Arthur Hallam to an expression of the feelings and longings of every one for his dead. In the spring of this year Tennyson and Emily Sellwood met again, and, after a ten-years' separation, renewed their engagement. In June they were married. His father-in-law gave them their furniture; his publisher advanced £300 on a royalty promised on Tennyson's poems; they had their united tiny incomes. In November, Wordsworth having died, Tennyson was made Poet Laureate. He was official poet for England. The year 1850

dealt kindly with Alfred Tennyson—a noble wife, the honor of having written the most important poem of the century, and the laureateship.

From now on Tennyson no longer had to fear financial burdens. He became increasingly the great national poet, and honors were showered on him until, after having twice refused a peerage, in 1883 he yielded and became Alfred Lord Tennyson of Farringford and Aldworth. He wrote more idyls, of which *Enoch Arden* perhaps is the best known; his great epic, *The Idylls of the King*, composed through many years, contains in *Elaine* one of the most beautiful and pathetic narratives of all poetry, and every one should read *Gareth and Lynette*, *Guinevere*, and *The Passing of Arthur*. His dramatic lyric *Maud* has some of the most musical verse in our language and was his favorite for reading aloud. He wrote plays, of which *The Falcon* and *The Cup* had long runs. He voiced the unconquerable spirit of Old England in *The Charge of the Light Brigade*, *The Revenge*, and the *Ode to the Duke of Wellington*. His short lyrics are part of the inheritance of all English-speaking peoples: *Sweet and Low*, with deathless music, a lullaby for countless little ones; *The Bugle Song*, which caused the old boatman at Killarney to say to Tennyson, "So you're the man that brought the money to the place?"; *All Along the Valley*,

which commemorates a visit to Cauteritz thirty-one years after his having been there with Arthur Hallam in the exciting Spanish revolutionary days; *Crossing the Bar*, one of his last poems, which he requested should be placed at the end of his complete works.

He was always striving to perfect his poems. Every new edition found slight changes. Always he was seeking the exact word to express his thought and the truth. A comparison of the old and the new shows that he almost always improved his lines by his alterations. Tennyson was a great conscious artist.

In 1853 he moved to Farringford, a small farm on the beautiful island of Wight, far from the rush of life. As few others, he needed solitude and quiet. The house had a glorious view of the undulating downs, magnificent elms and oaks and pines, and the blue of the sea graced by jutting capes. He and his wife entered into the life of the village, caring for the poor and the sick. In these early days they had the fun of mowing the lawns, sweeping up leaves, graveling walks, making flower-beds, building summer-houses. They began a flower-dictionary and bought spy-glasses better to watch the birds. They took inspiring walks across the downs, along the cliffs, listening to the scream of the white-flashing gulls and the swishing song of the sea, or—Alfred's long coat flapping in the

wind—its thunder. Blessed with children, they lived a simple, wholesome life, difficult to attain in these days.

But life had its shadows, too, mingled with the sunshine. Before coming to Farringford, they had lost their first-born child. When their two other sons were little, their mother became a semi-invalid. However, as soon as the boys were big enough, harnessed together, they would pull her in her garden-carriage while Tennyson pushed it, and would race up and down the hills on merry excursions. Later Mrs. Tennyson was confined to her couch. A gifted musician and her husband's best critic, she shielded him from all intrusion and took care of his enormous mail as long as she had the strength. And the powerful man was devoted to the delicate wife. He was an ideal father, too. He played games with the boys, read to them, and so shared their joys and sorrows that they adored him.

In 1875 Tennyson completed a new home with two stately terraces, situated on high ground, Aldworth, to which the family moved for the summer months to free the poet from hay-fever. With the years he made trips to London and traveled some, but spent most of his time in his two homes, where he entertained the greatest men of his time. With his crook-handled stick, a dog, and one of his sons or a friend, he took his daily long walks. He kept regular hours, and,

when working on some poem, would often appear abstracted and brusque; but he was as simple, direct, kindly, and loving as man can be. After dinner he would read for a while, or talk with friends over his pipe, or recite some of his poems—an experience never to be forgotten. Most of his writing he did up in his den in the mornings, or in the evenings over his pipe and pint of port.

Gradually the friends of his youth and manhood dropped out; but, sustained by an unclouded faith, and in the loving companionship of his family and friends, he continued his work almost to the end.

At his passing the great simple man, England's national poet of the nineteenth century and one of the noblest poets of all time, lay in his bedroom flooded with the light of a full moon, in his hands clasping tightly his beloved *Shakespeare,* on his face the serenity and majesty of one who through

"Self-reverence, self-knowledge, and self-control"

had lived his life. His body lies in Westminster Abbey.

ROBERT BROWNING

1812—1889

A fighter and an optimist, he met all life courageously,
And at its end, his work well done, as gladly faced eternity.

Douglas Jerrold, the writer, was convalescing from a serious illness. Among some books sent him by friends he found Browning's *Sordello*. With growing wonder and then bewilderment he read the opening lines. A sort of furor seized him. He read sentence after sentence—they conveyed no meaning to him. He sank back in his bed, the sweat dropping from his forehead, smote his head, and exclaimed, "O God, I am an idiot!" It was a terrible thought —that his illness had unbalanced his mind. His wife and his sister entered the room. Jerrold feverishly handed them the book and asked them to read. Eyes glued upon their faces, he watched them. After a while his wife said, "I don't understand what this man means; it is gibberish." With a gasp of relief Jerrold cried, "Thank God, I am *not* an idiot."

Tennyson struggled with the poem. He stated: "There are only two lines in it that I understand, and they are both lies; they are the

opening and the closing lines, 'Who will may hear Sordello's story told,' and 'Who would has heard Sordello's story told!' " Carlyle wrote: "My wife has read through *Sordello* without being able to make out whether Sordello was a man, or a city, or a book."

This is the Browning of whom the French critic speaking of the poet's line, "God gave man two faculties," added, "I wish while he was doing it, God had supplied another—the power of understanding Mr. Browning." This Browning was the joy of joys to the Browning Societies, which flourished over England and America in the poet's later years, whose members pursued the difficult word and passage, the rough rhyme and abrupt change of thought more tirelessly than ever man struggled to solve cross-word puzzle or to conquer the North Pole. To the low-brow this Browning's poetry was as worthless as the waste of ice at the pole, and the struggle to attain it more foolish. This is Browning the Difficult. He can be found at any time by opening Browning's complete works. He was very old even when young in years.

But—the biggest *But* in the Dictionary—there is another Browning: favorite poet of most maturer boys and girls. This Browning wrote the beautiful lyric, *Summum Bonum,* with its delightful surprise at its ending:

Yours very truly
Robert Browning.

From a photogravure by T. & R. Annan & Sons,
made in Glasgow

"All the breath and the bloom of the year in the bag
of one bee:
All the wonder and wealth of the mine in the heart
of one gem:
In the core of one pearl all the shade and the shine of
the sea:
Breath and bloom, shade and shine, wonder and
wealth, and—how far above them—
Truth, that's brighter than gem,
Trust, that's purer than pearl,
Brightest truth, purest trust in the universe—all were
for me
In the kiss of one girl."

When the poet wrote these lines, he was seventy-seven. This Browning is most fascinating and lovable. His body lies in Westminster Abbey near his friend Tennyson's; his spirit dwells securely in the hearts of men; we can possess it for the reading.

Browning was born in Camberwell, London. He called his mother "a divine woman," and after her death could hardly ever mention her without having his eyes dimmed with tears. From his mother Robert gained his sublime trust in God. From her also came his love for music. Once when at dusk she was playing some favorites on the piano, she heard a sound behind her. There stood Robert, a little white-gowned figure motionless before the oak bookcases, his two big eyes rapt upon her. A moment he stood. Then he rushed to her arms, childlike, sobbing

convulsively, so stirred was he by the music. Later, as he hugged her close and gained more control of himself, he whispered again and again, "Play! Play!"

From her, too, he gained his love for queer animals and pets. "She could lure butterflies in the garden to her." A toad in his uncle's garden was one of Robert's early pets. He could whistle lizards to him in Italy. When living in London in his later years, he had as pets "two weird gray geese, with quivering silver wings and long throats, who used to come and meet their master hissing and fluttering." There, too, he had a pet owl, "the light of his house for his tameness and engaging ways." It would kiss him, "tweak his hair, and if one said, 'Poor old fellow!' in a commiserating voice, would assume a sympathetic air of depression." Browning in his seventies would make his rounds three times mornings in the Public Gardens at Venice, feeding his friends—"the prisoned elephant, the baboon, the kangaroo, the marmosets, the pelicans, the ostrich."

His father, as a boy, was sent to the West Indies, to oversee an estate. The position would have led to his becoming very wealthy. He found the estate run by slave-labor. So revolting was this to him that he refused the position, and earned his living by other means until able to return home. Whereupon, Robert's grandfather's astonishment was only exceeded by his

rage. When Robert's father was engaged to his mother, his grandfather even called on her uncle to tell him that she would be throwing herself away on a man destined to be hanged.

Robert's father became a salaried man working in the Bank of England; accordingly, he was not interested primarily in making money, and had considerable time to devote to his hobbies and his three children. He kept himself always fit physically. He became an amateur Sherlock Holmes, uncanny in his ability to clear up complex murder cases. Besides, he was a good amateur poet, painter, caricaturist, art critic, collector of curious prints and books, and he had a scholarly knowledge of literature, and much curious information of ancient and mediæval times.

Walking back and forth with Robert in his arms, he used to sing him to sleep to an ode of the Greek poet Anacreon. He bewitched the boy at five with the story of the siege of Troy—making use of the cat for Helen, and Touser and Tray for Menelaus and Agamemnon, and piling chairs and tables for stage effects.

Since Mr. Browning wanted his boy near him, after Robert was fourteen, he had a tutor to teach him mornings at home. Afternoons Robert gave to exercise and music. Evenings, after he had studied his next day's lessons, he read or wrote or talked with his father. When ready

for the university, Robert attended a few lectures at University College, London. Then, on his becoming twenty, his father had a long talk with him.

As a little boy, Robert had often slipped into the Dulwich Gallery and spent hours looking at its paintings. He loved the "wonderful Rembrandt of Jacob's vision," the "triumphant Murillo pictures," the Watteaus and the Poussins. He grew to love painting passionately, and many other things passionately; but he loved poetry most of all. At this time his father told him that he might devote his life to poetry, but he ought to educate himself further by meeting people, by travel, and by study of foreign literature.

So the unworldly, childlike father gave Robert his blessing and an allowance, and, though it pinched at times, paid for the printing of his son's earliest poems, excepting *Pauline,* which an affectionate aunt stood for. He did all this, too, though these poems were nearly as unintelligible to him as *Sordello* was to Douglas Jerrold, and their sale was practically *nil.* It is said not one copy of *Pauline* was sold. That's trust and devotion. Certainly a trump of a father!

He was more than paid for his faith. Robert thought it a little thing, for the sake of his father and mother, to live right and, through hard work, to give his best to the world in poetry.

Toward the end of Mr. Browning's life he began dimly to appreciate Robert's poetry.

Nine years passed. Besides some plays, the young poet had published three volumes, but, except to a very few, was unknown, or ridiculed for his difficulty and obscurity. These early "soul-studies," as Browning called them, do not interest us unless we are as rabid Browning fans as boys are baseball rooters. But they show a new kind of poet at work. When men have brains, are tireless workers, and full of enthusiasm, something happens. Genius, the Wizard of Electricity has said, consists of "ninety per cent work." Browning was a wound-up mainspring for work.

Macready, the friend of Dickens and the greatest actor of the day, early appreciated Browning. On a red-letter day for the poet, Macready had invited him to see the New Year in and had urged him to write a poetic drama for him. Three months later Macready had again invited Browning to dinner. To his infinite surprise and pleasure, Browning had found himself seated next but one to his host, and called upon in the presence of the great Wordsworth and the brilliant Landor to respond to the toast, "The Poets of England," as the youngest of her poets. After he had made his impromptu speech, Mr. Wordsworth, leaning across the table, had said, "I am proud to drink your

health, Mr. Browning." Age had graciously recognized Youth—the famous Poet of Nature the unknown Poet-to-be of Men and Women. Later Macready had taken Browning by the arm and again urged him to write a play for his production. The young poet had suggested Strafford as a subject. A year later *Strafford* had been produced. The play had closed abruptly after one week when one of the main actors had left suddenly for a better-paying job.

Browning wrote seven more plays. They make fascinating, though not easy, reading, but he develops his exciting situations with too little action. His girls, like Shakespeare's, are especially lovely: the Duchess Colombe in *Colombe's Birthday,* Browning's favorite among his dramas; sixteen-year-old Mildred in *The Blot on the 'Scutcheon,* his one real success on the stage, which he composed while ill in bed, each morning greeting his father with, "I've finished another act"; and little Pippa in *Pippa Passes,* his most original play. In this little Pippa, on her one holiday of the year from the grind of work in a silk-mill at Asolo, as she passes unseen singing her simple happy songs, unconsciously influences for good others caught in tragic situations.

Another, besides Macready, to appreciate Browning in these early years was John Kenyon, cousin once removed to the most popular poet of the day—Elizabeth Barrett. Kenyon pro-

posed to Browning that he should call upon her. Browning was willing, but Miss Barrett refused to see him on account of her health. She was an invalid, three years older than he. In her girlhood she had injured her spine while fixing the saddle of her riding horse. This accident had confined her to her room for years. Moreover, the tragic death of a favorite brother through the foundering of a yacht the year before had so prostrated her as to make her recovery seem hopeless.

The flowerlike invalid lived in her upper room upon her sofa with her beloved books and her writings, hardly ever having a visitor, condemned to a perpetual prison, seeing the outside world as through a glass dimly. A pathetic little woman she, starving for the simple joys of ordinary living!

Mr. Moulton Barrett, her father, a very pious man, made her prison almost intolerable. He treated her as if she were still a little girl; he would come in nights to pray for her when his Puss had behaved as he wished, but otherwise would pray for her in his own room. He knew she could never get well, and did his best, therefore, to keep her ill. He would allow no one to call on her or her two other sisters without his permission, and, from natural perversity or cussedness, would not tolerate any one of his

children's ever marrying. He did have one good point—he never came home until six.

Three years after Miss Barrett would not see him, Browning found on a page of her new volume of poems, which Mr. Kenyon had sent to Robert's sister Sarianna, a compliment to him. He wrote a letter of appreciation of the praise, and she replied. For four months letters ran between them—letters of eager trusting comradeship on her part, and on his, of more. Without having seen her, Robert knew that he loved her. One May day he was allowed to call. She lay on her sofa, slight, wisplike, her dark curls framing her delicate face, and her eager, wistful eyes. As he talked to the pathetic child-woman in the dim room, he believed her an invalid for life. His consuming desire was to make her happy.

Two days later he wrote a letter in which he opened the flood-gates of his love. Greatly moved was she. All night she lay awake, thrilled with his declaration, but conscious that for his good she must not consider his proposal. In the morning she wrote that the letter must be forgotten absolutely if they were to see each other at all; friends, comrade-poets, they could be, but never anything more. She returned his letter. He destroyed it. It is the only letter missing of their treasured correspondence.

She thought Browning her lover dead and let

Browning her friend call, and set the days for his visits—and the letters sped faster than ever. A gay, joyous, pathetically sad cameraderie on her part; on his, increasing devotion and biding his time! One day a single yellow rose appeared in the twilight room; after that, nearly every day, radiant summer flowers. One day she went out in a carriage without a fainting fit. Love was performing a miracle.

In late August she confided the insufferable conditions in her home life. That night she wrote to soften her statement—and revealed the anguish caused by the drowning of her brother. Two days passed, and no reply. Unable to explain his silence, she wrote asking "the alms of just one line"—she might have displeased him; he might be sick! On this, Browning could contain himself no longer. To his second proposal her unworthiness and her illness were her only defenses. His love removed these.

Then, though she was no fighter, aided by her lover, who had already visited Italy and who called it his university, she began to lay plans to travel there for her health. Her father refused to let her. On a warm January day she was not carried, but actually walked downstairs. With spring she took drives, even walks in the country, and gathered wild roses. She was able to visit a picture-gallery with her friend Mrs. Jamieson; with Mr. Kenyon she saw the astound-

ing new invention, a railway train on the Great Western; and on Sundays attended services in quiet peaceful chapels.

One day a terrific summer storm kept Browning from leaving until evening, and her father discovered that the supposedly harmless literary friend who sometimes called upon his daughter had been there all day. There was a scene, and the lovers' meetings had to be more infrequent. Elizabeth dared not tell her father of her love for Robert. Elopement was the only solution, but she feared to take the step. Browning patiently waited. Then in September, 1846, her father forced action by announcing that the family was to move while the house was being papered and painted. It was now or never.

The next day Browning obtained a marriage license. That night Elizabeth Barrett did not sleep. In the morning she slipped out of the house with her maid, drove in a fly to a chemist's, took some sal volatile for her nerves, proceeded to Marylebone Church, and in the presence of two witnesses was married. Then Robert Browning went his way and Elizabeth Browning returned to her father's, where she removed her wedding-ring. Her husband did not see her again until a week later. Two days before her family's removal, she stole out of the house, met Browning at a stationer-and-bookseller's, and started for Italy. Her father never forgave her.

By easy stages they reached Pisa, the city of the Leaning Tower, sung to by the Arno and the Mediterranean, basking in October's sun, a glory of Italian color surrounding it, and echoing memories of Byron and Shelley. Mrs. Browning was transformed in health now. One day, their breakfast being over, she "went upstairs, while her husband stood at the window watching the street till the table should be cleared. He was presently aware of some one behind him, although the servant was gone. It was Mrs. Browning, who held him by the shoulder to prevent his turning to look at her, and at the same time pushed a packet of papers into the pocket of his coat. She told him to read that, and to tear it up if he did not like it; and then she fled again to her own room." The packet was *The Sonnets from the Portuguese.* No more beautiful expression of love from wife to husband exists.

For ten years they were supremely happy. During this time they were never one night apart. In Casa Guidi, their home in Florence, surrounded by their books, pictures they loved, and art-treasures they gradually gathered, they wrote much of their finest poetry, entertained their few congenial friends in the city, and lived such a life of joyous union as has been accorded to few. There a son was born to them; there Browning saw the "spirit woman" of his choice

slowly grow weaker; there, "smilingly, happily, with a face like a girl's," her head upon her husband's cheek, she died.

For a while the broken-hearted poet stayed at Casa Guidi; then he left Italy, not to return for seventeen years. He never visited Florence again. He made his home in London, wrote continually, and mingled constantly in society. But the heart of the poet-man-of-the-world was ever in Italy with the woman he loved. In imagination he saw her swinging in a basket on a slow-paced ox to the heights of balmy Vallambrosa, or at the Baths of Lucca among the jagged mountains, riding on a donkey, or smiling at Penini (their son) and him as they entered Rome singing their hearts' content. Or they were gliding along the Grand Canal to the Lagoon in Venice under a full moon to the soft sound of music from the Piazza di San Marco. Or she was working with him at Casa Guidi or reading beside him at the fireplace. The last few years of his life he returned to Venice for his summers. There he died, confident that he would greet her again.

When the automobile was first invented, people as well as horses were terrified at the new-fangled, gas-driven machines laboriously chugging to breaks of machinery and punctures of tires. Now smooth-sliding Rolls-Royces and rattling Fords are a commonplace blessing that

anybody with ordinary intelligence can drive and enjoy—after a little study. So with Browning. He was new-fangled. At a football game he would have been excited not so much at a thrilling end-run as in the team-play that made the run possible. This getting behind the play and knowing the motives of the players make the game infinitely more fascinating than merely watching obvious end-runs. That is one reason why Browning is considered difficult. That is why, when we get used to his style of play and highly intricate formations, we find that we have discovered a new zest in life. This attitude of Browning's toward life led him to invent the dramatic monologue.

A dramatic monologue, or lyric, or romance, is simply a poem in which somebody describes a tense dramatic situation in life. It is like listening to a person talking at a telephone, and from his conversation having the fun of guessing what the other end of the line is saying. Moreover, the speaker reveals himself as well as the invisible persons to whom and of whom he talks. On telephones out in the country, with ten or fifteen on a line, we may be impolite and listen in. Browning will not let us be impolite. We can't listen in; we've got to think out the situation ourselves. His best dramatic monologues, like *My Last Duchess* and *Andrea Del Sarto*, are so stimulating that they repay all

effort. They may be written in a few lines or extended to thousands like *The Ring and the Book,* which is founded on a musty yellow-covered tale of murder Browning picked up in Florence on a second-hand bookstall for two lire. This poem is an extraordinary achievement. It tells the story of the murder of the girl-wife Pompilia by her husband as it appeared to all those concerned, each account being from a different point of view. All these poems of Browning reveal a marvelous gallery of people, as various as those in the Pitti and Uffizi Palaces, where he discovered Fra Lippo Lippi and Andrea del Sarto. Best of all, they reveal Browning himself, an indomitable fighter and optimist—

"One who never turned his back, but marched breast forward,
Never doubted clouds would break,
Never dreamed, though right were worsted, wrong would triumph,
Held we fall to rise, are baffled to fight better,
Sleep to wake."

CHARLES DICKENS

1812—1870

Save for the grace of God the boy had been
A scoundrel taught in London's ev'ry sin.

He was "a very queer small boy" of seven or eight, sickly and delicate, who could not take part in boisterous rough-and-tumble play with children of his own age. But he was a very happy child. His dearest playmate was his older sister Fannie. The two loved the chalk hills, the deep winding lanes, the woods, and marshes surrounding Chatham on the old Dover road in lovely Kent. They used to watch the stars, and one they had which they chose as their special friend. Charlie played with boys, too, but seldom. He was an imaginative child and needed no companion except his own fancy. Even at this age he delighted in writing and in making-believe.

And the child had his "blessed little room" of enchantment where he lived with the heroes of the first English novels—Roderick Random, Peregrine Pickle, Humphrey Clinker, and Tom Jones—and laughed and cried over *The Vicar of Wakefield,* and chuckled at the exaggeration

in *Don Quixote* and *Gil Blas,* and counted Robinson Crusoe one of his dearest friends. The youngster read Shakespeare's *Henry IV,* and thrilled over gay Prince Hal's mad pranks and that great tun of flesh, Sir John Falstaff's, robbery of the travelers at Gadshill overlooking the ancient city of Rochester and the low green stretches leading to the dreamy Thames. A little ale-house, called The Sir John Falstaff, marked the very spot of the robbery.

However, the great house on the height of Gadshill fired his imagination most. It was as wonderful to him as any palace of the *Arabian Nights.* He wished he might sometime live in a house as marvelous. And one day his father, a poor clerk employed in the navy yard, told the little boy that he might if he were to work hard and to persevere. The child determined that he would. A boy's dream! But the boy took to heart his father's casual words and lived to make the great house his home. The story is as fascinating as that of any Aladdin of the Wonderful Lamp.

When Charlie was nine, his father was transferred to London. Twice before the family had moved. These journeys were lost to memory; but Charlie could never forget this ride along the dusty ribbon of road through long miles of lovely English country in the slow-moving, lumbering coach. He hated to leave Chatham with

Charles Dickens

From a photograph liked by Dickens himself, made at Gad's Hill

its spired church, its street along which the red-coated soldiers marched to the stirring music of the band, its bronzed sailors, and its bustling docks and intriguing men-o'-war. He hated to leave the little school where he had just won Goldsmith's *Bee* as a prize, and the open country he loved so much. But he was going to live in the biggest city in the world. A wonderful new world was to open to him!

In the late afternoon they saw the spires of great London-town. They entered the suburbs; they rode on and on; they left the coach; they walked and walked, and ever their father led them along meaner and uglier streets; in the gathering darkness they stopped at a miserable tenement, some of its windows broken and rag-stuffed, its yard dirty and squalid. They had reached their new home! Charlie and Fannie had never seen so depressing a place.

Their situation soon became tragic. They were so poor that their father and mother resorted to all sorts of make-shifts to provide for their eight children. When the boy became a man, he told the story in the earlier chapters of *David Copperfield,* where his father and mother live as Mr. Micawber, who is always looking for something to turn up, and Mrs. Micawber, the irresponsible wife of his bosom with the twins at her own, who has made up her mind never to desert Mr. Micawber. She had placed

on the street door a brass plate bearing the inscription *Mrs. Dickens' Establishment.* Little Charlie bore handbills to every house in the neighborhood enlarging on its unusual advantages for educating young ladies; but no one cared to enjoy such educational opportunities. They sold Charlie's beloved books; they pawned or sold everything possible. The only returns Charlie could see were more abject poverty, more time spent in blacking boots and caring for the younger children, more and more errands to run, more difficulty in buying goods on credit, and more and more visits from terrible men who tried to collect money from his father and mother.

On one nightmare day his father was arrested and haled to the Marshalsea, a prison where, according to the law of the time, debtors were cast. The high-strung, sensitive little boy of eleven was heartbroken at the disgrace. For a time mother and child "still encamped with a young servant girl from Chatham workhouse in the two parlors in the emptied house" in Bayham Street, Camden Town. Then, such was the pursuit of creditors, even this forlorn, hand-to-mouth home had to be given up, and the family —except Fannie and Charlie—moved to prison life with Mr. Dickens, that kindly, well-meaning, impractical dreamer. Fannie was placed among friends in a school.

When his father was first imprisoned, Charlie

ran errands, swept floors, and washed bottles in a drinking place. Then he entered the employ of a man named Lamert in his "worm-eaten, rat-riddled blacking business." The child received six shillings (about $1.50) a week. He worked all day fitting paper covers and pasting labels on blacking pots among boys who had nothing in common with his instinctively refined, imaginative nature. Now, when the rest of the family were in the Marshalsea, the little boy was placed in the house of a reduced old lady whom he later immortalized as Mrs. Pipchin in *Dombey and Son.* The eleven-year-old boy was left to his own devices. He shared the bed in his room with two rough boys, Bob Fagin and Pol Green. On Sundays he was at the prison; on week days he provided for himself as well as he could out of his six shillings. Every Saturday night he divided his six shillings into six portions, wrapped each in a bit of paper, marked it with a day of the working week, and put it away in a drawer. He spent tuppence on bread and milk for breakfast at his lodging, and for supper had a penny loaf of bread and cheese. Dinner he had wherever his boyish fancy led him: sometimes he ate wholesome à la mode beef; too often puddings and stale pastry and sweets; sometimes nothing at all. Day after day the pathetic, shabby boy in his loneliness roamed and lounged about the

streets of the great city, and "but for the mercy of God he might easily have been, for any care that was taken of him, a little robber or a little vagabond." He did not know it, but the streets of London were educating him for his life work.

So terrible was this experience to the little lad that he never alluded to it in later years even to his wife. At last his condition became so unendurable that one Sunday night, sobbing with the convulsive agony of childhood, he revealed his pitiable loneliness and distress to his father. Touched to the quick, Mr. Dickens had his boy moved to lodgings in a back attic near the Marshalsea. Charlie was pathetically happy over his new quarters.

He decided he would do anything rather than ever be in prison. How he would work! Everybody there was so slipshod; he would be neat.

On the expiration of the prison term, the family soon moved to 13 Johnson Street. At the blacking factory Charlie had by this time acquired such skill that small crowds would gather to watch him paste and label his pots. A quarrel between his father and Mr. Lamert, and Charlie lost his position. His mother so wanted the six or seven shillings a week to help out their poverty that she urged another job. The boy never forgot nor forgave her for that. Ordinarily great men owe an incalculable debt to

their parents, especially their mothers, and ascribe all or a great part of their success to them. It was not so with Charlie. He seemingly became great despite his parents, especially his mother. In later years he hardly ever spoke of her.

But he was not to work for a while. From somewhere his father found a little money and sent Charlie to Wellington House Academy under a Mr. Jones, a most ignorant, brutal bully who caned his boarding pupils unmercifully. Charlie thought the white mice the boys trained were more intelligent than the masters. As a day-scholar, he missed most of the whipping, but he joined in any fun discoverable, and became known among his comrades for his writing and story-telling. At fifteen he again started working, and entered in turn two solicitors' offices where he earned from thirteen to fifteen shillings a week until he was sixteen.

Then, seeing nothing ahead for him in the law, the boy struck out for himself. He was ambitious; he wanted to be somebody. At last something had turned up for his irresponsible father where his flow of words was being capitalized—he was a reporter. Charles determined to follow suit. Accordingly, a reporter he became, and since he was willing to sacrifice time and pleasure, and was alert and constantly learning in the school of experience, and thinking—

in other words, was always doing his best—before he stopped there was no better reporter in England.

But, to succeed, he had a fight requiring all his powers. For months in his spare time he studied and practiced shorthand by himself so that he could take down any speech. It was one of the hardest things the boy ever had to do. Moreover, he squeezed in time daily in the reading room of the British Museum to make up for his lack of knowledge of literature and history. He realized his handicaps and determined to overcome them.

Finally he acquired the nicest accuracy as a stenographer and was recognized as the best reporter on the speeches in Parliament. "He wrote on the palm of his hand, by the light of a dark lantern, in a post chaise and four, galloping through a wild country, and through the dead of night, at the then surprising rate of fifteen miles an hour. He took down speeches standing in the driving rain. Returning home from exciting political meetings in the country to the waiting press in London, at one time or another he was upset in almost every description of vehicle known at that time. Once, belated in miry by-roads, toward the small hours, forty or fifty miles from London, in a wheelless carriage, with exhausted horses and drunken postboys, he got back in time for publication to be received

with never-forgotten compliments for having accomplished the seemingly impossible."

For this kind of work he received five pounds a week with expenses while on duty; but he was working for more than pounds—for the joy of doing a good job. And this severe training as a reporter, like all things well done, was making possible for the ambitious, likable fellow still greater accomplishment. In his secret heart he wanted to be one thing supremely—an author. Accordingly, on the side he wrote for the joy of writing. Finally he "dropped stealthily one evening at twilight, with fear and trembling, into a dark letter-box, in a dark office, up a dark court in Fleet Street" his first manuscript. It was accepted and "appeared in all the glory of print." So overjoyed was he on buying a copy of the magazine containing it, that he had to go into Westminster Hall to hide the tears that would come. This was when Charles was not yet twenty-two.

He wrote other sketches, and they were all published. He received nothing for them, for not even the editor of the *Old Monthly Magazine* knew the name of the anonymous contributor.

By now Charles was interested in Catharine, oldest daughter of George Hogarth, editor of the *Evening Mail,* an intimate friend of Sir Walter Scott. Mr. Hogarth recognized Charles' ability and asked him to contribute a sketch to

the *Evening Mail.* Naturally Charles needed little urging. The sketch so pleased Mr. Hogarth that he made an arrangement with the editor of the *Morning Chronicle* for Charles to contribute a weekly sketch to the evening paper with two guineas more pay. These articles Charles signed as if written by Boz, a nickname bestowed years before by him on a favorite brother who called Moses in *The Vicar of Wakefield* Bozes. The sketches were so successful that they were published in two volumes.

Before this happened, however, Charles had become famous. Chapman and Hall, publishers, wanted some Cockney sporting pictures written up to make them popular. Attracted by Boz's sketches, Mr. Hall called on Charles, whom he had never met, to discuss the matter. To Charles' astonishment, he found that Mr. Hall was the man who had sold him the copy of the magazine containing the first sketch he had had accepted. Such a coincidence seemed a happy omen.

Before leaving, Mr. Hall engaged Charles; but, instead of having him write up the illustrations, they were to be drawn to illustrate his sketches. Charles was to be first violin, not second fiddle. For fourteen pounds a month—a great sum to him then—he started working, and *The Pickwick Papers,* which give the laughable

adventures of Mr. Pickwick and his friends in and about London, was the result.

The first five numbers were so unnoticed that the publishers were about to abandon the project. Then Charles introduced Sam Weller with his humorous sayings and remarkable similes. And Dickens woke up to find himself almost literally made famous over night as Byron had been from *Childe Harold.* The sales for the first numbers of the papers were scarcely 400; by the fifteenth over 40,000 were sold.

They bubble over with good spirits and feeling, and the humor that places absurd characters in ridiculous situations—broad comedy of the slapstick variety—and makes the dull and stupid, and the odd and unusual, laughter-provoking. They caught England when no one was on the throne of popular appeal. All England read the *Papers,* laughed over them, and talked about them. Everybody loved portly, kindly, spectacled Mr. Pickwick—except very serious-minded men, like Dr. Arnold of Rugby, who lacked a sense of humor and tried to prevent young folks, and grown-ups, from reading such frivolity. But the younger generation knew that God for some good reason had evolved man as the only laughing animal, and reveled in this genial, wholesome fun. "Twenty years later young men at the university talked nothing but *Pickwick* and quoted nothing but *Pickwick,* and

the wittiest of the undergraduates set the world at large an examination paper in *Pickwick.*"

The publishers made over £20,000 out of the serial they had considered discontinuing. So inadequate did they feel the £14 promised Dickens that of their own accord they gave him at least £2,500—pretty good pay for a young man not yet twenty-four who had once been labeling blacking bottles! From this time Dickens never suffered from lack of money; he averaged from £2,000 to £5,000 a year.

Three days after the publication of the first number of *Pickwick,* just before fame and fortune came to him, he married Catharine Hogarth. The two young people made London their home.

At this time Dickens, reveling in his sudden fame, was the life of any gathering—a fine little fellow, slight of figure, delighting in marvelous waistcoats and stocks, and aping such dandies as the brilliant Disraeli, the first man to introduce carrying two canes a day. Very sure of himself was Dickens, and yet not too assertive; vibrant with good spirits, sympathy, and humor. His clear blue eyes lighted a frank handsome face. He had remarkably arched eyebrows, a shapely nose, a large mouth, and he wore his hair long below his ears. With quickness of parts, common sense, intelligence, and initiative, he combined the man of business with

the author. His face had "the life and soul in it of fifty human beings."

And how he worked! During the next five years he wrote so much that, long before the period ended, critics maintained that he would write himself out. His answer to them was to write more, and increasingly to delight an ever-increasing public. *Pickwick* can be opened at any page and read with pleasure. Its incidents are held together by its characters; it has no plot. In the books that followed in amazing succession Dickens added plot, but they still sold because they revealed the ordinary people of England to themselves. The novels are like looking-glasses in which for the first time they saw themselves. They liked it.

In *Oliver Twist,* of this period, he portrays a poorhouse waif escaped from the clutches of the Jew thief-maker Fagin, and the brute Bill Sikes murdering the girl he thought had betrayed him; in *Nicholas Nickleby,* all the horrors to be found in certain private schools such as Smikes attended; in *Barnaby Rudge,* the George Gordon riots, and incidentally, Grip the Raven, created from two ravens Dickens had as pets; in *Old Curiosity Shop,* pathetic little Nell and her gambling grandfather, and the hideous, repulsive dwarf Quilp. Never had books anything like these been written. Sometimes Dickens exaggerates too much; sometimes

his humor is too slapstick, his pathos too teary; but that was the fault of the age. His novels contain real people with all their queernesses, and they emphasize home and love and honor amid the humor and pathos of every-day life. In the poem *Dickens in Camp,* you recall, Bret Harte tells how the uproarious Californian gold-diggers gambling before a campfire were made to weep by hearing read the story of little Nell. These books caused Dickens to be known and loved all over the English-speaking world.

During these five years Dickens had also—just to find something to do—written three plays, one of which had run for seventy nights, was editor and contributor to *Bentley's Magazine,* was regularly attending the theater, took numerous sight-seeing trips, and entertained much at his home, which became an artistic and literary center. When twenty-nine, this extraordinary young man had the honor of being given a public dinner at Edinburgh by over three hundred with the freedom of the proud city. Best of all, he did not lose his head with all his popularity.

The following year he received such a flattering invitation that with Mrs. Dickens he sailed to Halifax, being the first great English novelist to invade America. It was a perilous experience. They encountered gales most of the trip, and were dreadfully seasick. A storm swept away

the paddle-boxes and stove in the lifeboats. For twenty-five minutes they were holding on to the hand-rail, drenched to the skin by every wave, and not daring to let go for fear of being washed overboard. To add still further zest to the voyage, as they were running into Halifax harbor, everything seemingly all right, suddenly the ship struck—on a mud flat!

At first Dickens was very enthusiastic about America, but he was so beset with people that he had no time to himself; he could do nothing he wanted to do, could go nowhere he wanted to go, and could see nothing he wanted to see. He was preached at when he went to church; he had a hundred people "looking down his throat" if he tried to drink a glass of water at a railroad station; he was serenaded when he tried to get a little sleep. And the farther west he went naturally the more primitive he found conditions. Traveling by canal from Harrisburg to Pittsburgh, he had to fish the dirty water out of the canal to wash himself, to sleep in a low cabin with twenty others in tiers of bunks three high under conditions inconceivable to-day. At Cleveland a party of "gentlemen" planted themselves before the cabin of his steamboat, and stared in through the doors and windows while he was washing and Mrs. Dickens was still in bed. And everywhere in the West he was confronted by spitting and tobacco juice,

and everywhere all over the country were such prejudice and intolerance that it was impossible to talk freely on vital questions.

In his *American Notes* Dickens told frankly what he saw. The book caused a furor. He had told the truth; it would have been wiser if he had not. On his return to America twenty-five years later he apologized handsomely and was forgiven.

Back in England Dickens again proved that he was a genius—he invented the Christmas story. His first, *A Christmas Carol,* Thackeray called a national benefit. The way flint-hearted Scrooge is led by Marley's ghost to a change of heart, and to Tiny Tim should be read every Christmas. For a number of years with the coming of Yuletide Dickens' annual story gave joy to thousands.

During this period, along with traveling on the Continent and in England, and following avocations as most men would their life work, this tireless man was writing his greatest novels —*Barnaby Rudge, David Copperfield, A Tale of Two Cities, Bleak House, Little Dorrit, Hard Times, Dombey and Son, Our Mutual Friend,* and *Great Expectations.* He did most of his writing mornings. He always used a quill pen and blue ink, and he must have everything in order and place. Also he made it a rule to walk an hour for every hour that he wrote. Like

Wordsworth, who is said to have covered over two hundred thousand miles, Dickens knew the peace-giving and invigorating joys of walking in the country. He liked as much to walk the crowded streets of London, nights even more than days, observing, thinking, and gaining inspiration for the next morning's work. Fifteen or twenty miles were nothing to him. No one has ever known London like Dickens.

One of his avocations was acting. When Charles was a very little boy, he told "a story off-hand so well and sang small songs so especially well, that he used to be elevated on chairs and table, both at home and abroad, for more effective display of these talents." At that age he saw *Richard III* and *Macbeth.* From that time the stage fascinated him, and always, with the ambition to be a great writer, was the dream of being a great actor. Only illness just before he became a reporter kept him off the regular stage. As it was, he acted minor parts a number of times. He was the life of private theatricals at Halifax when in America. Now he gave full play to his love of the footlights; for three or four years he toured England with a private company for charity—an extraordinary venture which afforded its members great enjoyment, and which won the enthusiastic applause of Queen Victoria. Dickens was the star and magnet of the group. So remarkably did he act

that Macready, the great actor, said that if Dickens had gone on the regular stage, he would have been the envy and despair of the profession. So, in his acting Charles had another dream of his youth come true—with all the fun that belongs to the amateur.

And this led to another innovation by Dickens unlike anything ever given before—that of giving public readings of his work. They were dramatic readings so carefully prepared—one selection he rehearsed two hundred times before venturing to give it—and so beautifully acted that they had a marvelous success. On his American tour near the end of his life he cleared nearly $100,000. People stayed up all night in line in the snow to buy tickets, and crowded the aisles and covered the platform. There were extraordinary scenes at the readings. In all he made over $225,000. But they drained his strength tremendously.

During this period of his readings Dickens' earliest ambition came true—he bought Gadshill; and soon the great house of his boyish dreams became his home. He had the tragedy of being separated from his wife, and he had other losses and sorrows through death. A terrible experience in a great railway accident and the continued drain upon his vitality by his constant labors and readings were undermining his health; but he continued buoyant, almost boy-

like, up to the end. The picture of Dickens during these last years roaming the "blessed woods and fields of home with his beloved dogs, living in happiest comradeship with his children, and working in the flower-scented garden house" —a small Swiss châlet he had built—is very beautiful.

There he died suddenly after a strenuous day's work on his unfinished novel, *The Mystery of Edwin Drood.* He had wished to be buried near Gadshill, but the Nation called him to Westminster Abbey, and there he lies.

Faults he had, of course; but they are as nothing in comparison with his virtues. From his youth up he worked indefatigably, and he played indefatigably, and, always striving to do his best, wove the fabric of his dreams into reality as few are allowed to do. He loved games and dancing and children. By his writings he inspired reforms and better living for which little children and the poor unconsciously bless him; he gave, and still gives, immeasurable happiness to countless; he upholds at all times the true, the lovely, the things of good report, the ideal; he brings the saving grace of laughter.

After the Great War lovers of Dickens bought the house at 13 Johnson Street, Charles' home for five years in the period after his father's release from the Marshalsea, and with much expense restored it to its original appearance even

in such details as the wall paper. Then they transformed it into a library for the swarming children of the slums thereabout. To it the Burgomaster of Leyden, the French Ambassador, and librarians from various cities in America brought gifts rich and rare, books published for children. To it great writers contributed their own books, and great artists presented their own pictures. Then in 1924, one hundred years after the little boy of twelve entered 13 Johnson Street, the house was presented to the Corporation of St. Pancras, London, and graciously accepted with proper ceremony by the Mayor as a perpetual memorial to the memory of Charles Dickens, who loved books and who in his shabby loneliness roaming the streets of the great city and longing for things that money cannot buy, as by a miracle escaped growing into a crook.

The library is a marvelously cosy and homelike place fashioned to rejoice the hearts of boys and girls. It has beautiful walls, comfortable chairs, and a room where the tiny children are taken care of so that their elder brothers and sisters may not be compelled to stay at home but may enjoy the library. It has shelves and shelves of books, and opposite the hall door of the library proper is a small cupboard, like the original cupboard and in the very spot where Charles kept his beloved books when the boy was living in 13 Johnson Street. In this cup-

board, along with other things imperishably associated with Dickens, are the books he read as a boy, in the editions in which he may have read them. This is the inner shrine of the memorial.

And the children, wearing buff or blue smocks when in the library, throng to it, and under slight supervision the staff—twenty boys and girls, also wearing buff or blue smocks—run it. Of all children's libraries, The David Copperfield Library is the *realest* imaginable. Nowhere do children handle library books with more respect and love. Such a blessing in Somers Town is a vital living force. Unlike a mere statue, it makes Charles Dickens and all of his great fellowship of the Immortals bring constant joy to boys and girls. It is a lovely thing to have Charles' boyhood spirit so transform his unattractive home as well as to have his personality still abide through his books.

GEORGE ELIOT

1819—1880

Our words and deeds drive us relentlessly
To self-forged chains or joyous liberty.

Long ago in Shakespeare's county of Warwick in England there lived a brother and a sister. The boy loved to fish and to hunt for moles with his dog and other boys. The girl, a little gypsy with her hair always in her eyes, liked to tag after the boy and wanted to do just what he did. Sometimes the boy was kind to her and allowed her to go fishing with him. Once he had just come home from three months at school and was feeling very kindly toward his little sister. He had saved up his own allowances and bought her a fish line, and almost as soon as he had jumped from the cart that brought him to the door, he told her she might go fishing with him. She was very much excited and happy over this unusual goodness on her brother's part, but suddenly her happiness was shattered. He asked for his rabbits, and she had to tell him the rabbits were dead—and dead because she had forgotten to feed them! At once the brother's affection and gentleness turned to

"GEORGE ELIOT"
(Mary Ann Evans)

From the etching by Rajon of the crayon from life by W. Burton

disgust and condemnation. He did not forgive her for a long time, not until his memory of her neglect was dimmed.

The girl was Mary Ann Evans, and the boy was her brother Isaac. They lived in a lovely old farmhouse called Griff House, and they lived in exciting times. The French Revolution was just over, and men were restless. As Mary Ann and Isaac wandered around the countryside, sometimes they saw cottages in which big handlooms were whizzing, weaving cloth. And sometimes they saw the handlooms silent, and disgruntled and angry men standing in little knots in front of the cottages—grumbling because machinery for weaving was being put into factories and so the handloom workers had nothing to do. They were hungry. There were bread riots. They stormed into little roadside inns, or pubs, asking for beer and talking over their wrongs. Sometimes Mr. Evans, Mary Ann's father, who was factor or manager of the farms on the big Arbury estate, came home from one of these pubs and told his wife some of the stories he had heard there. He did not realize that his little daughter was listening to him, that every word was sinking into her eager thirsty mind. Much later these stories were to come out in Mary Ann's books and were to be read by the very people of whom they were telling.

That part of Shakespeare's county of Warwick in which Mary Ann Evans was born lacks the beauty of variety. There are no hills nor valleys, no rivers, lakes, or sea, nothing but a monotonous succession of green fields and hedgerows studded with fine old trees. The only water to be seen is the brown canal. But always this countryside was beautiful to Mary Ann Evans, and when she grew up and became George Eliot, every one of her books except two tells of her own dearly beloved midland county.

A very simple and uneventful life the little girl and her three-years-older brother lived on the farm. The great event of the day would be nothing more exciting than the thrill of waiting on cool or frosty mornings to hear the far-off ringing beat of the horses' feet upon the hard ground which told of the approaching passing of the stagecoach by their door, and then the joy of watching the four grays and coachmen and guard in scarlet, outside passengers muffled up in furs, and baskets of game and other packages hanging behind the boot, as His Majesty George III's mail swung cheerily past on its way from Birmingham to Stamford.

Not far away from Mary Ann's home the land was blackened with coal pits, and here were powerful men, walking queerly with their legs bent outward from squatting in the mines. When they went home they threw themselves

down on their beds in their blackened flannels to sleep through the daylight; then they rose and spent much of their high wages at the ale-house. Everywhere the cottages and the little children were dirty, for the languid mothers were giving their strength to the handloom. The dingy and the beautiful were close together. In the squalid villages there were the gray steeples of the parish churches with their venerable churchyards sleeping in the sun; hard by the manufacturing towns there were broad fields and homesteads and fine old woods.

Little Mary Ann Evans had good opportunity to know her country well because she drove around nearly every day with her father on his visits to the farms on the Arbury estate. As Mr. Evans drove along leisurely, she would stand between his knees, eagerly absorbing knowledge of the country and country folk and talking to him or listening to him talking to farmers he met.

Next to her brother Isaac, her father meant most to Mary Ann. He was a big, powerful man. Once when he was riding on the top of a coach, a woman near him was bothered by a big hulking sailor on the other side of him. Grabbing the man, Mr. Evans forced him down under the seat and kept him there until the end of the trip. Another time, as he was passing through a farmyard, he found three of his men having trouble moving a heavy ladder. Brush-

ing the men aside, he gripped the ladder and carried it across the yard as if it had been a feather.

But with all his strength he was very gentle and devoted to his little daughter, who was his favorite child. He was very proud of her brightness and interest in books. Once at an auction he bought a set of books for her without looking at them very carefully. Soon after, Mary Ann came to him one night wanting to read aloud to him, and he was shocked and horrified to find the book to be Defoe's *History of the Devil* —one of the very books he had brought home from the auction! He tried to take it away from her, but she clung to it because it fascinated her.

Mary Ann had to go away from home to boarding school very early because of her mother's ill health. At first she was so fond of play and of outdoor games that she had no time for books and her teachers thought she never would be a student. But when she was about nine, she began reading every spare minute, and books most of us wait to read until we are older than nine—Charles Lamb's essays and Scott's novels. She was so fascinated by the story of *Waverley* that, not being able to get the last volume, she wrote the end of it herself as she thought it ought to be. By the time she was sixteen and attending the Misses Franklin's

School in Coventry, she had developed into a quiet, sober student very different from the early roguish Mary Ann. She was really quite a prig. Under the influence of one of her teachers she became very religious and thought any real enjoyment of life was wrong. All her life she was easily influenced by those she loved most. Her mind was a sponge absorbing the thoughts and feelings of those around her.

At sixteen two things happened that ended her school life: her mother's death and her sister Chrissy's marriage. Her mother's death was a severe shock to the sensitive, high-strung girl, perhaps all the more because they had not been very sympathetic. Mrs. Evans was a born housewife, very quiet, careful, and orderly. Mary Ann had always been a trial to her because she would not stay clean and neat, and because her hair was always in her eyes. The older daughter Chrissy was a great comfort to her mother. She loved to sit in a corner by the fire setting careful stitches in squares of patchwork. But people may have different likes and dislikes, and yet be devoted to each other. And Mary Ann Evans loved her mother passionately, and her sister, too.

Sixteen is very young for a girl to be mistress of a house. Marian, as we must now call her since she changed her name, or her schoolmates did, when she was thirteen, did not much like

keeping house. She learned to do it beautifully even to making butter and cheese, but housework did not interest her. Her heart was on other things. She had teachers from Coventry in music, and French, German, and Italian. She taught herself Latin and Greek. Enough to keep an ordinary girl busy! But Marian was no ordinary girl. She had shut out dancing as frivolous and wicked in her violently religious schooldays; so now the natural diversions of a young girl were denied her; and country life and interests bored her. Since she was interested in intellectual things wholly, she wanted the companionship of educated people and those who loved books as she did.

Soon the opportunity came to leave Griff House. Her father turned over the management of the Arbury estate to his son Isaac, and moved with Marian into Coventry to live. It is a beautiful old town filled with memories of the past. There, you recall, Will Shakespeare saw the Miracle Plays for which the town was famous. There Marian saw the grotesque so-called figure of Peeping Tom, the inquisitive tailor. In the far-away days before the Norman Conquest, according to the story, he alone disobeyed when all the people were commanded to be within their houses with doors and windows closed and barred, and was struck blind because he could not keep his eyes away from the street

when the holy Lady Godiva, clothed only in her long hair, rode by on horseback to save the poor citizens of the town from a heavy tax placed on them by her husband Earl Leofric. But Marian gave little thought to such things as these. She was living in the present and was hungry for stimulating human contacts.

At once she found what she wanted. She was thrown with a group of people who were in touch and in sympathy with all that was modern in England. Chief among these were Mr. and Mrs. Bray, and Mrs. Bray's sister, Cara Hennell. Mr. Bray was a successful business man who filled his leisure hours by delving into science; his wife wrote books for children, and Miss Hennell wrote religious books. They had a delightful home called Foleshill, where many charming people from London came. For the next few years Marian Evans was a prominent member of this group.

Always influenced by those for whom she cared deeply, her intimacy with the Brays showed itself in many ways. Perhaps the most striking change was that in religion. Mr. Bray was not sure that there is a God. He was interested more in science or in finding out about the way things work; in facts, not in dreams. Marian was really a dreamer all her life. She was introduced now for the first time to the scientific way of looking at life, and its very difference attracted

her. She never did anything halfway; so she threw her religion out of the window, lock, stock, and barrel. This caused a great upheaval. Her father was for putting her out of the house because she refused to go to church. Rather than have to leave him, now growing old and feeble, she gave in as far as church was concerned, and peace was made.

Now Marian was not irreligious. She had always a great deal of religion, but it was not the kind that could be tied to a creed. She believed in letting everybody worship God in his own way. She did not think the less of another because he differed from her in belief. Her religion expressed itself in love and sympathy for others.

Another change came now to her when her father died. They had been devoted to each other even though agreeing less than most people of different generations. She felt alone and unnecessary. But kindly time, the healer, adjusted her to the new way of life. After a year in Switzerland she came back to live in London and be assistant editor of a great weekly, the *Westminster Review.*

At once she was thrown into the midst of a brilliant group of writers, men and women representing the most fearless and advanced thought of the day—scientists like Darwin, Herbert Spencer, and Huxley who taught the world the

theory of evolution; poets like Tennyson and the Brownings; novelists like Dickens, Thackeray, and Kingsley; musicians like Wagner, the great writer of operas, who was upsetting conventional England by his resonances and discords; and a philosopher like Carlyle, the grim old Scotchman, always growling against things as they are.

The man who made the most impression on Marian Evans was a friend of Herbert Spencer's named George Henry Lewes. He was a scientist with interests in many other lines, and a brilliant talker. He was rather abrupt in manner and careless in dress, and at first she did not like him. She said he was as ugly as Mirabeau, the pock-marked French statesman. But his charm and keen intelligence soon changed that impression. Before long he was a more intimate friend than Herbert Spencer, and in July, 1854, they formed an association which was in every respect, except the ceremony, a marriage of the truest and highest nature.

Never was there a happier union. He was brilliant, magnetic, and humorous "with a thousand and one charms." Her more sober nature was warmed and invigorated by the richness of his. He had had a hard tragic life, and lately had been discouraged and doing little work that counted. Each spurred the other to new life, and each began to write. If it had not been for

Mr. Lewes, probably there never would have been George Eliot the novelist.

She had never written anything but serious essays. Some of these showed such shrewd insight into people's inner thoughts and feelings that Mr. Lewes was sure she could write stories. She felt shy of beginning, but his belief in her made her want to try. Ideas that had come to her long ago jumped back into her mind; before she knew it, plot was forming there, and she wrote *The Sad Fortunes of Amos Barton.* When it was finished, she read it to Mr. Lewes. He was greatly pleased with it, and so sure that it was good that he took it to the publisher, Mr. Blackwood, saying that it was written by a friend of his who did not want to be known. Mr. Blackwood accepted the story and published it as a serial in his magazine under the name of George Eliot. Mrs. Lewes chose that name because George was Mr. Lewes' name, and Eliot, she said, was a good mouth-filling word. She did not want it known that her book was written by a woman. People would not read it, she believed, if they knew it was. She wrote two more short stories about country clergymen. After they had appeared in *Blackwood's Magazine,* they were published with her first story in one volume called *Scenes from Clerical Life.* These were welcomed eagerly by everybody, and the mystery of the unknown author caused much

excitement. Dickens wrote to Mr. Blackwood, "No man before ever wrote so like a woman." Not for three years did the world know who George Eliot was, not even Mr. Blackwood, though his brother had guessed.

For the next twenty years novels poured from George Eliot's pen. She spent all her time either writing or resting from the strain of writing. Her books tell mostly of the plain people of her beloved midland country: weavers, farmers, workmen. She could draw marvelous word-pictures. Take a farm, for instance. "She sees the charm in every bit of mucky but life-filled barnyard; in the back of the shaggy farm-dog, the cart horses 'holding down their meek heads' and taking themselves to water; in the old stone dairy and in the kitchen garden—even the 'rough leaves' of the red currants with the sun shining through. So far as I know, England has no genre painter who has rendered these things as she did. For Marian Evans had a fearful intellect, and when she turned it on a barnyard, something happened." Sometimes George Eliot preached long sermons in her books. Her sermons are forgotten; her pictures of little children, of farm animals, and of simple folk live on in people's hearts.

Her novels have been called novels of purpose because they show "on purpose" how men and women have to pay for all wrongdoing; how

each impulsive act, no matter how small, affects for life the man who did it, those near him, and many not so near. This is plainly seen in *Silas Marner*. Poor old Silas's whole life was made by what other people did. First he was turned from a happy man, weaving every day, and going to church on Sundays and many nights, into a broken outcast, his faith in his fellow men and God destroyed. His friend, the man he loved above all others, had made him the victim of fraud and stolen away the woman he loved. God himself had denied him in the choosing of the lots. Then, when he was settled in a far-away village, he began hoarding the gold his weaving brought him. He became the child of greed, his one joy to tumble his gold coins in the firelight at the day's end. Suddenly his gold was stolen by one brother and a little child left desolate by Silas's hearthstone through the cowardice of the other, and Silas's life was changed again. This time good came out of the evil, for the little girl brought light and love to the broken man.

Since George Eliot did not write her stories to amuse, and since she was interested primarily in people, and in what they did and in why they did it, she did not emphasize exciting adventures. She was not interested in mere adventure. But she was friends with all sorts of people, and understood their feelings and emotions.

One reason for this is that she felt much and suffered much herself. That is why she could write so sympathetically and so powerfully of the characters she created that her readers rejoice and suffer in them, too.

To write *Romola,* a story about the great Savonarola, who was burned to death in the famous public square of Florence for trying to reform the city, she lived in Florence for a year so that she could make the scenes of her novel as true to life as possible. In this tragic story she makes Tito, the selfish, wicked lover and husband of Romola, act so naturally that if we are inclined to be selfish, we feel uncomfortable. Some people have not been able to finish reading the novel just because Tito has caused them to see themselves too plainly. It is not pleasant to see our own possibilities for evil even in a character in a book. But George Eliot's stories also show us our possibilities for good, and when we have read her novels—say, *The Mill on the Floss* in which Maggie and Tom are really Mary Ann Evans and Isaac—we like to read them again later, so wholesome and likable are the boys and girls, and men and women of her pages. It is more fun for the moment, perhaps, to read stories about wonderful knights performing marvelous deeds rescuing beautiful ladies, and, best of all, imagining ourselves the hero or heroine. Such stories make us think what heroic creatures

we would like to be. George Eliot's novels make us see ourselves as we are.

In 1878 after twenty-four years of joyous life with George Eliot, Mr. Lewes died. It was a shattering blow to her. She never wrote another word. If she could only have died with him or endured the loneliness of the few months until her own death came! But things do not happen that way. As she wrote some one, "It is absolutely necessary to my nature that I should be all in all to some one who is all in all to me." So in May, 1880, she married John Walter Cross, a young American banker who had long been a family friend. She lived only six months more.

At her funeral in the drizzle of a December day thousands of people, rich and poor, wept to lose a dear friend. It is like one of her own stories that a man came to the funeral who had had nothing to do with her since she had gone against his wishes after meeting Mr. Lewes. It was her brother Isaac, loving her to the end, but too proud and obstinate to let her see it.

George Eliot is one of the few women of the world who have been great writers. When she lived, women were just beginning to be interested in things outside their homes. Since her death the world has changed greatly. Women are doing almost as many things as men. There are many women writing to-day, but there is no

one of her size. She was great in mind and in sympathy with all the world. Such novels as *Silas Marner* and *The Mill on the Floss* are great because they paint moving pictures of people like unto ourselves, faulty, suffering, and yearning after more than they can ever attain.

LEWIS CARROLL

1832—1898

If only Mr. Dodgson is at home to-day,
And Lewis Carroll isn't, I don't want to stay;
But O I'd like to chat with him and joke with him, and play!

Charles Dodgson was a small boy who had a good time. He did not have much to play with, but he did not need much. Everything around him was his toy or his tool. He made pets of toads and snails, and tried to make worms fight by putting pieces of pipe on their ends! He was a clever boy whose hands knew how to work out the inventions his mind planned. In the garden of his father's big rectory at Croft in England he made a train, and he made it run. Not having all sorts of Meccanos and erectors as boys have to-day, he took what he had, and made up in size what he lacked in beauty. This train was made of a wheelbarrow, a barrel, and a truck, and it ran around the garden, and stopped at various stations, a summer house here or a bench there.

Charles was also clever at planning circuses and putting them through. He took the family ponies and dogs, and all his various brothers and

Lewis Carroll.

From a photograph taken by himself. It appears as the frontispiece in "The Life and Letters of Lewis Carroll" and is used here through the courtesy of The Century Company

sisters—there were eleven children in the family —and used them as performers in shows for which he charged admittance of pins. One time he took in so many pins that the village junkman gave him several pennies for them. He loved, too, to dress up as a conjurer and do sleight-of-hand tricks. Even as a young boy, he could think up new and original ideas and work them out. With the help of the village carpenter he made a small stage and a troupe of marionettes to act on it. These small marionette figures he made of wire covered with cloth and worked on strings pushed through holes in the floor of the tiny stage. He wrote all the plays for this theater himself, and most of them before he was twelve. One of these was *The Tragedy of King John.* Charles was very clever at managing the strings and wires which held the little figures on the stage.

When he was twelve, Charles had to go away to school as most English boys do. It was a small school, and the head master, Dr. Tate, had a great many children with whom Charles played, so that he soon felt at ease. This part of a letter to two of his sisters shows that boys are pretty much the same the world over:

"My dear Fanny and Memy: I hope you are all getting on well, as also the sweet twins, the boys I think that I like the best are Harry Austin and all the Tates of which there are 7 besides a little girl who came down to

dinner the first day but not since. The boys have played two tricks upon me which were these—they first proposed to play at 'King of the Cobblers' to which I agreed. Then they made me sit down and sat (on the ground) in a circle around me, and told me to say 'Go to work' which I said, and they immediately began kicking me and knocking me on all sides. The next game they proposed was 'Peter the red lion,' and they made a mark on a tombstone (for we were playing in the church-yard) and one of the boys walked with his eyes shut, holding out his finger; then a little boy came forward to lead the rest and led a good many near the mark; at last it was my turn; they told me to shut my eyes well, and the next minute I had my finger in the mouth of one of the boys! Papa wished me to tell him all the texts I had heard preached upon please to tell him I could not hear it in the morning nor hardly one sentence of the sermon but the one in the evening was I Cor 1, 23. I believe it was a farewell sermon but I am not sure. I have had three misfortunes in my clothes, 1st I cannot find my tooth-brush so that I have not brushed my teeth for three or four days, 2nd I cannot find my blotting-paper and 3rd I have no shoe-horn. The chief games are football, wrestling, leap frog, and fighting. Excuse bad writing—

"Your affectionate brother

"CHARLES."

In the vacations at home Charles started weekly magazines. He was the editor, the chief writer, and the whole thing. The first was called *Useful and Instructive Poetry.* Perhaps the name was too dry for it. Anyhow, it died after six months. He began the next one, *The Rectory Umbrella,* several years later. It had a

thrilling serial story called *The Walking Stick of Destiny,* a few humorous essays, and several drawings, caricatures of pictures then being shown in a big London picture gallery. One of these, *The Age of Innocence,* after a drawing of a beautiful little girl by Sir Joshua Reynolds, shows a hippopotamus sitting under a tree. The tree is too small for the hippo, and his forelegs are very curiously drawn, but his expression is trusting, gentle, and sweet. Another good thing in *The Rectory Umbrella* was Charles' parody of Macaulay's *Lays of Ancient Rome.* It was the story of one of his small brothers riding a donkey, or trying to. The donkey went on for a little way and then stopped at a road leading home. The story shows how a brave brother jumped for the donkey's head and saved the day by turning it around. Many drawings by Charles illustrate the poem. The donkey is very expressive.

By this time Charles had left his small school at Richmond and was having five years at Rugby. His mind was growing alert and agile. He loved to exercise it with hard problems in mathematics. The thing he liked best to do in leisure hours was to invent riddles or puzzles, or to write verse making fun of a serious poem, or of stiff people. He loved, too, to write verses about animals, queer original animals that never were on land or sea.

He did not have a very good time at Rugby. He liked—really enjoyed—Algebra and Geometry; he had that kind of mind. But he was not an athlete and could not—or would not—play football and cricket. He liked to take long walks across country, sometimes with another fellow, often alone, when he could let his eager mind skip to puzzles or to poetry. No one was a better comrade on a walk or more entertaining than he. Years later he wrote that the thought of his schooldays at Rugby did not bring him much pleasure. The real reason for this was that the days there were crammed with "impositions." An imposition is a task set as a punishment. At Rugby then it was the translating and writing out of a certain number of lines of Latin or Greek. If a boy did not know his lesson, or was late to class or to meals, or did anything, however small, he ought not to have done, or forgot to do something he ought to have done—*bang!* down came an imposition, and his good afternoon was lost, for he would have to stay indoors and write and write and write. Result—hatred of *Virgil* or *Ovid* and *Homer* when he might have enjoyed them. Charles was really a brilliant student; but since he was a dreamer and not so careful as he might have been, many hated impositions came his way.

At nineteen he "went up" to Christ Church, Oxford. It was his home until his death forty-

seven years later. That fact tells how much he cared for Oxford. The life there was perfectly congenial to him. He loved the beautiful old college which had been his father's before him, and all its ways. In those days the boys had breakfast, lunch, and tea in their rooms, and dinner together in the common room of the college. It was called "dining in hall," and in Charles Dodgson's day the undergraduates eating there were divided into "messes," or groups of six. In his group were Philip Pusey, who became a famous preacher, and another who lives in *Alice in Wonderland* as The Mad Hatter. Those hours at dinner were the best of the day. Work stopped, bodies relaxed; there was gay talk, laughter, and often keen wit. English college boys really know how to talk together, and to enjoy books and other high-brow things far better than Americans.

As at Rugby, Charles took to mathematics at Oxford. He gained so many honors that when he graduated, he was invited to stay on as Master, or lecturer, in Mathematics. He was also one of the Librarians and had several other offices in Christ Church. His life soon settled down into a steady routine—which he loved—mornings in the lecture room, afternoons walking or boating on the river, and evenings getting ready for the next day's work and writing his books.

One thing troubled him much. If he wished

to continue as Master at Oxford, he would have to do what the English call "read for Holy Orders," which only means become a clergyman in the Church of England. Charles Dodgson did not really want to become a minister. He thought he was not good enough. And then in those days the church was very strict, and clergymen were not supposed to go to the theater. He loved plays and actors, and often used to run up to London when some favorite was there. He knew, of course, that there was no harm in doing this, and finally he decided to become a clergyman and continue going to the theater. He never took a church nor preached regularly because he was too busy teaching and also because he stuttered badly. Sometimes, though, he forced himself to preach, and people liked to hear him, especially children.

Almost at the same time that he was beginning to preach, he was sending poems and stories to the English funny papers. He thought it would be fun to divide himself into two personalities and to have a name for each. He sent several names to the editor of *The Train,* a London comic weekly, which was about to publish a poem of his. The editor chose Lewis Carroll, which was taken from the Latin form of his two first names—Charles—Carolus—Carroll; Lutwidge —Ludovicus—Lewis; and it was by this name that he was to become famous. Charles L. Dodg-

son was the respected and honored Oxford don and mathematician; Lewis Carroll is the writer of the greatest books of humor for children ever written.

He loved to fool people about his two names and to pretend he was two people. One day he was riding by chance on a train with a little girl and her mother. The mother was reading; so after a while Lewis Carroll began telling stories to the small girl. When he was through, the mother turned to him and said, "You must be Lewis Carroll. Nobody else could tell stories like that." "I beg your pardon, Madam," he said gravely, "I am the Rev. Charles Dodgson of Christ Church, Oxford." "I don't care what your name is," the mother persisted, "only the man who wrote *Alice in Wonderland* could have told those stories."

He also played a joke on Queen Victoria—and jokes did not flourish around her. Some one gave her a copy of *Alice in Wonderland.* She enjoyed it so much that she issued a royal command for all of his works. Forthwith he had all his books, all difficult mathematical treatises, packed and sent to Her Majesty. We can imagine his chuckling as he imagined Victoria's astonishment when, instead of more tales like *Alice,* she found a formidable array of mathematical books.

He would let nobody call him Lewis Carroll

and was very shy about talking about his books. He was glad when people enjoyed them, but he did not want to hear about it; nor would he read any criticism of his books, good or bad.

Lewis Carroll had friends of all sorts and kinds in and around Oxford and London. Alfred Tennyson was one. He often visited the Tennysons and took pictures of the poet and his family. For another thing this many-sided man could do well was to take and develop photographs, and this as early as 1860 when photography was just beginning, and tin-types and daguerreotypes were flooding the world with their stiff, set poses and glaring faces. Most of the photographs then were about as rigid as plaster. So Lewis Carroll bought a camera, fixed up a room on the roof of Christ Church College, and invited all his friends to sit for him. He had always drawn since he was a tiny boy and had hoped to be a painter. John Ruskin, another of his good friends, looked over his pictures and told him to stick to photography. One look was enough. Lewis did both. Not even Ruskin could make him stop drawing. His photographs give charming glimpses of many of the best-known people of his day. Ellen Terry, the actress known and loved by thousands as Shakespeare's Portia, was one of his friends whose photograph he took; also Bishop Wilberforce,

George Macdonald, the famous Rossetti family, and John Ruskin.

The grown-up people whom Lewis Carroll liked best were artists. Perhaps it was sympathy with their craft. He had the painter's seeing eye for beauty. Also he was more at ease with women than with men. Why he never married is a mystery. Perhaps because he liked his own way and liked to have things just so. His college rooms were immaculately neat and beautiful.

But if he had no children of his own, he constantly made up for it by his enjoyment of other people's. For, of all his friends, children came first. He had hosts of them, mostly girls. He pretended not to like boys and to be afraid of them, but boys always liked him and felt at their ease with him at once. They also enjoyed the puzzles and games he invented for them.

Most of these friendships with children began very much in the same way. A chance meeting at the seashore or on the street or at some friend's house was enough to make him seek out the child's parents, introduce himself, and pave the way for further meetings. Then all sorts of good things would come to the children from their new friend—presents of books, invitations to stay with him at Oxford or at the seashore, visits with him to the theater. For the sake of his friends he kept a large collection of music

boxes and an organette which had to be fed with paper tunes. One time he ordered twelve dozen of these tunes on approval, and asked another don to come in and help him select. Besides these attractions, there were clock-work bears, mice, frogs, games, and all sorts of puzzles and tricks.

But it was not the toys the children cared about. It was their friend, Lewis Carroll. He was a perfect playmate. He could dig the most fascinating wells and tunnels in the sand, and tell stories as he dug that made his friends sit breathless with open mouths listening. One of his best and earliest friends was Alice Liddell, whose father was Dean of Christ Church College. Lewis Carroll was fond of all three sisters —Louisa, Alice, and Edith—but Alice came first. One day he was out on the river Isis with the three little girls. It was a hot lazy afternoon, and nothing exciting was happening. Alice said, "Please tell us a story." And Lewis Carroll began the story of *Alice in Wonderland.* I think he enjoyed telling it as much as the three little girls liked listening, and that was all afternoon. Lewis Carroll would lose his breath and say, "Now let's wait until next time." The three girls would lie flat on the bottom of the boat a minute, and then Alice or Edith would raise her head and say, "Now it's next time. Go ahead!" Almost the entire *Alice in Wonderland*

was told that one afternoon. I suppose the poems were added later. Alice wanted her friend to write it out for her; so he did, and drew pictures for it and gave the copy to Alice. They called it *Alice Underground* at first. They never thought of publishing it until one day George Macdonald, the Scotchman who wrote *At the Back of the North Wind,* told Lewis Carroll it was wrong to keep all that fun away from other children.

Alice let him have her book, and he asked a man in London, Sir John Tenniel, to draw pictures to be published with it as Lewis Carroll did not think his own good enough. He was very particular about the pictures John Tenniel drew. Every proof was sent to Lewis, and he wrote letters telling how he wanted the pictures changed. He would say, "Don't give Alice so much crinoline," or "The White Rabbit must not have whiskers. He must not be made to look old." The two men had a good time together, one furnishing the ideas, the other working them out. Years later, when Alice was Mrs. Hargreaves, her own copy with Lewis Carroll's drawings was published for just a few people.

Lewis Carroll took many pictures of the Liddell girls, some in their own clothes, and some in Japanese costume and many other dress-up kinds. One of Alice alone, called *The Beggar Child,* Alfred Tennyson said was the most beautiful child picture he ever saw.

Too many children were the friends of this man to tell about them all. Some of them were his friends for life, but most were not. When they grew up, they seemed to lose their charm for him. I believe the chief reason why he liked children better than grown-ups was that he had a warm, loving nature and was painfully shy. It was hard for him to show himself to another person. He was afraid. But children were different. And they were lovable. He could pour out affection and have it returned in kind. Another reason why he so loved them was that he was a teacher. He could try out on them his ideas and methods. The children would not object to his teaching them all afternoon because they would not know it. Having a poor memory for names, he invented an elaborate help to memory, which he first tried out on the children. He loved to help them understand the life they were growing into. He felt necessary to them. Lewis Carroll liked children, too, because he was an artist. Their beauty and charm appealed to his beauty-loving eyes.

The children knew well enough why they loved him. He was simple, and gentle, and bubbling over with ideas for games and stories. They and he liked to do the same things. He had the heart of a child himself. Nobody deserves any praise for being a child. We all have to be children once. But you remember that Jesus said, "He

that will be greatest among you let him be as a little child." This is just what Lewis Carroll was. Naturally he turned to those who satisfied his nature.

To give an idea of the way he talked to children, here is a letter he wrote to a small girl:

"My dear Magdalen,—I want to explain to you why I did not call yesterday. I was sorry to miss you, but you see I had so many conversations on the way. I tried to explain to the people in the street that I was going to see you, but they wouldn't listen; they said they were in a hurry, which was rude. At last I met a wheelbarrow that I thought would attend to me, but I couldn't make out what was in it. I saw some features at first, then I looked through a telescope, and found it was a countenance; then I looked through a microscope, and found it was a face! I thought it was rather like me, so I fetched a looking-glass to make sure, and then to my great joy I found it was me. We shook hands, and were just beginning to talk, when myself came up and joined us, and we had quite a pleasant conversation. I said, 'Do you remember when we all met at Sundown?' and myself said, 'It was very jolly there; there was a child called Magdalen,' and me said, 'I used to like her a little; not much, you know—only a little.' Then it was time for us to go to the train, and who do you think came to the station to see us off? You would never guess, so I must tell you. They were two very dear friends of mine, who happen to be here just now, and beg to be allowed to sign this letter as your affectionate friends,

"Lewis Carroll and C. L. Dodgson."

Lewis Carroll wrote four books for his young friends. About four years after *Alice's Adven-*

tures he wrote *Alice Through the Looking-Glass* to stop the children from asking for more about Alice. Some people think the best thing in it is the poem of *Jabberwocky.* He wrote this one evening while playing a game in which everybody had to write a poem.

Another book, *The Hunting of the Snark,* is a long poem of delicious nonsense. The last line of the last stanza, "The snark was a boojum, you see," came to him one time when taking his afternoon's twenty miles across country alone. He wrote the long-story poem to fit the end.

The two books about Sylvie and Bruno are rather prosy and dull. The best thing in them is *The Gardener's Song,* which contains, you remember:

> "He thought he saw a coach and four
> That stood beside his bed.
> He looked again and saw it was
> A bear without a head.
> 'Poor thing,' he said, 'poor silly thing!
> It's waiting to be fed!' "

Hundreds of children all over our country and England love that poem. Like the *Alices,* it adds to the joy of living. With Milne's *When We Were Very Young,* Stevenson's *Child's Garden of Verse,* Kipling's *Elephant's Child,* and the *Twenty-Third Psalm* we use it for our "every day's most quiet need."

Little children read Lewis Carroll's books and

think they are rather funny. But little children rarely have sufficient knowledge of life to appreciate his contrasts. It is the older children who really understand him. I knew a girl once who had had *Alice* read to her since she was a baby. One summer, when she was fourteen, she met an older girl who loved all the *Alice* poems so much, and *The Mad Tea Party,* and *Tweedledum* and *Tweedledee,* and many others that she was repeating them most of the time. The first girl woke up. It was as if scales fell from her eyes. She laughed and laughed over such lines as:

> "'Tis the voice of the Lobster;
> I heard him declare
> You have done me too brown,
> I must sugar my hair."

The girl was in a cottage with thin wooden walls, and she and her brothers and sisters would dress saying, line and line about, *The Walrus and the Carpenter.* The summer was literally transformed by the inimitable humor of her friend Lewis Carroll, and, now that she's an old woman, life without a chance to brighten up with lines or whole poems of her beloved friend would be dull indeed.

As he grew older, Lewis Carroll found it hard to leave his humor out of anything; the Rev. Charles Dodgson withdrew more and more into the background, and there was Lewis Carroll teaching geometry and writing books on mathe-

matics. His most important mathematical writing was called *Euclid and His Modern Revolt.* It was a book for serious students and a real addition to the science of geometry, yet it is written in the form of a play, and it is so whimsical and humorous that people who are not interested in mathematics can enjoy it.

Life was not easy, though, for Lewis Carroll because he saw it humorously. Humor was his challenge to its sorrow. He took things hard; he had an intense nature. It was painful for him to meet grown-up strangers. Yet every contact of his everyday life he made the most of. He was considerate of servants. He was devoted to his friends. He loved to give them little dinners in his rooms in Christ Church; but he would accept no invitations to dinner lest he might meet somebody he had never met before. His friends humored him, and would "inform" him that they would be home *alone* on such and such an evening.

So the lonely man with no family of his own grew old. Lonely old age is a bitter thing. There was also, his friends thought, some disappointment in his life whose acid burned his vitals. If he had grown sour and crabbed, it would have been natural enough. Instead, the years brought to him hope and cheer and gentleness, and with the humor with which he had lived his life he faced death.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

1850—1894

Defying stern experience, himself he never spared,
And won for love a dangerous quest because he greatly dared.

Smout called those early days his "Covenanting childhood." That meant that his Scotch Presbyterian parents made Smout know his Bible thoroughly and his catechism by heart. In the catechism he learned that the chief end of man is to glorify God and to enjoy Him forever. That, interpreted for Smout, meant on Sundays as much of church as possible and no play—except, because his mother spoiled him, he was allowed with misgivings a doll carrying a pack to represent Pilgrim in *Pilgrim's Progress.* That might not be sinning. Also religion was emphasized continually. Religion did not make Smout's father particularly happy. In fact, though a very lovable and humorous man by nature, he was much given to gloom in glorifying his God.

Smout was very religious. He wished the Bible read to the sheep and horses. He told his parents they could never be good unless they prayed. He knew, for he had tried it. His

favorite game until six was playing church, and he was always the minister. At six he crooned of Hell and the Devil, and the Cross. The grim stories of Fox's *Book of Martyrs* and of *Scottish Worthies* he found most edifying.

At that same age an epoch-making event happened. Uncle Davie offered a prize for the best life of Moses. Smout zealously dictated his over a period of twenty-eight days to his mother, and illustrated the manuscript with original drawings representing Moses and his compatriots smoking pipes. Smout had imagination. "Then God told him to put his hand into his breast, and he did so and his hand became a leper." Smout received the prize, *The Happy Sunday Book.* From that time his ambition was to be an author.

A pathetic little figure was Smout. From his mother he inherited a weak chest and frail body. Every year he was sick with croup or bronchial trouble or something else, and his slight frame was racked with fever and coughing. In truth, his whole life was a fight against tuberculosis. Many a night his mother and Cummy, his nurse, were up with him. Often when he was worst and his imagination pictured terrors, his father would try to divert and soothe him by telling him stories. His parents lavished affection on him. Smout was their only child, a very appealing child—trusting, affectionate, full of odd sayings, and imaginative and whimsical ways.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

From a photograph taken at Vailima by Patrick

And in spite of his illnesses he had much happiness. At home in Edinburgh he lived much in a world of make-believe. Summers at Grandfather Balfour's at Colinton he played with cousins by the witches' walk, in the beautiful large plotted garden, on the sloping lawns, and by the sluggish river. There evenings, from his covert behind the sofa, he imagined wonderful adventures as he watched Aunt Jane read, and Grandfather in the circle of the lamplight.

With the years Smout became Louis. He did not make a success of school. So sickly was he that he attended many schools, and his experiences were not happy. During his brief stay at Edinburgh Academy, when eleven, the odd, precocious child was the butt of his mates. The next year his parents took him on a long Continental trip. He tried an English school near London, from which a homesick appeal sent him to the Riviera for some months. From fourteen to seventeen he was in an Edinburgh private school for delicate or backward boys. Here his attendance was much interrupted by his own and his parents' health. He was hopeless at all boys' games, but explored the hills and valleys and streams around Edinburgh on foot and pony-back. At home he was petted and spoiled; among his cousins he was a leader, a "small sickly prince"; his irregular book-knowledge was very thin and scattered; his travel much more

than ordinary. He read much and continued to write. He liked a story to begin with an old wayside inn where, "toward the end of the year 17—, several gentlemen were playing bowls. . . . Give him a highwayman, and he was full to the brim; a Jacobite would do, but a highwayman was his favorite dish." By the end of his school-days he had brought out, through his father his first book: *The Pentland Rising; a Page of History, 1666,* a story of the Covenanters. Mrs. Stevenson bought most of the hundred copies. Mr. Stevenson made future trouble for himself.

When Louis was seventeen, his parents leased Swanston for his sake. The sheltered cottage was their summer home for fourteen years. A hidden hamlet lies near it; behind it the Pentland Hills rise a straight one thousand feet. Lying in the heather on their top, Louis could see to the north, across five miles of hill and valley, Edinburgh, guarded by Arthur's Seat, and glints of sea; and, near by, landbirds and gulls wheeling and screaming, and sheep grazing on the Pentland's slopes, and, directly below, the cottage surrounded by big trees. A lovely spot! It became part of the texture of his life.

Louis made a mess of his career at Edinburgh University. He was precocious, interesting but affected, conceited and selfish. At Yale or Princeton he would not have lasted a half-year.

He enrolled for courses, but cut his classes regularly. After his third year at college, when he asked Professor Jenkins for a certificate for attendance on his course, the Professor replied: "No, Mr. Stevenson. There may be doubtful cases; there is no doubt about yours. You have simply *not* attended my class." When Louis did attend, he would sit in the back of the room yawning and slouching in his seat, or, if seemingly taking notes, really paying no attention to the lecture or recitation, but spending his time in writing in his *Book of Original Nonsense.*

Such an idler was not popular in a university where nearly all the students know that their success in life depends largely on their making the best use of their college days. Some of the fellows called him Madcap; but his regular nickname was Velvet Coat. He wore a "shabby, short, velveteen jacket, a loose, Byronic-collared shirt, and meager, shabby-looking trousers." He had a lanky, narrow-chested figure; long, thin arms and nervous-fingered hands; sallow face, long and thin; scrawny mustache and attempt at a goatee; long straight brown hair much needing a cutting; eager boyish brown eyes. He liked to attract attention, and, his mates thought, to look like a genius. Louis liked to pose.

Naturally he was a great trial to his parents. In addition to worry over Louis' health and loafing, Mr. Stevenson had to reconcile himself

to what he considered the disgrace of Louis' arrest for being in a Town and Gown snowball riot, and to silly exploits that seemed funny to Louis but not to others. Moreover, Velvet Coat took to frequenting the worst parts of the city where his shabby appearance and eccentricity made no difference, and a sixpence went a long way, and became acquainted with all sorts of "low society, the companion of seamen, chimney-sweeps, and thieves." One day, as Louis' mother, driving down High Street, was grieving over his behavior to Aunt Jane and another relative, suddenly the relative exclaimed, "Do look at that queer old-bones man!" They looked. Auntie cried, "Oh, Louis! Louis! What will you do next?" There was Louis, slumping along with a bag of old bones over his shoulders.

There was still further humiliation. The Stevensons for generations had been official engineers to the Commission of Northern Lights. Louis' grandfather had built the lighthouse on the Inchcape rock celebrated in Southey's poem. Louis' father was a great engineer, too. The ambition of his life was that Louis follow in his footsteps. After some trial of engineering during vacations, Louis came out flat-footed against it. He could endure the outside work, but could not stomach the office routine. Also by this time Louis had broken loose from the joyless covenanting religion of his childhood, and held be-

liefs his father considered dangerous to his son's salvation.

Yet during his days of idling Louis was very busy—in his own way. Besides being in private theatricals, he became an active member of the University literary and debating club, the famous Speculative Society, and was one of four to start a literary magazine that died within a year. He talked and talked. He always carried two books with him, one for reading, one for notes. For him life held one ambition—he wanted to learn how to write. Whatever he saw, whatever thoughts came to him, he jotted down in his notebook, seeking always to find the exact word to express himself. Purposely he imitated this author and that. In his ragamuffin low-life experience he was looking for new types of people, thought, and life. He begged his father to let him try writing as a profession.

There were heart-breaking scenes between father and son. As a compromise, Louis studied law and even hung out his shingle; but he was no lawyer. On religious matters neither could compromise.

Then Louis' health became such that for a number of years he lived a life of mingled illness and adventures in vagabondia, such as the canoe trip through Belgium to the Seine, described in *An Inland Voyage,* and the journey from the mountain town of Monastir across the Cévennes,

described in *Travels With a Donkey.* Besides staying in London and Paris, Louis spent much time, too, in the companionship of a group of artists at Barbizon. Every year he called on his father for more money than his allowance, and every year his father advanced the money.

The summer Louis was twenty-six his greatest adventure began. On a warm September night he reached Grez on the Loing in his canoe. Crossing the garden between the river and the Pension Chevillon, he jumped through the open window into the dining room. At once the eighteen or twenty seated at the long table "rose in an uproar of delight, mobbing the newcomer with outstretched hands and cries of greeting."

Two only did not welcome him—two women. One was a girl of seventeen; the other, her mother, a woman ten years older than he. She was an American, Fanny Osbourne. Her husband had long been faithless to her; after many changes of fortune she had gone to Paris to study painting. There so poor had she been that her children and she often had nothing to eat except smoked herring and brown bread. Her youngest boy had fallen sick and after a long illness had died. Mrs. Osbourne had even pawned all her jewels and trinkets to buy him necessities. After the terrible ordeal she had placed her living son Lloyd in school, and had gone to Grez with her daughter to regain health and courage. She was

a brunette, short, good-looking, with burning dark eyes and dark-brown hair.

Louis fell in love with her immediately. But his case seemed hopeless. She was still legally married, and if she were free and loved Louis, he would have two children to support besides her, and he was not yet supporting himself. Authorship was not a lucrative business; his right hand did not know what his left was doing when money was concerned. Moreover, his parents would not tolerate his marrying a divorced woman.

For three years this intolerable situation continued. Then, learning that Mrs. Osborne was ill in California, Louis decided to attempt the biggest adventure of his adventurous life—to go to her and, if possible, marry her. With hardly any money, against the advice of his friends, and without the knowledge of his father beforehand, who, Louis knew, would cut off his allowance, he sailed second cabin on the emigrant steamer *Devonia* for New York. He questioned whether he should have courage to stick to life if he failed, for he had the loneliness and hunger of a consuming love. Such a madcap adventure a great love alone could inspire.

He spent his first night in New York in a twenty-five-cent boarding-house where he heard a little Irish girl read his *Travels with a Donkey* to her sister. The next day editors did not take

kindly to the offer of manuscript from the queer-looking author. Compelled by poverty, he boarded an emigrant train for San Francisco. An emigrant ship in the 'seventies was almost unendurable; an emigrant train was worse. For ten days it lumbered across country. The emigrants were herded like cattle in a pen; they could not lie down to sleep or take off their clothes; they could not get decent food; at times they could not get any. For the first time Louis knew "how easy it was to commit suicide." He wrote, "There seems nothing left of me; I died a long time ago; I do not know who it is that is traveling." He arrived at San Francisco "looking like a man at death's door."

From there he started south for Mrs. Osbourne. On his way he tried ranching at an Angora goat-ranch, and, becoming lost, he fell from his horse and "scarcely slept, or ate, or thought for four days. Two nights he lay under a tree in a sort of stupor, doing nothing but getting water for himself and horse, lighting a fire and making coffee, and all night awake hearing the goat bells ringing and the tree-frogs singing when every new noise was enough to make him mad." Then a bear hunter found him.

At Monterey in a little twenty-five-cents-a-meal restaurant the skeleton of a man was fed and nursed by its humble French proprietor. However, from this time Louis' health was

broken—he was hereafter an invalid. The doctor said Louis was suffering from inflammation of the brain caused by anxiety and wretchedness.

He was desperately poor, and he would accept help from no one. For three and a half years he had loved Fanny Osbourne. Now she had agreed to marry him if she could obtain a divorce. A man to marry must be worthy of his wife; the least thing he could do was to support himself —and her.

For a while he stooped to two dollars a week reporting. It meant eight meals. Then he went to San Francisco, where he lived on seventy-five cents a day and boarded in a workman's lodging. He became so pressed for money that he allowed himself only ten cents for breakfast and twenty-five cents for dinner, his only meals. Besides the anxiety and worry about the divorce, Mrs. Osbourne's health gnawed at his heart. Then one day something snapped, and Louis was desperately ill for six weeks.

Nursed by Mrs. Osbourne, he slowly recovered, and, the divorce obtained, she was free to marry him. They decided to risk marriage. Then came a telegram from his father promising £250 annually. Moreover, his parents wrote that they would welcome his wife. The nightmare was ended.

The marriage of Stevenson and Fanny Osbourne in May 1880 was the fulfillment of the

greatest single adventure in his life. The Stevenson we know and love really dates from this time.

In August Louis and his wife with Lloyd reached Liverpool. In no time Mrs. Louis had won the love and affection of his parents. Before Mr. Stevenson's death he even made Louis promise that he would "never publish anything without Fanny's approval."

The next four years were a pathetic series of break-downs and searches for health on Louis' part. The first winter with twelve-year-old Lloyd at Davos among the Alps, the invalid played for hours mimic warfare with toy soldiers on an attic floor reached by a ladder. The following winter Louis' chief delight in the lonely Alpine village was a toy printing press from which Lloyd printed unique little booklets of verses written by Louis with woodcuts designed and cut by him.

In the same period at Braemar the little boy was responsible for Stevenson's becoming famous. Up to this time, though he had written a few stories like *The Sire de Malatroit's Door,* he had been writing for a high-brow public and was comparatively unknown. One morning he lectured half-humorously to Lloyd on law; whereupon the bored youngster asked his stepfather "to try and write something interesting." *Treasure Island* was the result. Mornings Louis sat up in bed, forbidden to speak, playing chess until

he was tired. Then, alone in his room, he wrote until dinner, after which in the lamplight of the little cottage parlor he read what he had written of *Treasure Island.* He received £100 for it, big money to him then, and England awoke to the fact that a new writer of adventure had arrived.

After a period of partial recovery came constant attacks of hemorrhage when his life hung in the balance. Finally late one night occurred the worst he had ever had. His wife rushed to him lying on the bed choked with blood and unable to speak. Signing to her that he wanted pencil and paper, Stevenson wrote on receiving them: "Don't be frightened—if this is death, it is an easy one." For weeks he lay between life and death racked with sciatica and practically blind. Then it was, with his right hand tied to his side to stop further hemorrhage, that the child in him led him to compose and to write with his left hand some of the *Child's Garden of Verse.* Then, too, he composed *The Requiem:*

"Under the wide and starry sky
Dig the grave and let me lie.
Glad did I live and gladly die,
And I laid me down with a will.

"This be the verse you grave for me:
Here he lies where he longed to be;
Home is the sailor, home from sea,
And the hunter home from the hill."

On his recovery the invalid moved to Bournemouth in the south of England where Louis' parents could be near. Mr. Stevenson now bought Skerryvore Cottage as a gift for Mrs. Louis. Louis had to spend most of his time in bed. Often for weeks he was forbidden to speak aloud, but must whisper or write on paper anything he wished to say. Yet he wrote much.

Here one of his most famous stories had an unusual beginning. One night, hearing groans of horror from Louis, his wife woke him from his nightmare. He was indignant; he had been dreaming "a fine bogey tale." It was the first change of Mr. Hyde into Dr. Jekyll. In the morning Stevenson was hard at the story. He had "the shilling shocker," he told the doctor, that the publishers wanted. Mrs. Louis objected to the first draft; she wanted Mr. Hyde really good, not feigning goodness. Later, when Louis rang his bell for her, she found him sitting up in bed, thermometer in mouth, pointing to the ashes of his first draft. He rewrote the outline in three days and in a month or so offered the tale to his publishers. Its sale was tremendous.

A year or two later Louis was so recovered that his father gave him £100 for a trip to Paris. After the Stevensons had been there for a fortnight visiting the Lows, Louis announced that his wife and he must leave. "Why?" "Coin," replied he. Mr. Low could not understand it,

for the Stevensons had been put to no expense. Neither could they until much later. Then, when Mr. Stevenson could not find the canceled check, Louis discovered it lying still uncashed among his papers. 'Twas a shame! And just like Stevenson—except that ordinarily whenever money came to him, he got rid of it and then—worried!

The next spring his father died—a hard blow. Up to the last year or so Louis had not earned enough to meet expenses. His father had come to his help repeatedly. In his earlier years Louis had taken this aid too often as a matter of course. Also Louis had given his father anxiety, disappointment, and sorrow; but, despite everything, his father was always loving his son. Such love, persisting through all misunderstandings, brought the two with the years closer together. It had the beauty of God's spirit. Mr. Stevenson was a wonderful father.

No reason longer existed for remaining at Bournemouth. Accordingly, the Stevensons sailed for America in search of health, and there Louis found with boylike delight that he was so famous that he could demand big money. Shortly they moved to Saranac Lake in the Adirondacks for the winter. The cold was too intense for Stevenson's liking. The thermometer went down to 40 below on the veranda of the Bakers' cottage, which is now a shrine to him;

inside, Stevenson once saw a lump of ice left unmelted in a pot of soup boiling all round the ice in the center.

The next summer for £2,000, two-thirds of the sum he had received at his father's death, he purchased the *Casco,* a beautiful schooner-yacht. Stevenson's last adventure was beginning. They sailed across the Pacific from San Francisco to the Marquesas Islands in the South Seas. From there with many adventures they visited various other islands, sailed in various other boats, and finally settled in the Samoan Islands.

Three miles from Apia on the high slopes of Mt. Vaea he bought a farm of three hundred acres. There he had the forest cleared for his home Vailima, "the house of the five streams." While living in the shack that preceded their real home, Stevenson specialized in clearing the land and in piping on the flageolet that had known his heart from the days at Bournemouth; Mrs. Louis Stevenson, in keeping house and in furnishing meals, for the servant problem was a nightmare until later they pressed Samoans into service. Now a can of kerosene burst in the kitchen; now the carthorse ate the walls of the stable built of pandanus leaves; now the Samoan gardener, scolded for planting the vanilla upside down, replanted it early in the morning again upside down since Mrs. Louis had replanted it without his knowledge.

They brought all their goods from England and Louis' mother joined the group, which included Lloyd and Mrs. Louis' sister and her son. With them were twelve Samoan servants absolutely devoted to Tusitala, "the teller of stories."

In this idyllic home, following the Samoan custom, seated at the head of his table with his family and the half-clothed glistening Samoans, proud and free, about him, Stevenson introduced family prayers—hymns in Samoan; a chapter of the Bible read verse by verse, also in Samoan; a simple prayer in English written by Louis; and, finally, the Lord's Prayer in Samoan.

These simple, helpful prayers reveal Stevenson's joyful belief. Here is one:

"The day returns and brings us the petty round of irritating concerns and duties. Help us to play the man, help us to perform them with laughter and kind faces, let cheerfulness abound with industry. Give us to go blithely on our business all this day, bring us to our resting beds weary and content and undishonored, and grant us in the end the gift of sleep."

Once thinking his example might count, Stevenson taught a Sunday School class at the Mission. Finding that he could not hold the children's attention, he announced that he would give a sixpence to the first child asking a question about the lesson. When at last the offer by gradual steps had increased to half a crown, a little brown hand was raised and a childish

treble asked politely, "Who made God?" That ended Sunday School for Stevenson.

When in trouble, the Samoans began to come to him, and he so won their affectionate devotion that they called him "The King of Samoa." The island at that time was under the rule of Germany, England, and the United States. Stevenson wrote so vehemently against German misrule that it was feared Germany would demand his leaving the island. Instead, the offending official left. Also, through Stevenson's efforts Mataafa and other native chiefs who had risen against the nominal ruling chief were freed from prison. To show their gratitude, they built from Apia to Vailima *Alo Loto Alofa,* "The Road of the Loving Heart," a tremendous job, and told Tusitala when they presented it, "It shall never be muddy; it shall endure forever, this road that we have dug."

Four years Stevenson lived this simple life, seemingly gaining in health, and full of ambitious plans for the future. Then at sunset on a December day filled with work, he read the pages he had written of *Weir of Hermiston* to his wife and helped her prepare a salad for supper. Suddenly he exclaimed, "What's that?" and clapped his hands to his head. "Do I look strange?" He dropped. A blood vessel had burst. In two hours he was dead.

They placed the Union Jack over his body.

His Samoan servants in procession each knelt and kissed his hand. The Samoan chiefs brought their finest mats to cover him, and stayed all night in silence by his body. During the night two hundred natives by torchlight hacked a path up the mountain, and others dug a grave on its summit. Shoulder-high up the steep path, sixty natives carried the coffin, draped in the flag of the *Casco,* and buried him on Mt. Vaea's top. On one side of the tomb on a brazen tablet is Stevenson's own *Requiem;* on the other, in Samoan "The Tomb of Tusitala" and the speech of Ruth to Naomi: "Whither thou goest, I will go; and whither thou lodgest, I will lodge: thy people shall be my people, and thy God, my God." The Samoan chiefs allowed no firing of guns on the mountain's slopes after his death that the birds might sing without fear over his grave.

The life of "The Teller of Stories" was more to the Samoans than his greatest tales; it is an inspiration to us. His adventurous spirit lives in the fascinating tales introducing Alan Breck, Long John Silver, and many another. His joyousness and affectionate kindliness are revealed in his magnificent fight against disease. A child of romance and dreams from the days of the boy of *The Child's Garden of Verses,* he quickens our lives by the unconquerable challenge of his own.

RUDYARD KIPLING

1865—

Like a stern prophet of the long ago,
He warns great England, scourging friend and foe;
But Puck and Mowgli fill us with delight,
And Rikki-tikki-tavi's glorious fight;
And "tidy pachyderm" and Soldiers Three
Have gained a joyous immortality.

DEVONSHIRE, near Land's End, England, breeds mighty men. It was the home of Sir Francis Drake and Sir John Hawkins in the days of the Spanish Armada. There lived John Ridd, the giant hero of Blackmore's *Lorna Doone,* and Amyas Leigh, of Kingsley's *Westward Ho!* Two miles from Northam, Amyas's home, is a public school, the United Service College, called after the novel Westward Ho! It overlooks Torridge River, from which Amyas sailed on the *Rose* in search of Don Guzman, and fronts upon Lundy Island and the Shutter Rock, out in the distant Atlantic, where Amyas lost his vengeance by the *Santa Catharina's* being wrecked. At Westward Ho! for five years lived another famous Englishman, a fighter, too—with his pen—Rudyard Kipling.

When he entered the school, a youngster

RUDYARD KIPLING

From a recent photograph, used through the courtesy of Messrs. Doubleday, Page & Company

eleven years old, Westward Ho! had two hundred boys gathered from all over the British Empire, but mainly from India—sons of officials and officers who had them sent to be filled with the smell of England's land, and the tang of England's air, and the sight of England's fields and streams, and homes, and enduring historic landmarks. In Westward Ho! they were to be molded into future officers and official rulers of the Empire.

It was a military school made up of boys bred to the fagging system, seemingly a much rougher lot than those in *Tom Brown's School Days,* eager to play and to fight together, full of mischief and tricks, sometimes acting as if possessed with many imp-like devils, often breaking from leash, never subdued, growing through youth's awkward colt-age into a fighting manhood to die, if needed, for England in the glory of their youth in Burmah, the Soudan, or Afghanistan.

They were fine swimmers and played golf before it was popular. They were not remarkable at cricket, but when it came to football, that had a thrill to it, like war's. To the frenzied yell of Schoo-*ool!* Schoo-*ool!* when at their best they savagely handled the team from Blundell's, which mighty John Ridd had attended. And they fought with such team play and spirit against Exeter, a much older crowd, that they even hurled them to defeat. In those days it

was a common thing to hear the victorious team returning in a bus singing to the universe:

"It's a way we have in the Army,
It's a way we have in the Navy,
It's a way that we have in the Public Schools,
That nobody can deny."

Rudyard was too small to be much of an athlete. His interests, too, lay in another line. On becoming old enough to have a study with a lock, with two other boys he started a newspaper. And, being a very clever boy, and possessing a keen sense of humor, and an uncanny ability to see everything and to describe anything, he soon wrote himself and his two companions into trouble by holding up too truthfully certain fellows' peculiarities. Once an entire lower form raged at the three. They were in and out of all sorts of scrapes. In truth, Rudyard and his companions were implicated in or shared escapades which, according to the opinion of twenty great English writers including Tennyson, resembled barbarism and would not be tolerated to-day. If you wish to know more about these scrapes, read *Stalky & Co.*, in which Kipling calls himself Beetle.

This lighter side of school play was as froth and foam to the deep current of his life at Westward Ho! So pronounced were his liking for

reading and his literary ability that, on his request that he be allowed more free time as editor of the *School Journal,* he was excused from certain compulsory exercise and was allowed to spend his leisure hours in the Head Master's library. The Head—and others—appreciated his promise for big things, but they did not let Rudyard know that. That would have been contrary to the public school system.

Also he was unconsciously absorbing another great thing—the spirit of a public school. Expressed simply, it comprised two things, loyalty and duty: loyalty to his school and his home, which he later learned meant to his job and his country, by doing his day's work, whatever the discomforts or difficulties. Along with these two vital homely virtues he was learning a third, a broad-mindedness taught by mingling with boys from all the world-girdling British empire. In his twenties he realized how closely knit the English possessions are by race and life and ideals, and by his writings got England herself, the Dominions, and the far-distant dependencies and islands to recognize this great fact. He even voiced this idea of empire, called imperialism, in verse at Westward Ho! On the failure of an attempted assassination of Queen Victoria, Rudyard wrote to the Queen of the boys at Westward Ho!:

"And all are bid to do your will
By land or sea—wherever flies
Your flag to fight and follow still,
And work your Empire's destinies."

When sixteen and a half Rudyard's school-days ended. He had his choice offered him: the university or India. He chose India, and sailed for the home he had not seen for ten years.

He had a remarkable family-inheritance. A poor Methodist minister named George MacDonald, compelled by the laws of the church, spent his life moving every three years to another parsonage. To help make up somewhat on this earth for this continual strenuous existence of changing homes, he and his wife were blessed with four unusual daughters—Georgiana, Agnes, Alice, and Louise, all gifted and artistic. Georgiana married a poor, struggling Welsh painter, Edward Burne-Jones with only thirty pounds in his pocket. He later was knighted—he was one of England's great Pre-Raphaelite painters. Agnes married Edward Poynter, another struggling artist. He also was later knighted and became head of the famous Royal Academy started by Sir Joshua Reynolds, Sam Johnson's friend. Louise, not finding an artist handy, married a wealthy ironmaster, Alfred Baldwin. To atone for this falling from grace, her son has become Prime Minister of Great Britain.

Alice, the wittiest and cleverest of them all, clung to art. One day at a picnic at Rudyard Lake in Staffordshire, she met a young modeler and designer of terra cotta. For both of them it was love at first sight. They became engaged; he studied hard and received an appointment as director of a new art school in far-away Bombay. On that they married and sailed to India. Their marriage seemed the least promising of the four. His name was John Lockwood Kipling. He, too, was the son of a minister. Their eldest son was named Rudyard.

They lived in a bungalow amid tall palms where gleaming parrots screamed. There Rudyard's "dear dark foster-mother" was an Indian *ayah* or nurse, a Catholic, "with classic bronze features, bejeweled nostrils, dusky velvet eyes." To her and the other servants, "stately white-robed Hindus and Mussulmans," he learned to speak more fluently than to his parents. He knew the great gods Shiv and Hari. He walked with his *ayah* to groves where chattering monkeys played, and to the beach where the fire-worshiping Parsees, "standing in the scarlet waters, bow down before their god." With her he knelt before the statue of Beebee Myriam (the Holy Virgin), and helped, farther on, devoutly to encircle the neck of elephant-tusked Ganesh with marigolds, and entered the shrine of mighty Buddha. Among the smells and

sounds and sights of the colorful mingling of races and religions forming mysterious India, he was a young *Sahib* or ruler. He lived up to the title. His mother taught him to read. His father's and his mother's love taught him more.

They sent the little boy when six by steamer the thousands of miles to England. He must not grow up in tropical India. There, before Westward Ho! he lived in Portsmouth under the charge of a naval officer's wife—five years of much Bible and little love, hinted at in *The Light That Failed* and *Baa, Baa, Black Sheep.* A hard school for a child so far from his mother! It made him all the more self-dependent. The Bible gave him the foundation of his wonderful style.

Now, not yet seventeen, he was returning home with the training of Portsmouth and Westward Ho! to his credit—a boy but with character. His parents need not fear for him. His father was now Director of the Lahore Museum. Kipling almost immediately became assistant editor of the Lahore *Civil and Military Gazette.* Some of his articles in the *School Journal* did the trick. In the offices and printing works were one hundred and sixty natives. Single-handed, under his chief he prepared the daily copy from telegrams, parts of articles from leading papers throughout the empire, and current news. To make copy he cut, pasted, summarized, and com-

mented on all. It was a marvelous opportunity, and he seized it. The temperature might be over one hundred—it was for months at a stretch —but the paper must go to press, irrespective of heat, discomfort, sickness. So, the first lesson Kipling learned in this world was that of Westward Ho!—loyalty to his newspaper and the day's work, whatever the cost. And he loved his job—the smells and noises of the composing room, the wet proofs, and all the varied activity connected with night work on a paper.

This boy doing a man's work loved home. He thought his mother the wittiest woman in all India. It was joy to have her and his younger sister like and write verse, too. To his father, a treasure-store about all things Indian, he felt he owed all that was best in himself and his art. Both parents were the most kindly, genial, and gracious people imaginable.

But though only seventeen and living at home, he had his own servants, his horse, his dog-cart, his club, his friends, and his very own strenuous life. He was short, square, dark, blue-eyed, with a fondness for brown suits, and he wore spectacles which he had a trick of wiping over and over with his handkerchief, so misty did they become from continual hearty laughter.

He began to write light verse suggested by the life about him and to use it to fill in space as opportunity offered. These verses became

so popular that, to save expense, Kipling had the office force print them out of hours to imitate a long, lean wire-stitched D. O. Government docket, printed on one side only on brown paper and tied with red tape. They were all sold in a few weeks, and Kipling sought a real printer for a new edition of his *Departmental Ditties.*

The Duke of Connaught, the military commander of the Northwest district of India met the engaging young fellow at the home of Kipling's parents. So interested did the Duke become in Kipling that he asked if he could do anything for him. Kipling knew the Indians; he had seen almost every conceivable variety of white man in the newspaper office; he replied: "I would like, Sir, to live with the army for a time and to go to the frontier to write up Tommy Atkins." The Duke let him go.

Kipling transferred to the more important Allahabad *Pioneer.* He traveled from the Himalayas to the Deccan; he met military and civil chiefs, governors and viceroys, and little Bobs, Lord Roberts, the idol of the army. And Kipling heard much and learned more. For one thing, he marveled how often men cursed their work but still kept ceaselessly at their job, often against greatest difficulties and with no hope of reward or recognition.

Before he was twenty-two, he brought out *Plain Tales from the Hills,* and within two more

years had published *seven* volumes of stories picturing the varied fascinating life of India with startling vividness and accuracy. The most extraordinary thing about these extraordinary stories is that though many were written during Kipling's teens, they have the maturity of a grown man. Also with them a new type of short story appeared. Writing at great speed, Kipling had condensed incident, form, and style to fit whatever newspaper space was allowed him. He had made a page-sketch substitute for chapters, an epithet suggest paragraphs of characterization. His stories are models of condensation. Already, not twenty-five, he had written such masterpieces as *The Incarnation of Krishna Mulvaney,* the horrible *Strange Ride of Morrowbie Jukes,* and *The Man Who Would Be King.*

Ambitious for wider knowledge of the world and also for wider recognition, he sailed for England by way of San Francisco. Everywhere his mind absorbed everything he saw. He worshiped the God-of-Things-as-They-are. Traveling on a steamer across the Seven Seas or riding on a railway engine in South Africa, he must learn everything about them at first hand and supplement his knowledge by much reading. Later *The Ship That Found Herself* or *.007* would astound all readers. Why, he knew more about a ship or steamer than sailor or engineer!

Where did he learn so much? But—to use Kipling's expression—all this is another story.

He did not find work on a newspaper in the big American cities. Nor could he sell his manuscripts. No one knew of Kipling, the Indian writer. The outlook in London was almost as discouraging. Echoes of his name had reached the great city, and he managed to get some of his stories published, but they did not sell. He lived in cheap lodgings, he ate the simplest food, his money ran low; but he did not let his famous relatives—Burne-Joneses, Boynters, and Baldwins—know he was in London. One day a reporter, looking for a possible write-up, sought him out. Glowing appreciations of Kipling in the *World* and, later, in the *Times* appeared, and Kipling was the talk of England as nobody had been since Mr. Pickwick had won everybody to Dickens.

During these days of joyous recognition in which he wrote *The Light That Failed,* a long story of an artist who went blind, he met Wolcott Balestier, an American. Together they wrote *Naulahka,* a not very successful story. This friendship led to Kipling's marrying, when twenty-six, Balestier's sister Carolyn. They lived near the Balestier estate in Brattleboro, Vermont, for four years. Kipling built a long, two-story bungalow, the *Naulahka,* on a hillside overlooking the beautiful Connecticut River.

He found an interesting new type of people in the shrewd, laconic, often unconsciously humorous Vermont Yankees, and the deep snows of a Vermont winter furnished him new sport. In galoshes and long-legged stockings he often helped the farmers break open the roads with a sled to which two plows were attached.

Here his first two children were born. For them and all children he wrote here parts of the *Just So Stories* and both the *Jungle Books.* Probably no books ever gave him greater joy than these in writing; probably these are his finest achievement. No stories give more of the joy of life for everyday living than the absurd, nonsensical *Just So Stories,* so full of humor and wisdom, in which we learn how the elephant, that tidy pachyderm, got his trunk, and why the lone cat walks by herself, and the humphing camel got his hump. In the *Jungle Books* with Mowgli, the man-cub, we penetrate into the heart and wisdom of the great Indian jungle through knowing Kaa, the great rock python; Bagheera, the black panther; fat old Baloo, the bear, teacher of the man-cub, and Akela, the gray wolf—all united against their enemy Shere Khan, the tiger, and the silly chattering banderlog. No other personifying of animal life has ever approached Kipling's. The stories are told so simply that the youngest can under-

stand them, and so interestingly that the oldest delight in them.

In these four Vermont years along with much other writing, this marvelously versatile man also published *Barrack-Room Ballads* and *The Seven Seas* in which he portrays in soldiers' slang the English Tommy Atkins with his open sins and virtues in India, by the old Moulmein pagoda, in the Soudan, and sings the glories of English fighting men on land and sea. With their swinging rhythms, their vivid pictures of army life, their contrasts, and their upholding of simple soldier virtues, these poems captured the imaginations of high and low in the nineties, who knew poem after poem by heart. Men and boys to-day naturally like his poetry: such poems as *The Ballad of the East and the West, Gunga Din, If, McAndrew's Hymn, The Feet of the Young Men, The Explorer.*

So famous was Kipling that, the story runs, a stagecoach driver acquired the habit of stopping before Kipling's home and discoursing about him. Kipling wrote a protest; the driver continued stopping. Kipling wrote an angrier protest; the driver continued stopping. Furious, Kipling met him and demanded why he had paid no attention to his letters. In the dramatic conversation that followed Kipling learned that both his letters had been sold, the second for much more than the first. The shrewd Yankee

had not lost on the first. Kipling discovered soon that his small checks were not being cashed. An inquiry disclosed that they were being kept as souvenirs or sold for sums much above their face value. Kipling hates and shuns publicity.

In 1896 Kipling left Vermont to live permanently in England. He was English, of the Empire. He wanted to live in the homeland on English soil. He settled in a little Sussex village, Rottingdean-near-the-sea.

The next year was Queen Victoria's Diamond jubilee, and all the English world gathered to render her homage. After watching from Spitshead a review of the greatest fleet up to that time ever assembled, Kipling wrote for the London *Times* his *Recessional,* so called from the closing hymn in the service of the church when the white-robed clergy and choir leave the chancel. Nothing that he had ever written so moved England as the five simple stanzas of warning not to be puffed up with pride in the days of prosperity.

> "The tumult and the shouting dies—
> The captains and the kings depart—
> Still stands thine ancient sacrifice,
> An humble and a contrite heart.
> Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
> Lest we forget—lest we forget."

The ancient verities of life hold unchangeably.

He did not wish for England and the Empire the fate of Nineveh and Tyre.

Two years later in the height of his fame he returned to America on a visit with his family. Catching pneumonia, the reticent, self-contained man hung between life and death for weeks in a New York hotel, while the English-speaking world, drawn closer together through their affection for him, anxiously scanned the newspaper headlines daily.

Back again in England, he settled permanently at Bateman's, in Sussex, near the quaint village of Burwash and the highway from Pevensey where William the Conqueror and, later, the Black Prince rode. Bateman's is an old Elizabethan farmhouse with "1634" carved over its low door. Its builder was a forge-master who made guns for the navy, and was so mean and stingy that on any pretext he abated his workmen's wages; hence, Bateman is a contraction for Abateman. The story goes that the forge-master's men, being promised Christmas fare so long as a log should burn in the fireplace, cut one from the largest and gnarliest oak thereabout, soaked it in the Dudwell for a week, and then put it on the fire where it lasted for over two weeks despite the forge-master's efforts to hurry its burning. Appreciating where the joke hit, the old master gave his men a dinner

and extra ale all around, but he did not refer to the log.

Kipling delighted in caring for his trim gardens with their pools, their flag-stone paths, their fruit trees and flowers. A hundred yards from Bateman's, Park Mill—around which he has gathered the story of the black rat, the gray cat, the wooden wheel, and the millstone in *Below the Mill Dam*—now has a turbine which furnishes him electricity. At Dudwell Farm, in the opposite direction, he raises his Jersey cattle. In season the copses and woods are musical with birds. He loves them. One nightingale always used to draw Kipling from his study. A robin, Jimmy, became so tame that it would perch on his shoulder when called.

In this historic countryside of low hills and far-stretching downs, remote from the rush of life, Kipling, writing again in *Puck o' Pook's Hill* for his children, has that "merry wanderer of the night," Puck, bring to Latin-hating Dan and little Una people from the long ago who still live and love the Weald and Downs, and every spot of "Merlin's isle of Gramarye." They tell the two children of deeds that once happened in England's rich historic past. England, the land, by now had gripped Kipling, filling his heart and eyes with the knowledge of life understood. The land endures, we pass; we carry on; we behold, if only we have eyes to see, spirits

of the past living in the present. Some of these *Puck* stories are as fine as *Wee Willie Winkie, The Man Who Was, Without Benefit of Clergy, The Brushwood Boy,* or *Kim,* that longest and by many most loved of his India stories. No higher praise need be given.

With the years Kipling warned England over and again in stirring verse of danger to the Empire within and without. Without, he feared dangers greater than the Boer War, which so roused England. It was Germany, the Hun, he dreaded. And men thought him a fanatic. But the Great War came.

Then his only son John, a slight boy with delicate health, begged to be allowed to enlist in the Irish Guards. Though he was under age, with many misgivings his father and mother decided that they must let him go. As usual, this great man in every way avoided publicity. The first word the world had of John's being in the war came in October, 1915, when Lieut. Kipling was reported slightly wounded and missing in the north of France. Hope was given that he might be alive, but his parents waited in vain for comfort. When Kipling had nearly died of pneumonia, he had lost his oldest child, a six-year-old girl, the inspirer of the *Just So Stories* and perhaps his finest story, *They.* Now on his fiftieth birthday in December, he had to face life, his only son dead. His long fight against

the Hun had not been mere words, but the expression of his inmost conviction. For them he had sacrificed his hopes and ambitions for his eighteen-year-old son. Two years later he wrote *The Children.*

Since the war he has written very little for publication. Seldom does he leave Bateman's. In the early days he would tramp across country with his hazel fishing rod or with his dogs, perhaps singing or whistling to himself. Now, tanned as Sussex sun can make him, and dressed in a battered soft hat and homespun suit of knickers, with an ash stick, perhaps a creel and rod, he strides along over the hills and downs for his morning outing—in silence. A casual observer might take him for a farmer. He is very unapproachable to strangers. He has no time to waste on tourists or great-men-seekers. He is thinking the thoughts of age, brought to fruitage by rich and tragic experience.

Not for fame or money has he lived and worked, but for the joy of the day's work, for the love of the English, for a peaceful grave in the heart of his beloved Sussex homeland. He lives apart—he will not even have a telephone at Bateman's. Simple in his tastes and in his code of loyalty and duty, Rudyard Kipling, the Poet and the Story-Teller of the British Empire, is one of the Immortals.

JAMES FENIMORE COOPER

1789—1851

Life gives us constant opportunity;
A chance word seized may seal our destiny.

It is hard to picture to-day the primitive life of the Revolutionary period or to realize that in the early eighteen-hundreds many a boy in New York State, as the frontier moved west from the Hudson, knew the fear of the Indian, and that many a boy sailed the high seas in a square-rigged ship. Of all such boys, few or none was so fortunate as James Fenimore Cooper, for he did both. In fact, chance favored him all through his life.

In 1790, less than ten years after the close of the Revolutionary War, when Fenimore was about fourteen months old, Judge Cooper, his father, moved with his family (a party of fifteen in all) from Burlington, New Jersey, to Cooperstown (which was named after him), New York, where he had purchased thousands of acres of primeval forest land. Here in the wilderness he built Otsego Hall, for years the finest residence in that part of the State, and lived as a sort of feudal overlord in the community.

J. Fenimore Cooper

From a painting by J. W. Jarvis

On the forested hills bordering nine-mile-long Lake Otsego, and by its child, the rapid Susquehanna River, Fenimore grew up to the frontier life. The village suffered at one time from threatened famine, and dwelt in fear of Indian attack. Here Fenimore knew strange settlers and passers-through. Besides native-born Americans there were refugees and adventurers who had gathered from many lands, and many thrilling stories he must have heard from them: French and Dutch, German and Pole. An ex-captain in the British army and an ex-governor of Martinique for a time had stores in the little community. Fenimore's father, who was twice a member of Congress, entertained freely. Once the great Frenchman, Talleyrand, was his guest for several days.

Indians were constantly in the settlement. Here Fenimore met the Redskins who suggested his Uncas and Chingachgook; here he became friends with woodsmen like Hawkeye. Here in canoe and on foot he grew to love passionately the beautiful mountainous streams and lakes and forest stretches leading up to the Catskills. Here he fished for trout, and hunted all manner of small game and deer. He made camp and cooked in the open over the campfire, and when he dozed off to tales of hunting and fishing, and of Indian and Revolutionary warfare, he knew that while he would be sleeping, the campfire's

blaze would be keeping at a safe distance lynx and bear and wolf. It was a wonderful experience, teaching the impetuous boy self-reliance, keen observation, fearlessness, ability to act quickly and to meet any emergency, and strengthening his natural will power.

But this ideal existence from Fenimore's point of view could not continue forever. To make the most of his natural abilities he must be educated. Accordingly, Judge Cooper sent him to Albany where he had him privately prepared for college by an English university graduate, a man of strong personality who gave Fenimore aristocratic views of life, later to get him into trouble. It did not come easy for Fenimore to turn to his studies with all outdoors calling, but his tutor held him to his lessons, and so thoroughly grounded him in Latin and Greek that the naturally bright boy was ready at an unusually early age for the next great adventure in his life—college.

At the beginning of the second term of Freshman year, Fenimore entered Yale College in the Class of 1806. It must have been an exciting experience to him to make the trip by horse or coach, and probably by boat to New York, the great metropolis of 30,000 or so, and thence to New Haven. He was the next to youngest boy in his class and in college—thirteen years old! Most parents of to-day hesitate to

send their sons to preparatory school at such an age. However, the boy of thirteen in those days was much more capable of taking care of himself than the boy of thirteen to-day.

Also Yale College of 1803 was so different from Yale University of to-day as to be practically unrecognizable except for the four letters Y-A-L-E. It was a kind of kingdom over which President Dwight with his professors and tutors had absolute control. They would admit almost anybody into college on trial and then, if he did not obey the rules and regulations, would dismiss him peremptorily.

Here are some of the regulations adopted by the Yale Corporation in Fenimore's Junior year:

"Whenever the College Faculty shall be satisfied, that any student is guilty of frequent absence from prayers, public worship, or any college exercises, established by law; or of disorderly behavior when present at any of them, or in the dining hall; or of unreasonable expensiveness in living, or company keeping in his room or elsewhere; or of idleness, or profane language, or profaning the Sabbath; or that he has gone out of College limits without leave; or has attended a dancing-school, or dancing assemblies; or procured or received meals, or other entertainment, in any tavern, or boarding-house; or frequented such house or houses; or that he absents himself from his room after ten o'clock at

night; or is frequently from his room in study hours; or has been guilty of any loose conduct, or of disrespectful behavior to any officer of this College— He shall be admonished of his misbehavior by his Instructor, or any other member of the Faculty: And, if he shall continue unreformed, his case shall be made known by his Instructor to his parent, or guardian. If he continue still unreformed, he shall be sent home; and he shall never be readmitted, except by a major vote of the Faculty."

According to a letter written by a classmate, the regular daily routine makes an interesting comparison with life at a university or great preparatory school of to-day such as The Hill, Lawrenceville, or Exeter. The students had no servants except that a man made the beds and swept the floor mornings. Once a week he scattered white sand on the floor. Freshmen had to run errands for seniors. The meals were eaten in a large hall with a kitchen opening into it. The tutors and the students, arranged according to classes, sat on wooden benches. The tutors had their table placed on a platform so that they could see that the two hundred students behaved. Salt beef once a day and dried cod were the most common foods. Sunday mornings in the winter at breakfast they had stewed oysters served from large tin milk-cans placed on the

table. Sometimes in season they had green peas. The waiters were all students.

In winter the rising bell rang at about five-thirty; at six prayers were held in the chapel, after which by candle-light the boys attended recitation on the lesson prepared the previous evening. At eight came breakfast; at nine a bell sounded for study hour, every student studying in his own room; at twelve it rang for another class. Then came dinner, followed by more study and a third recitation at four o'clock. Before supper evening prayers were held in the chapel. During study hour the tutors would make the rounds often to see that the students were in their own rooms.

The petty rules and confinement of this life went against the grain of a boy like Fenimore, only thirteen, knowing the freedom of the frontier, full of spirits, high-strung, impulsive, quick to stand up for what he thought right, open-hearted, blunt of speech and—grounded so well in his Latin that he did not have to look at his *Horace* or *Tully* (*Cicero*) until he reached the classroom. No wonder he turned to play and a good time all his Freshman year. He was a growing boy, a young animal whose body demanded activity and fun, and there were no organized games as to-day for working off surplus energy. Away from the conscious control of home, he reduced work to a minimum and en-

joyed himself as much as possible, rules or no rules.

He studied one lesson in *Homer,* but that was all. To excuse his neglect, the likable, transparent boy invented excuses of all sorts—he did not hear the bell, or he had a cold, or he had to write a letter. The entire class would laugh when he made his Homeric excuse. When reviews came, Fenimore added fifty or sixty more lines to his old lesson. Then he had to meet the acid test of the examination—an oral one—which was conducted by a Mr. Stuart, between whom and Fenimore no love was lost. Fenimore calculated the distance he thought would be covered before his turn for translation, and endeavored to work out the meaning of the Homeric passage by the help of the Latin translation on the page, which he could read very easily. When Mr. Stuart called upon him, he was "sweating blood," and then, to his horror, Mr. Stuart skipped pages and pages to find a passage that would catch the boy. And the entire class tittered with amusement. Fenimore found the passage assigned—it was part of the only page or two he had studied during the entire year! Naturally, to the astonishment of the examiner, Fenimore did beautifully. His tutor watched him with amused eyes. Chance dealt Fenimore winning cards here.

Though Fenimore did not study as he should,

he did roughhouse, to use modern schoolboy slang, as he should not. He was the type of boy who naturally would. It seems that he acquired a reputation for boyish disorder. A bad reputation is a dangerous thing. One day a tutor named Fowler was "scraped in the hall" and accused Fenimore of being one of his assailants. Arraigned before the faculty, Fenimore was asked to tell on his honor whether he was guilty. He said he was not. He thought it contemptible to attack an individual *en masse*. The presiding officer believed his statement without question and dismissed him without even a reproof. It is not often that a boy's word is accepted against his tutor's.

However, as was to be expected at his age, it was not long before more serious trouble came. He got into a fight with a classmate, Boyle. It must have been such a one as to make Tom Brown's and Slugger Williams' seem mild; for Fenimore was a fighter always, and Boyle, who was evidently the aggressor and to blame, was held for his appearance in court for $280. Boyle was dismissed from Yale.

A month or so later, July 4, 1805, twenty or so gathered in a room directly after dinner, though—or, perhaps, because—all forms of celebration were prohibited, and sang and had a general good time until three o'clock in the morning. For being in this party or some similar party,

Fenimore was probably dismissed. A family tradition has it that he was expelled for an explosion which he had set off by making use of the keyhole of a friend's room. Whatever caused the dismissal, it was nothing heinous, but simply boyish foolishness. Though a Junior, he was only fifteen, too immature to appreciate his opportunities.

But expulsion changed matters. In his careless, happy-go-lucky selfishness, like many a boy before and since, he had gone his own way, ignoring his parents' wishes, following the line of least resistance and pleasure. He had been warned by the college authorities and friends; he had been urged by Father to remember that he was his son and bore the family name; his success was their success; his disgrace was their disgrace—and he was expelled! And he had to go home and to face one of life's bitterest realities—sorrow brought to loved ones by his own heedless thoughtlessness! The meeting with his father was not happy. As the most important man in his part of the State, he felt the disgrace very keenly, and his hurt pride also made him bitter against Yale.

Soon it was decided that Fenimore should enter the United States Navy, where he would get discipline and training that would make a man of him, and he could also make a career worthy of his upbringing. Since the academy at An-

napolis did not exist then, he must first learn enough seamanship in the merchant service to qualify for a commission. The times were stirring: England was at death grips with France under Napoleon, and was giving trouble to the United States.

Accordingly, when just seventeen, Fenimore sailed before the mast from New York to London on the *Sterling,* with a cargo of flour to Cowes, and he learned much besides mere seamanship. They had a stormy passage and saw no land for forty days. On entering the English Channel, they found it alive with English vessels. From Cowes they took a new cargo to London, where a shipmate said Fenimore had "a rum time of it in his sailor rig, but hoisted in a wonderful deal of jibberish according to his own account of the cruise." It must have been a wonderful experience to the boy from provincial America to visit the greatest city in the world: to wander along the Thames; to see London Bridge and the Houses of Parliament, the Tower and St. Paul's, and the King's palace; to roam the streets lined with their fascinating shops and their great houses; and to see the crowds and the fine ladies and gentlemen.

Then came a trip to the grim rock of Gibraltar with rocky Mt. Atlas guarding the mystery of Africa across the narrow strait. An escape from pursuing pirates and from being run down

by a British man-o'-war in the fog when Fenimore's nimbleness of foot brought on deck a lantern just in time to warn the approaching vessel; another visit to London, and then a fifty-two days' trip to Philadelphia, and the boy was home again, with his mind and imagination filled with new lands and peoples, and exciting adventures he was to use later in his sea stories.

His preliminary training ended, Fenimore entered the United States navy as a midshipman on the *Vesuvius.* Shortly, under Lieutenant Woolsey he was sent through the wilderness to Oswego, a hamlet of twenty houses, on the shores of Lake Ontario. There during the winter and spring of 1809 they built the *Oneida,* a brig of sixteen guns, to defend the lake should war arise with England. These days furnished the background for the stirring *Pathfinder.* At this time Fenimore also made a trip through the wilderness with Lieutenant Woolsey and saw Niagara Falls in all their primeval beauty. Glorious experiences these for a boy of eighteen!

For a time he was left by his commander in charge of the gunboats on Lake Champlain, and so the land of *The Last of the Mohicans* became part of him. He obtained leave to visit Europe, but was assigned to the *Wasp* under Captain Lawrence, who in the *Chesapeake* later fought one of the most famous duels in the War of 1812 against the *Shannon,* and, victorious, died ex-

claiming, "Don't give up the ship!" Fenimore became very much attached to Captain Lawrence.

The next spring Fenimore obtained a year's furlough and did what most young men do—fell in love. She was a Miss De Lancy, of a Tory family. They were married when she was nineteen and he twenty-one. He resigned from the Navy, and they set up housekeeping at Mamaroneck, Westchester County, New York, where, except for a short interval, he lived the life of a small country gentleman of independent means until he moved to New York, when he became popular as an author.

Nine years after his marriage he had as yet done nothing to indicate the great powers within him. Then a few chance words presented to him his opportunity and, bull-headedly, not realizing what it held for him, he grasped it.

It happened this way. One day he threw down in disgust a particularly boring novel of the time and exclaimed, "Oh! I could write a better novel myself."

His wife, knowing how much he disliked all writing, laughingly said, "I'd like to see you try it!"

Challenged by her tone, and always quick to accept a dare, he answered her, "I will!"

He got to work. He had never written even a story, to say nothing of a novel. When it was

finished, a publisher liked it well enough to publish it. *Precaution* is not a good novel, being merely a conventional story of English society which Cooper knew only through books; but it is better than the ordinary insipid stuff of the time. Also it showed Cooper that he liked writing, and it served for training.

At that time there was no real American novel. Urged on by his friends, Cooper decided to try to write one. Selecting Westchester County as a background, country which he knew thoroughly and loved, he soon became absorbed in *The Spy,* a story of the Revolution centering about the life of Harvey Birch, an unselfish American spy. Since it was about America and not England, Cooper did not expect it to sell well. To his astonishment in a month it had gone into a second edition; in two months, into a third, and in three was dramatized and drawing large audiences. *The Spy* is the first American novel of permanent value. It has been translated into every civilized language, and has been more widely read than any other American novel of the nineteenth century. The resourceful, incorruptible and tragically lonely figure of the poor peddler, Harvey Birch, is one of the most widely known characters in our literature.

With *The Pioneers,* the first of the five *Leatherstocking Tales* to appear, Cooper opened another fascinating field of literature—Ameri-

can frontier life of adventure. It is the story of the scout Hawkeye's advancing age, and is based on Cooper's early life at Cooperstown among the hunters and Indians. With the other four books of the series—*The Deerslayer, The Last of the Mohicans, The Pathfinder,* and *The Prairie*—it portrays the great scout from his youth to his death. The novels are famous for their descriptions, their incidents, and their strong characterization. Hawkeye is one of the great figures of American literature. Such characters as Uncas and Magua and others in these books appeal to all lovers of adventurous life.

At a dinner in 1822 the authorship of the *Waverley Novels,* which for a number of years was a well-guarded secret, was discussed. It was argued that Scott could not have written them because *The Pirate,* which had recently appeared, showed too intimate a knowledge of the sea for a landsman. Cooper maintained that the novel had so many inaccuracies noticeable only to a sailor that he believed Scott was the author. Unable to convince his listeners, Cooper decided to prove his point by writing a third type of American novel, a sea-story. At one time he almost decided to give up the attempt, but, encouraged by a friend, persisted. To try it out, he read part to an old shipmate. When Cooper reached the thrilling account of the frigate working off shore in a gale and passing through the

narrow channel, his shipmate could not contain himself. He rose from his chair, and paced up and down the room until the chapter was finished. Then he exclaimed, "It's all very well, but you have let your jib stand too long, my fine fellow."

Cooper replied, "I blew it out the bolt-rope in pure spite." The words stood as written.

The success of *The Pilot* was instantaneous. The unnamed pilot was John Paul Jones, our most famous sailor of the Revolution. Long Tom Coffin is as distinctive a character as Hawk-eye. The story is still one of the most widely read of American novels, and is the first, and many people think the best of our sea tales. Cooper wrote nine others. Again chance had played into Cooper's hand.

For eight years he lived in Europe, mostly in France, but also in England, Switzerland, Italy, and Germany. His intense patriotism and impetuous, tactless bluntness of speech in defending ignorant criticism of our country made him enemies and impaired the deserved popularity he had won by his writings.

On his return to America he found a new order of things, and did not realize that the cheapness, vulgarity, and unpatriotic selfishness he saw on all sides were part of an age of change. As usual, with less tact than discretion, like Dickens in this same period, he spoke and wrote out his mind on what he disliked. His criticisms

were generally just, but his manner was anger-provoking. As a result, the last seventeen years of his life, spent in his old home in Cooperstown, were filled with word- and pen-fighting against the enemies he aroused, and cost him his popularity. At the same time he continued to write as many novels and other works as ever. Fortunately, though his public life was full of lawsuits and enmity, his home life was peaceful and happy. Fortunately, too, the last year or so before his death, the animosity of his enemies lessened, and his popularity returned.

Styles in writing change as much as those in clothes. Accordingly, people often are shy of becoming friendly to the writers of the past, because they dress their ideas queerly. Authors of to-day are more skillful and clever; Cooper's style is somewhat antiquated, but he is still read at home and abroad, and it seems that his popularity will continue as long as boys and men delight to picture the days of our struggle for independence, and to sail in imagination on adventurous seas in towering, white-canvased frigates, or to hear stories by the frontier campfires of trapper and scout and Indian. As Scott invented the historical novel for the Old World, so Cooper created it for the New. Though he has not such depth, range, humor, or power of creating characters as "The Wizard of the North," Cooper can tell a story as dramatically

and has better descriptive power. He had no burning ambition or definite message, and is not one of the great immortals, but he has won a secure place for himself.

In the cemetery at Cooperstown, overlooking Otsego Lake is a majestic monument, twenty-five feet high, surmounted by a statue of Leatherstocking and his dog. There the great scout, the most beloved creation of the novelist, gazes throughout the years upon scenes he has endeared to thousands. James Fenimore Cooper was greater than Leatherstocking—a loyal American citizen who struck hard and courageously for what he believed the good of our country.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

1807—1882

He did not reach the lofty mountain's towering height,
But on the sunny slopes his fancy found delight.

WRITING poetry to order is sometimes difficult. At least Henry thought so. He protested —he couldn't do it. The school ma'am was not the kind to allow any foolishness. She meant business, like Henry's first teacher, whose motto was, "One should never smile in school hours." She looked hard at the nine-year-old.

"You can write words, can you not?"

"Yes."

"You can put them together?"

"Yes."

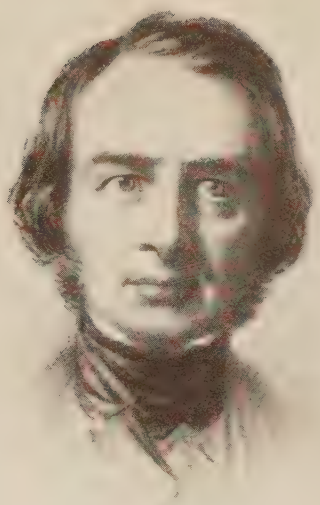
"Then take your slate, go out behind the schoolhouse, look about you, and write me something about what you see."

The youngster took the slate, went out behind the schoolhouse, and looked about him. He had one-half hour allowed him; he got busy; he returned to the schoolroom. On his slate was his first poem: title—*The Turnip.*

This masterpiece has not survived though a spurious one does.

Henry's second attempt—when thirteen—was more successful, but it also had certain unhappy circumstances connected with it. At the age of five Henry had heard the thunder of the guns when the British brig-o'-war *Boxer* was captured by the American brig *Enterprise*. He had seen the *Boxer* brought into Portland harbor and the two captains, who had been killed in the fight, buried at the foot of Munjoy's Hill. Summer vacations he used to visit his Grandfather General Peleg Wadsworth, who had an estate of seven thousand acres outside Portland. His grandfather had told him stories of the Indian wars and of the Revolution, among them his own capture by the British and his escape just as he was to be shipped to England. Naturally Henry was very patriotic.

The story of an Indian fight at Lovell's Pond so thrilled him that he put it into verse. Like all aspiring poets, he wished it in print, but he was afraid to take it to the editor of *The Argus*. Finally a schoolmate persuaded him to adopt a midway course. Henry slipped the verse into *The Argus* box and waited for results. Days passed, then weeks; his poem did not appear. In desperation lest he lose his masterpiece altogether, the sensitive boy braved the editor in his den. What did he want? He wanted the poem



Henry W Longfellow

From an early portrait by Eastman Johnson

on the Battle of Lovell's Pond, signed *Henry.* The editor searched, found, returned the poem. The boy did not walk; he ran out of the office.

A second time Henry slipped the poem into a box—that of the rival of *The Argus, The Gazette.* That night, while the paper was being made up, the youngster "stood for hours at the door of the printing office, shivering with the cold, listening to the jarring sound of the ink-balls and the presses thudding as regularly as his own beating heart." If only his poem were being set up!

The next morning he hurried down to breakfast. Father was reading *The Gazette.* Followed by his sister, who shared his secret, in an agony Henry stole behind his father's chair and looked over his shoulder. The boy could hardly restrain himself. There was his poem! Signed *Henry,* too! And his father never guessed how great his son was!

Henry spent most of the day reading and rereading the poem. He liked it better with every reading.

That evening he was playing with the son of a neighbor, Judge Miller. The judge was sitting before the fire talking with some friends. Henry heard him say:

"Did you see the piece of poetry in to-day's paper? Very stiff; remarkably stiff! Moreover, it was all borrowed, every word of it."

The boy stole home; he cried himself to sleep.

Portland, Maine, Henry's home, was a beautiful seaport town at that time, just passing from the days of the old three-cornered hat, wigs, knee-breeches, and all that. So primitive was the place that every house had its barn and its cow, driven home at night from pasture. There were no matches or stoves, but flint and steel lighted the great fires in the huge fireplaces. Twice on Sundays, carrying his mother's foot-stove or a nosegay, Henry accompanied her to the Unitarian Church. Sermons were sermons then, not short talks of half an hour or so.

It was natural that Henry should like reading and poetry. The second of eight children, he belonged to one of the best families. His father, a Harvard graduate, was a lawyer, honored for scholarship, ability, and character; his mother, a descendant of the *Mayflower* John Alden, was a lover of outdoors, music, and poetry. Love, affection, and refinement ruled the house. Irving's *Sketch Book,* published while Henry was a boy, opened to him the great kingdom of books.

Henry was not a rough-and-tumble boy. He liked such sports as swimming, skating, and coasting; but he lacked daring. Delicately constituted, he dreaded thunderstorms, and, like Abe Lincoln, could not bear to take life. Only once did he kill anything. With his older

brother he went hunting and returned in tears —he had shot a robin. Henry disliked too much hurting others' feelings, but he won their affection. He kept aloof from the rank and file of boys. In truth, he was a little aristocrat; but he was not snobbish nor conceited, and he tried at all times to do his best. And he had a happy boyhood, described beautifully in *My Lost Youth,* each stanza of which ends with the haunting refrain:

"A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

At fourteen, he went to Bowdoin, of which his father was trustee. It was a struggling young college, but in the class ahead of Henry was Franklin Pierce, later President of the United States, and a classmate of Henry's was Nathaniel Hawthorne, perhaps the greatest genius in American literature. Longfellow graduated second in his class—modest, hard-working, still writing verse, debating whether he should become a farmer or a lawyer, but wishing to devote himself to literature.

To-day boys often have no use for Latin. Through lack of understanding, they call it a dead language of no value. Henry found it so invaluable that it decided his career directly and indirectly. In his senior examination he made so fine a translation of an ode of Horace that one

of the trustees recommended him for a proposed chair in Modern Languages, to prepare for which he must study in Europe—an almost unheard-of thing in those days. Henry was delighted; Henry's father agreed to pay the bills; and Henry went abroad for three years' study. A dead dog was making a live lion. Also, at this time as always, the position sought Longfellow; he never sought any honor.

In Europe on this trip he traveled extensively, took up his studies seriously, and learned to speak French, Spanish, and Italian as easily as English, and to read Portuguese and German. On his return to Bowdoin at twenty-two Longfellow had the distinction of being "probably the most accomplished scholar in America."

The young professor's day began at six and ended at midnight. He gave much time to his students, who thought that he would become a very famous scholar. Once when a student was being helped by another's prompting in class, Longfellow remarked, "Your recitation reminds me of the Spanish theater, where the prompter performs a more important part than the actor." Another time Longfellow was delegated by the faculty to admonish a student. Meeting the student on the street, he held an earnest talk with him on French literature. As Longfellow turned to go, he remarked: "Ah! I was near forgetting. The faculty voted last night that I

should admonish you, and you will consider yourself admonished." Naturally the students loved and worked their heads off for a man like this.

After two years Longfellow married Mary Potter, a boyhood playmate, beautiful, clever, and, for those days, finely educated. The two were wonderfully happy in the house where *Uncle Tom's Cabin* was later written, until Longfellow's next big opportunity came. The brilliant young scholar was offered the Professorship of Modern Languages at Harvard, the outstanding institution for learning in America. Resigning from Bowdoin, he went abroad with Mrs. Longfellow for further study. His salary at Bowdoin had never been more than $1,000 a year.

After some months of study and travel, tragedy overwhelmed him in Rotterdam—Mrs. Longfellow died. He was prostrated by his sudden affliction. Death of one's beloved always is heart-breaking, but particularly is it so when two young people a short time married are separated by death. Moreover, in a strange land among strange faces and voices, in the time of all times when he needed comfort, he had no one to turn to. For months Longfellow lived in the depths of loneliness and despair, his only refuge work. Out of the terrible experience came growth. Her last words to him had been, "I will be with you and watch over you." That she lived with

him in spirit Longfellow tells us in his poem, *Footsteps of Angels.*

Over a year later, on an elm-lined street in Cambridge, a very young-looking man, dressed in the height of fashion, walked to the door of the Craigie House, a large yellow and white Colonial building where General and Mrs. Washington had stayed when, after the Battle of Bunker Hill, he had assumed command of the Continental Army. The young man sounded the huge old-fashioned brass knocker. He was ushered in; the door to a little parlor was opened; and he was confronted by Mrs. Craigie, widow of Apothecary-General Craigie of the Northern Provincial Army of the Revolution—erect, majestic, wearing a turban, possessing searching gray eyes.

He asked if she had any room vacant.

"I lodge students no longer." The young-looking man was thirty.

"I am not a student, but a professor in the university."

"A professor?" It seemed incredible. Professors ought to dress more like ministers.

"Professor Longfellow."

"Ah! That is different!" She looked at him still more keenly. "I will show you what there is."

She preceded him upstairs and, opening a door, showed him a beautiful restful room full

of wonderful old Colonial furniture. She closed the door and said, "You cannot have that." She repeated the performance again, and again. Finally, when he felt that she was playing with him as a cat plays with a mouse, she opened the door of the southeast corner room on the second story, the last and loveliest of them all, shaded by elms of the avenue, and overlooking the meadows and the River Charles. "This," said Mrs. Craigie, "was Washington's chamber. You may have this."

Here in this beautiful house where Worcester, of Worcester's *Dictionary,* lived; and Sparks, who wrote a life of Washington and was President of Harvard; and where Edward Everett, the great preacher, brought his bride; and Talleyrand, the famous French diplomat, and Queen Victoria's father had dined,—here in this famous house Longfellow lived the rest of his life.

At this time his fine head was surmounted by wavy brown hair; his handsome figure was slight; and he was much given to marvelously colored vests and ties—a Beau Brummel in dignified Harvard! His tastes, too, were not Puritanical. He liked operas and plays, dancing, good eating, light wines—and also, always, hard work.

Besides friends in a little coterie, the Five of Clubs, Longfellow now formed lasting friendships with Ralph Waldo Emerson, the kindly Concord philosopher-poet; Oliver Wendell

Holmes, the humorous Harvard medical-professor poet; James Russell Lowell, the poet, then a boy, later to become Longfellow's successor. Now he began to understand and love his classmate, shy Nathaniel Hawthorne. A favorite meeting place was the famous Old Corner Bookstore in Boston, where they would browse among the books and chat together.

At one time some of these men, and others, tried the experiment of living with their families together at Brook Farm, but Longfellow would not join them in this impracticable plan of simple living. He was not bold and daring, but opposed to radical changes.

Without his Mary he was very lonely. One bright July morning in the solitude of his room he felt that he had to write down his thoughts in verse. Taking up the first piece of paper handy, he wrote on it *The Psalm of Life.* The poem was so intimate that he did not show it to any one for a long time. Then, so close did he feel to his students, he tried it out one day by reading it to his class at the close of a lecture. The class liked it so well that he sent the poem to *The Knickerbocker Magazine,* where it appeared signed simply "L." Longfellow never received the five dollars he was promised for it, but he found that in voicing his own deep feelings he had spoken for countless others. The poem was copied everywhere.

Like most of Longfellow's writings, *The Psalm of Life* is not great poetry, but the thought is simply expressed and comes from his heart. Years later a laborer, seeing Longfellow riding in London, managed to approach the carriage and asked, "Are you the writer of *The Psalm of Life?*"

"I am."

"Will you allow me to shake hands with you?"

That handshake Longfellow considered one of the highest compliments he ever received.

A professor in chemistry read the poem to his class. Thirty years later one of his pupils, then an eminent man, told him that the poem had been the inspiration of his life. It stopped a classmate of Sumner's from committing suicide.

With the publication of Longfellow's little volume *Voices of the Night,* containing *The Psalm of Life* and *The Reaper and the Flowers,* which made Professor Felton's wife weep like a child when the poet read it to her, Longfellow found himself at thirty-two famous. A man who could so move people naturally became the most popular poet America has ever known. In three weeks three thousand copies were sold.

The year before this Longfellow had written in his Washington's chamber a romance based on his travels in Europe. His friends thought that its hero, Paul Fleming, a young American author, was Longfellow, and that its heroine,

Mary Ashburton, was Frances Appleton. In *Hyperion* Mary refused Paul. Rumor had it that Miss Appleton was very indignant at Longfellow's writing *Hyperion.* The public liked it.

The summer after his wife's death Longfellow had met the Appletons in Switzerland. He was a very wealthy Bostonian, and his daughter a beautiful accomplished girl of nineteen. The three became intimate and traveled together. Miss Appleton liked out-of-doors and literature, and her sympathy and friendship helped Longfellow at a time when he especially needed it; for since the death of his young wife, he had been living almost like a recluse in the loneliness of his sorrow.

Longfellow had not proposed to Miss Appleton when in Europe, but when he wrote *Hyperion,* he was deeply in love. He had a long wooing. His health impaired somewhat by overwork, he traveled abroad again. On his return voyage he wrote his poems against slavery at a time when his stand was most unpopular. To see Miss Appleton he often traveled to Pittsfield, Massachusetts, where she spent her summers in the house in which stood the "old clock on the stairs." Finally six years after he had met her, they became engaged in Pittsfield and soon married. As a wedding present Mr. Appleton bought for them the Craigie House and land

across the road so that their view of the Charles River could not be taken away.

Before his second marriage Longfellow had written mainly short poems. Some had originated from his knowledge of the Old World; many, from chance and incidents of daily living. One day the poet read in the newspaper the account of a terrible December storm which had wrecked many vessels on the rocky Massachusetts coast, among them, on the reef of Norman's Woe, near Gloucester, the *Hesperus.* That night, while he was smoking and musing before the fire, suddenly the idea of *The Wreck of the Hesperus* flashed upon him. The poem was almost finished at midnight, and he went to bed; but he could not sleep. Whole stanzas, not mere lines, raced to him, and he got up to put them down. It was three o'clock when he was ready to sleep.

Another famous ballad, *The Skeleton in Armor,* occurred to Longfellow after seeing the interesting Old Mill in Newport, Rhode Island. In the poem he connects it with a skeleton discovered at Fall River not far away two years before. Probably the mill and the skeleton should not be connected with the Norsemen who, as Longfellow thought, first saw our continent, but they suggested a stirring ballad.

One night on returning from a party, he saw a piece of newspaper bearing the seal of the State

of New York—a shield with a rising sun and the motto *Excelsior*. The idea of using the word, the Latin for *higher,* as a "symbol of the aspiration and sacrifice of a nobly ideal soul" seized him, and he wrote the poem on the back of a note from Sumner. It was finished at three-thirty. Sumner obtained it from Longfellow and willed it at death to Harvard; it is now in the Harvard Library. Longfellow thought it one of his best poems; we like the thought better than the way he has expressed it.

Not far from his home in Cambridge Longfellow passed daily a smithy beneath a horse-chestnut tree. When *The Village Blacksmith* came to him, he wrote his father that it might be considered a poem in praise of an ancestor of his, a smith. Years later, in spite of the objections of Longfellow and others, the tree was cut down as being dangerous to traffic. On Longfellow's seventy-second birthday the children of Cambridge presented him with an armchair upholstered in green leather and made out of the wood of the old chestnut tree, painted black, and carved with horse-chestnuts and leaves. Inscribed upon it was the stanza beginning:

> "And children coming home from school
> Look in at the open door."

After his second marriage Longfellow became

more and more absorbed in his poetry and discontinued teaching. Now he wrote mostly long poems. The three most important deal with our country. *Evangeline,* considered his greatest long poem, was made possible through the generosity of Hawthorne. One day when dining at Craigie House with Longfellow, a clergyman told him and Hawthorne a story he had already given Hawthorne for a novel. It was of the separation of a young bride and bridegroom just after their marriage by the expulsion of the French from Arcadia by the English. All her life she searched in vain for him. An old woman, she found him on his deathbed. The shock killed her also. The story caught Longfellow immediately. When he saw that Hawthorne did not seemingly desire it, he said, "If you really don't want the incident for a tale, let me have it for a poem."

For part of his setting Longfellow went back twenty-five years. Then, while waiting for the sailing of his packet for Europe, on strolling up Spruce Street, Philadelphia, Longfellow had seen a large building inside an enclosure with unusually attractive lawns, flower beds, and shade trees. It was a poor house. Its peace and beauty made such an impression on him that he had the final pathetic meeting of Gabriel and Evangeline occur there, and the burial in an old Catholic churchyard not far away.

For years Longfellow planned writing about the Indians. Finally a former pupil of his who had lived out West among them met the poet and so impressed him with stories about the Indians that he studied their legends for three years. Then he began to write. The first five hundred lines he tore up. When *Hiawatha* appeared, it was received with mingled adverse criticism and praise—and the book sold everywhere. Its meter is easy to imitate, but no one has succeeded in writing it successfully except Longfellow. Its story is part of the inheritance of every American child.

For *The Courtship of Miles Standish,* also written in the meter of *Evangeline,* Longfellow turned to the wooing of Priscilla by John Alden, his own ancestors, both of whom came over in the *Mayflower* to Plymouth in 1620. This poem, like *Evangeline,* was written in the meter of the old Greek epics, an experiment for which he has been greatly praised and blamed. Even when very skillfully written, the meter of

"This is the forest primeval, the murmuring pines and the hemlocks"

is liable to become sing-songy.

During these years Longfellow lived an ideal life at Craigie House and at his summer cottage at Nahant on the seashore. Since he had overstrained his eyes before his marriage, Mrs. Long-

fellow used to help him inestimably in copying his poetry for publication. Also every evening she would read to him from the books they loved. They had the joy and sorrow of children: Charles, concerning whom he wrote *Ode to a Child;* little Fanny, after whose early death he wrote *Resignation* containing:

> "Not as a child shall we again behold her,
> For when with raptures wild
> In our embraces we again enfold her,
> She will not be a child."

Longfellow would join the children in making snow houses; he would pull them on their sleds; he would surprise them by placing letters under their pillows; and he delighted in the Children's Hour with

> "Grave Alice, and laughing Allegra,
> And Edith with golden hair."

At the seashore he watched Charles—later an officer in the Army of the Potomac and severely wounded in the Civil War—learn the art of sailing, his second son develop into an artist, and Edith fall in love. No man could have been happier—blest in his home and acclaimed as the greatest poet in America.

Then, as if by thunderbolt from a clear sky, a second time the poet was prostrated. The Civil War was on—July, 1861. To amuse the chil-

dren, Mrs. Longfellow was sitting at her library table making seals of her two youngest daughters' curls which she had just cut off. Some of the burning wax dropped on her thin gauze dress. In a moment it was all aflame. She cried out. Longfellow rushed in from the next room; he threw a rug on her; but it was too late. She was so burned that she died next morning. Longfellow himself was badly burned. She was buried on the anniversary of her wedding day with the orange-blossoms on her "beautiful head, lovely and unmarred in death."

Longfellow was fifty-four. He lived twenty years more, but he never got over the blow. His diary for days after her death was a blank; for the rest of his life he hardly ever spoke of her. Two years before he died, he wrote:

"In the long sleepless watches of the night,
A gentle face—the face of one long dead—
Looks at me from the wall, where round its head
The lamplight casts a halo of pale light.
Here in this room she died; and soul more white" . . .

During these last twenty years besides translating into blank verse the great epic of the Middle Ages, Dante's *Divine Comedy,* he wrote his New England tragedies for which he read over one hundred books. Among his narrative poems, a group containing *Paul Revere's Ride* appeared under the title *Tales of a Wayside Inn.*

Just as Dan Chaucer had had his Canterbury pilgrims tell stories on their journey to the shrine of Thomas à Becket, so Longfellow had a group tell stories at the famous Red Horse Tavern at Sudbury which Ford has made a shrine to recall the days of our forefathers. By this time so popular was Longfellow that for the two hundred lines of *The Hanging of the Crane* he received $3,000, and for *Keramas,* $1,000.

People vied with one another in honoring him. On a trip abroad as early as 1868 English Universities gave him honorary degrees as Harvard had done. He was the guest of the great Prime Minister Gladstone, visited Tennyson for two days on the Isle of Wight, and had an interview with Queen Victoria. At home in America the great of Europe and America, a constant procession, came to Craigie House.

He had time for them all, and he had time to go to the police court to have the fine remitted of a poor German woman who had stolen some apples; time to give a poor unknown poet not the few minutes he asked but two hours to hear his poems and to advise; time to see little children desirous to meet him; time to sign numberless autographs; time for countless unknown kindnesses. So full were his days that he rose at five in the morning. He generally wrote his poetry mornings and walked late afternoons, when he would often cover ten miles.

On the fiftieth anniversary of his graduation from Bowdoin he read *Morituri Salutamus,* an allusion to the gladiators, who, when about to begin their fight to the death before the Roman populace in the Coliseum, would stand at attention and address the Emperor, "We who are about to die, salute you." The poem emphasizes the spirit of the fine-grained loving man who, though he yearly found himself, through the death of associates and nearer ones, left more lonely, yet persisted to the end.

In his old age it was a benediction to see him in his study. The room was filled with books, one case having his own bound manuscripts; on the walls were the pictures of Emerson, Hawthorne and Sumner; on his table countless letters and the inkstand Coleridge used when he wrote *The Rime of the Ancient Mariner.* But all these things were forgotten in the man—a noble and benign figure, blue-eyed with long wavy hair, full beard and mustache, all white as snow; with the finest face Charles Kingsley ever saw, a face so kindly and understanding that one boy used to think the poet must look like God.

On his death at the age of seventy-five he had the unique distinction of having his bust placed in the Poets' Corner in Westminster Abbey, the first American ever to be so honored.

It is the style to-day to recognize Longfellow's limitations and not to allow his merits. He

is not a poet capable of reaching the great heights, but he ranges on the upland pastures. He has pleasing fancy rather than flashing imagination, and is too reminiscent of other poets and the Old World; but he brought a better understanding of life, and gave a new peace and courage to countless homes. The world is better for his having lived and written.

LOUISA MAY ALCOTT

1832—1888

Her boys and girls some call old-fashioned, but they're
made for ev'ry day;
They like the kind of things I like; they have good sense
and love to play.

In the town of Concord the four Little Women lived and played. Only their names were not Meg, Jo, Beth, and Amy, but Nan, Lou, Lizzie, and May. Their home was a big, old rambling house whose garret was full of old dresses and costumes for plays and "dressing up." They all loved to act, especially Nan and Lou. Lou made a wonderful hero wearing a curtain and brandishing a poker for a sword. She liked nothing better than rescuing gentle maidens—Nan, Lizzie, and May—from dragons made of pasteboard covered with gilt paper.

Outdoors they had an orchard around their house. One of the trees had a broad low branch which was made to serve as a horse for Lou, who rocked up and down on it so violently that it was a marvel it did not break and bump the little girl on the ground. Another old apple tree was full of branches which came together so well that some one made a plank-floor up there for the

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LOUISA M. ALCOTT

From an early photograph. Used here by permission of Harper & Brothers

girls, where they took their dolls. They found it much more fun keeping house in a tree-top than doing their own daily duties in the house.

Never did dolls have to endure more trials than those of the Alcott girls. Louisa put them through every experience of life: they were fed, sent to school, and given lessons, punished, rewarded, put to bed when ill, and even hanged and buried and then resurrected! Do you remember the story of the doll's sacrifice to the Kitty Mouse in *Little Men?* That really happened to Nan's and Lou's dolls.

Louisa was very fond of animals. Like most children, she was always hoping for a pony or a horse. It was because that dream never came true that she adopted her apple-tree horse. She never owned pets of any kind except cats, and these were the delight of the household. Louisa used them as the main characters in plays as she did her dolls. Her cats needed more than nine lives; they might have to be lions or tigers, or fairy-princes, or be dressed up in doll's clothes and treated as people with all sorts of exciting experiences. When they died, they had to be buried with full funeral honors. Louisa wrote a story, when she grew up, called *The Seven Black Cats.* Those cats were real.

However, life was not all play for the Alcott girls—far from it. They had lessons every day and regular household tasks—even washing and

ironing some days. They had no care-free childhood, for there was never enough money in the Alcott home, and the children, as confidential companions of their father and mother, early felt the burden of anxiety. Louisa bore most. Besides having the strongest personality, she was a big, energetic, high-strung girl who took things hard. She always wanted to be a boy, and liked boys' games and men's work. Yet even as a girl, she was womanly and sweet. In addition to the worry of wondering where food was coming from, Louisa had a hard time conquering her own faults. She had a tempestuous nature, a violent temper, and no patience.

The Alcott family took their faults seriously. Being poor did not matter half so much as being bad. Her mother was Louisa's great help with her temper. For Mrs. Alcott was familiar with that temper. She had suffered from it herself, but had conquered it. She had a big, loving, rich nature, and it grieved her that little Lou should have to suffer so often from "flying out" at people and then being violently sorry. So she stuck notes on Lou's pincushion or under her pillows almost every day, encouraging and guiding her. This is a sample note:

"My dear Louisa: I have observed all day your patience with baby, your obedience and kindness to all. Go on trying, my child. God will give you strength and courage. I shall lay this on your pillow, put a warm kiss

on your lips, and say a little prayer over you in your sleep.

MOTHER."

With such love and the stimulation of her mother's control on her own temper, of course Louisa won out. She gives some idea of her struggles in her diary:

"Did my lessons, and in the P.M. Mother read *Kenilworth* to us while we sewed. It is splendid. I got angry and called Anna mean. Father told me to look up the word in the Dic, and it meant *base, contemptible.* I was so ashamed to have called my dear sister that, and I cried over my bad tongue and temper."

Pretty loving nature spite of the temper!

Louisa and her sisters were blessed by living in the town of Concord. Few towns in New England are so rich in charm and historic interest. On a tablet over the little stream which is anything but a flood these days, is the first stanza of the poem which their friend, Mr. Emerson, wrote to commemorate the first battle of the Revolutionary War:

"By the rude bridge that arched the flood,
Their flag to April's breeze unfurled,
Here once the embattled farmers stood
And fired the shot heard round the world."

At the time Louisa and her sisters were little girls in Concord, the greatest writers and thinkers of our country were living there. In Boston,

twenty miles away, were men like Theodore Parker, Wendell Phillips, and Charles Sumner. These great men, all strongly opposed to slavery, were familiar figures to the Alcott children. They knew William Lloyd Garrison who, speaking in behalf of the slaves, was not afraid of a jail, a mob, or a scaffold erected before his door. Their home even became a station for the "underground railway" for runaway slaves. Once they saw their mother hide a poor fugitive in their oven.

Henry Thoreau, one of Concord's interesting men, was a friend of the Alcotts. He was not intimate with anybody, but was encased in a hard shell of indifference and timidity. People thought him queer because he decided to go off by himself and live by the shores of Walden Pond. He wanted freedom and room because he disliked the conventions and the petty restrictions of society. Since he hated slavery, he went to jail rather than pay taxes to a government that supported it. He loved flowers and birds and everything outdoors. In a little shack he built for himself, he lived on rice or cornmeal or beans which he cooked himself. The book he wrote called *Walden* proved him, however, to be not a crazy man, but a genius.

Another famous man of Concord was Nathaniel Hawthorne. The little Alcotts played with the little Hawthornes, and knew and loved their

father. He had an attractive way with children and used to have pillow-fights with them.

But Ralph Waldo Emerson was the man whom the Alcotts knew best. He was the friend and guardian-angel of the entire family. He appreciated Louisa's dreamer-father, and sympathized and helped him as no one else did. Louisa grew up from childhood freely running in and out of the Emerson house, playing with his daughter Ellen and looking up to him as the "Seer of Concord." When she was seventeen, she found a book in Mr. Emerson's library, Goethe's *Correspondence with a Child,* and decided that as Bettina worshiped Goethe, so she would take her father's friend as her Goethe. Her diary says:

"So I wrote letters to him and never sent them; sat in a tall cherry tree at midnight singing to the moon till the owls scared me to bed; left wild flowers on the doorstep of my 'Master,' and sung Mignon's song under his window in very bad German. Not till many years later did I tell my Goethe of this early romance and the part he played in it. He was much amused and begged for the letters, kindly saying he felt honored to be so worshiped. The letters were burnt long ago, but Emerson remained my 'Master' doing more for me—as for many another—than he knew by the simple beauty of his

life, the truth and wisdom of his books, and the example of a great good man."

One of the unique figures in Concord was Louisa's own father, Amos Bronson Alcott. Plato she called him in loving jest. He was a philosopher by nature and instinct, interested in education and in new ideas about education which he often taught by unusual methods. Louisa once surprised him many years later lying on his back, his legs raised toward heaven and as wide apart as he could stretch them. He was teaching his grandson how to make the letter V. He was in advance of his day. So was Concord. There he was listened to and his theories respected. Being a pioneer, he wanted to carry his ideas to the world outside. Accordingly, he traveled and lectured, but he received little reward. He started schools that did not last. He was born without the money-making instinct. Once when he was a boy of seventeen, his family sent him to peddle a trunk of merchandise. Sailing to Norfolk, Virginia, he spent a summer traveling through the Southern plantations. When he reached Massachusetts again, he found he had sold only five dollars' worth of goods from his trunk. He was surprised, but not disconcerted. He was far more interested in the minds of the people he had been seeing than in his own welfare. This experience was typical of him.

Among his experiments the hardest on his family was one called Fruitlands. Like several men of his time in Europe and America, he thought modern civilized life all wrong. Men should live more simply, be independent of factories and servants, be mutually coöperative, and eat no meat. He thought fruit and vegetables directly stimulated the mind. Several of his friends, Hawthorne among them, were trying out a community-life along these lines at a place called Brook Farm. Mr. Alcott and an Englishman named Lane with several others decided to do the same thing; so they went to live on a farm in the town of Harvard near Concord. They trustingly called the farm Fruitlands. Mrs. Alcott did not share her husband's ideas, but she was so utterly devoted to him that she was ready to help him in spite of her better judgment. Fruitlands would have fared better if it had been left to her executive ability. It was a complete failure. Mr. Alcott and Mr. Lane had no farming sense. They went off preaching and lecturing, leaving the farm to run itself. All suffered hunger before the experiment ended.

Louisa was only ten at this time, but she was keen enough to sense the whole situation. Her devotion to her mother was so great that from now on she began to understand how heavy the financial load weighed on her mother's shoulders, and to long for the time when she could really

help lift it. Louisa had too much humor to be irritated by her father's lack of practical sense; but, loving and appreciating his good points, she grieved because her mother's marriage to him had brought her so heavy burdens.

It was particularly hard on Mrs. Alcott, for she belonged to the wealthy and aristocratic May family of Boston. However, she bore the hardships of poverty with heroic cheerfulness, and, in addition, shouldered the burden of responsibility for her husband's irresponsibility. It was impossible for him to keep his mind on such stuff as money. Yet, instead of growing bitter, she kept sweet, and was always showing her girls how many blessings they had. One night at her suggestion they took their dinner to a family who had nothing, and themselves ate bread and water joyfully. Mrs. Alcott was a wonderful woman.

By the time Louisa was fourteen, she was helping support the family. Her mother's need was the challenge that showed the fiber of Louisa's character. Her older sister Anna helped, too; but her nature was more gentle, less self-reliant, and she married young. It was Louisa who was the family's stay. She tried her hand at all sorts of work. Her schooling had been fitful and irregular, mostly at home under her father's direction, and it had ended early. But living with her father and mother was liberal education in itself.

Louisa early became an eager and constant reader, and her keen mind digested and put in use all she read. Since she had had no regular training, she took any work that came to hand. She was governess and seamstress, and even went out as a servant one time when there was no money at home and her mother was forced to keep an intelligence office in Boston. It was an intensely disagreeable experience for Louisa, but it was grist to her mill, and she made a story of it later. If she had had an easier life, she might never have written a word.

There were two things she liked to do, to act and to write. She was eager to go on the stage, and was dissuaded only by her mother. Mrs. Alcott felt that Louisa did not have enough talent to compensate for the hardness of the life. Then the girl sent plays to managers. She had written plays for home-acting which had aroused tremendous enthusiasm, but she could not get any one to take her serious attempts. The only result was that she was sent a free pass to the theater. So she stopped writing plays.

But she kept plugging away at stories. She found she could get five dollars a story for the highly-colored penny-dreadful kind. She was too young to realize how poor her stories were, and her family was too enthralled to use their critical faculties discerningly. Mr. Field, her publisher, did say to her one day, "Stick to your

teaching; you can't write." She says of this, "Being willful, I said, 'I won't teach; and I can write, and I'll prove it!' " She was right and Mr. Field was wrong. As soon as she began writing simple tales from her own experience, she found that they were wanted and that with her increasing popularity she could get more money with each new story. Asked to start a kindergarten, she tried the experiment; but, having had no training and lacking patience, she failed.

The family was growing up. Beth, her favorite, died, and Nan, her chief comrade, married. May was studying art, and teaching whenever she could. As usual the money-larder was low. Mr. Alcott lectured in the West and had a beautiful time spreading his ideas. He came home one stormy, snowy night. After he had unbundled, he talked and talked about his experiences. Finally her mother asked him how much he had made on the trip, and he, coming to earth, answered, "One dollar, dear." She said never a word of reproach, but Louisa never forgot the mingled expression of love and tragedy on her mother's face.

The Civil War now changed the trend of life for Louisa. Once more she wailed because she had not been born a boy. That being impossible, she became a nurse, and a splendid one. She could nurse as well as she could act, and act

nearly as well as she could write. She had six weeks at the Union Hospital at Georgetown. It was a big, barren place, badly run, dirty, with few of the modern hospital appliances and little of the skilled nursing which saved so many lives in the World War. Louisa had always found Concord dull in spite of its prestige. The intense and varied human life at the hospital fascinated her. She loved knowing and caring for the different kinds of wounded boys. She liked them all, black and white, Virginia blacksmith, raw-boned boy from a Michigan farm. She tried to make friends even with a wounded Confederate prisoner and did many little kindnesses to him in spite of stolid unresponsiveness on his part. The dirt, hard work, and exposure gave her typhoid-pneumonia, and her father had to take her home.

Her letters from the hospital were so interesting that she was persuaded to have them published with some stories as *Hospital Sketches.* One story, *My Contraband,* is among the most dramatic things she ever wrote. This book started her fame.

The years following the war were dull years. It took Louisa a long time to get well. In fact, she wrote, "I was never sick before the war and never well since." Concord seemed deader than ever, and she got tired of everything, even of writing. When things were at their deadest, she

had a chance to go abroad as companion to an invalid friend. She hated being tied down in this way, but Europe was Europe, and she went. She enjoyed London, Dover, Cologne, and the Riviera, but she was too impatient to be a good nurse for a fretful nervous invalid. Her mother was determined that Louisa should have freedom to enjoy Europe unfettered. Accordingly, she borrowed money from a friend that the girl might have two care-free months in Paris and England. In the winter at Nice Louisa had met a nice Polish boy named Ladislas Wisenewski—"two hiccoughs and a sneeze," she called the name. In Paris she again met Laddie, as she shortened the name for everyday use, and they had good times together. He was the original of Laurie in *Little Women.* He was a musical genius, lonely and sensitive, and she mothered him. There was probably never any thought of romantic love between them, but they were congenial comrades.

Louisa returned to America ready for anything. Her short stories were in great demand and flowed steadily from her pen, though the effort did tire her much. The idea of the *Pathetic Family* or *Little Women* had been in her mind for some time, and she finally let it out. The first half was published in October and was immediately taken to the hearts of all the little girls in America. Best of all for the faithful woman, to whom money for her books meant

bread for her loved ones, was the large amount of money she received from it.

From now on health alone was Louisa's only obstacle. Her mind was full of ideas for stories, and she wrote nearly one a year. Money flowed in so that the last years of her adored mother were made easy and tranquil; and Plato's wants were so supplied that he was able to do more than ever in his life. But it cost her dearly in physical effort and nerve force. She cut her life short by her sacrifice, but by that sacrifice she was able to fulfill the desires of her heart.

The last years brought new joys and the inevitable sorrows. Anna's two sons, Fred and Jack, were her delight. She adopted little Jack and made him her heir, and every act and thought he had was an interest to her. Her mother's death eleven years before her own would have left her desolate indeed had it not been for the new interest brought by these boys and by her beautiful small niece Lulu, May's child.

May—the Amy of *Little Women*—was an artist. Louisa's success had made life easy for May, for Louisa sent her abroad twice for study and life in the atmosphere of the world's great art. There she had met and married a young Swiss. Her death in the fullness of life when Lulu was born, was Louisa's great sorrow. Coming as a shocking surprise, it broke her completely. Her lifelong friend, Mr. Emerson, re-

ceived the news, and came over to break it to her and her father. Louisa writes in her diary: "I found him looking at May's portrait, pale and tearful, with the paper in his hand. 'My child, I wish I could prepare you; but alas! alas!' There his voice failed and he gave me the telegram." May's death was softened only by the coming of Lulu, a year later, to be her aunt's stay and comforter. For eight years Miss Alcott lived and enjoyed her.

Her wonderful old philosopher-father, rich in years and in the pursuit of his philosophy, died two days only before his daughter. She had been born on his birthday; so, in dying as in living, they were not divided. She had always loved him more than she had appreciated his philosophy. When he achieved the dream of his life in 1880 and opened a School of Philosophy in Concord, one day one of the guests at lunch, the venerable Dr. McCosh, asked Louisa what her definition of a philosopher was. She replied, "He is a man up in a balloon, with his family and friends holding the ropes which confine him to earth, and trying to draw him down." Experience had taught her.

Louisa Alcott was one of the first women in our country to seek the privilege of voting. Her keen practical sense showed her that voting was as much part of woman's duty as home-making. She and her sister Anna, Mrs. Pratt, were in-

strumental in having women allowed to vote at school meeting. When the privilege was finally granted to the women of Concord, lo and behold! she and Nan were the only women who dared cast the ballot.

Louisa died before she had written the great novel she longed to write. Perhaps she lacked the ability. She wrote stories for children so true to life, so universal in appeal, that they have been translated into every language. She is the children's friend. She understands their needs and their wants. Always little girls will curl up content on a rainy day when they can read *Little Women,* or *Little Men,* or *Eight Cousins.* And to have written those stories is fame enough.

MARK TWAIN

1835—1910

Our greatest humorist! Eternal youth
He found, spite sorrow, in his search for truth

Sam never forgot that experience. He had been playing truant all day and, fearing to face his mother, who would be sitting up for him, had climbed through the window into his father's office and lain down on the lounge to sleep. But he could not sleep. Presently he knew why—upon the floor was something. He turned his face to the wall. His terrified gaze came back to the object. He watched and watched. Finally the moon appeared through a cloud. Sam made out the features of a man—stabbed that afternoon and brought into his father's office to die. The boy dived through the window, taking the sash with him.

Though not yet twelve, Sam had seen many things no boy should see—slaves chained together in the marketplace to be shipped South for sale; a poor slave killed with a piece of slag for a trivial offense; an emigrant bowie-knifed by a drunken man; an old man saved from being murdered by his two nephews through the failure

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"MARK TWAIN"
(Samuel Clemons)

From a photograph made in the offices of Harper & Brothers in 1905. Used through courtesy of Harper & Brothers

of their revolver to go off; an old man shot down at noon, carried home and laid in bed with an open Bible on his poor, dying breast. Once a drunken brute, on a lowering night, tried to enter a widow's home. Sam and a comrade heard the widow warn the rowdy that she would shoot on counting ten unless he left the porch. Sam heard her begin counting slowly to the man's drunken laughter and tauntings. At five the ruffian stopped taunting, but he did not go. At ten he did not go. Then the widow's gun flamed in the darkness. Riddled with bullets, the brute slumped to the ground. At the same moment the threatening thunderstorm burst—the two boys ran like mad for home.

Sam was not hardened by these sights, though they terrified and tortured him. His mother told him that he should take them as warnings and live a good life. He believed his mother.

She was a Lampton, of Kentucky, a beauty in her day, whom Sam's father, John Clemens, a lawyer, but an impractical dreamer, had won and brought to Tennessee, where he owned many acres of wild land which he thought would some day make his fortune. Things had gone badly; he had moved from one town to another; finally he had crossed the Mississippi, with an open two-horse barouche and two extra horses on which rode his oldest boy Orion and his only slave girl left, to the tiny town of Florida, Mis-

souri. There Sam had been born in a two-room shack with a lean-to kitchen. When Sam was nearly four, the family moved to Hannibal.

Sam was a delicate child—a queer imaginative one who used to walk in his sleep and gave his mother more trouble than any of her other children. Years later upon his suggesting that it was because she feared he might not live, she had drawled, "No, afeared you would!" Once, learning that a playmate had measles, Sam crept into bed with him to discover what measles were like. A few days later his family expected to see him die, but he fooled them. Nine times he narrowly escaped drowning. Once when he had been brought home after having been pulled out of a big pool on Bear Creek by a slave girl, his mother in her humorous way had said: "I guess there wasn't much danger. People born to be hanged are safe in water."

His mother never knew what Sam would do next. He had so vivid an imagination that grown-ups at one time never believed a word he said. His mother discarded 90 per cent of his statements, but knew that the 10 per cent left was pure gold. Sam hated Sunday School; it made him think too much of his sins. He hated school; it was too confining.

His first schoolday's experience under Mrs. Horr, who received twenty-five cents weekly per pupil, was not happy. Teacher impressed upon

her pupils that failure to toe the line in behavior would mean punishment. Sam thought he would get as far from the line as possible without being caught. In the morning he was warned. He decided that in the afternoon he would be clever and not get caught. Suddenly he was commanded to fetch a stick from outdoors for his own punishment. He delayed somewhat. A second command hurried up action. He went outside. There were bushes and trees about, but he saw no sticks that satisfied his own sense of propriety for such a striking occasion. In his quandary he noticed some shavings in front of the cooper's shop opposite. He picked one up, walked gravely into the schoolroom, and handed it to Teacher.

This first known example of his humor brought him tears. Teacher heartlessly had Johnny Dunlap bring in a switch for Sam's benefit. That switch and the handling thereof by Teacher made Sam thereafter prejudiced against school.

Yet he became the star speller of Hannibal's higher school. Once he lost the prize medal, but it was because he would rather have Laura Hawkins wear it than wear it himself, and so deliberately left out the first "r" in February.

Hannibal was a little "white town" upon the Mississippi with green fields behind, and Holliday's Hill and Lover's Leap, two bluffs fronting the river. Bear Creek was a favorite play-

ground. Below the town was a cave; out in the river was an island; across a mile's sweep of water was the forested Illinois shore.

The river especially fascinated Sam. He wanted to be part of its life. At last one day, when nine, he sneaked aboard the big packet and hid beneath a boat on the upper deck. After the steamer left Hannibal, he came out of hiding and enjoyed the wonder of his voyage of discovery until it began to pour. To escape a wetting, he hid beneath the boat again, but was discovered—his legs stuck out—ignominiously yanked from hiding, and set ashore at the next stop. His home-coming was also not happy.

The blue-eyed, sandy-haired youngster with a head too large for his undersized body did not seem clever, but among the boys he was leader, and every word he slowly drawled out counted. He had a droll way of saying things, and a smile of good comradeship.

Wonderful days Sam and his gang lived among the hills, in the cave, along Bear Creek, and on the river. With few changes they are described in the exciting adventures of Tom Sawyer and Huckleberry Finn. Tom Sawyer was Sam Clemens plus traces of two boon companions; Joe Harper, the Terror of the Seas, was John Briggs, and Huck Finn was Tom Blankenship. Sam actually got some fellows to whitewash a fence, and gave painkiller to Peter the

cat; the boys loosened a big bowlder on Holliday's Hill which nearly killed a negro; they dug for treasure; they found Indian Joe in the cave though he did not actually die there; Ben Blankenship sheltered Nigger Jim in spite of a fifty-dollar reward offered for him, and a few days after the drowning when the boys were investigating the drift near the spot, to their horror the negro's body shot up half its length out of the water. They made for home.

When Sam was twelve, his father, again in bankruptcy, suddenly died of pneumonia. The children loved their impractical dreamer of a father and were stunned. Sam was overcome with remorse for all his carelessness and disobedience. His mother led him into the room where his father lay and asked of him a promise.

Throwing his arms about her, he sobbed, "I will promise anything if you won't make me go to school! Anything!"

Mother considered; then she said: "You need not go to school any more. Only promise me to be a better boy. Promise not to break my heart!" He promised.

Six years later, when he left Hannibal for good, the wiry, piercing-eyed woman "got him, holding a testament, to swear that he would not throw a card or drink a drop of liquor while he was gone." Again, three years later, his mother made him renew his vow. He kept his word.

With their father's death all the children except little Henry went to work. Sam was apprenticed to a printer. His ambition was merely to become a journeyman printer, and he still played with the boys after hours. Then a miracle happened. One day, returning home from the office, he chased and caught a piece of printed matter being blown along by the wind. It was a page from a history of Joan of Arc, and pictured her reviled and maltreated in the tower at Rouen. Sam had never heard of Joan, but his anger and pity were so stirred by the account that he wanted to learn more about the Maid. To find out about Joan, he started reading and —the great world of books opened to him. Now Sam wanted to have more education. As boy and man, he became the champion of the weak and the poor, the hater of oppression and crookedness. The miracle of the sheet of paper years later led also to his writing the tragic story of Joan of Arc, his masterpiece.

Orion, Sam's brother, bought *The Journal,* a Hannibal paper, and Sam, now a skillful printer, worked for him. Once during Orion's absence, Sam edited the paper to suit himself. He wrote up the story of the editor of a rival paper who, crossed in love, was reported as having attempted suicide. Also Sam had pictures of the editor wading into the river with a stick to measure the depth. It was almost impossible to supply

the demand for the paper. The outraged editor threatened a thrashing; instead, he left town.

Later Orion's paper failing, Sam decided to strike out for himself and see more of the world. He was away fifteen months earning his living as a journeyman printer, visiting St. Louis, New York, Philadelphia, and Washington. At one time he was very homesick, but he held on; he wanted to educate himself in the University of Travel and Experience.

Then he worked for Orion at Keokuk until he got the absurd notion—he had many before he died—that by going to the Upper Amazon he could easily make a fortune. The chance finding of a fifty-dollar bill led him to start for South America. He never arrived; instead, he fulfilled his supreme boyhood ambition.

The Mississippi then was a great roadway of white steamers belching clouds of smoke from tall funnels. It had always fascinated Sam. Now on the journey from St. Louis to New Orleans he yielded completely to its spell. He must be a pilot. Prevailing on the pilot of the boat, later Captain Bixby, to teach him for five hundred dollars, he borrowed one hundred dollars and promised the balance. Then Sam tackled one of the hardest jobs of his life—learning twelve hundred miles of river upstream and downstream, so that he could feel his way without seeing and guide his craft in safety day or

night, fog or storm. It required incredible patience and memorizing, but he persevered.

Many exciting experiences Sam had during his four years on the river, later described in *Life on the Mississippi;* one was tragic. In his apprenticeship on the *Pennsylvania,* to which Captain Bixby had transferred him, Sam was under Pilot Brown, a bully who made life very disagreeable. Henry, Sam's younger brother, was also working on the *Pennsylvania.* One day Brown called Henry a liar and struck him. In an instant Sam was upon the bully with a stool, knocked Brown down, and, before stopping, had given him punishment he would never forget. Sam expected to be put in irons for mutiny, but his captain, who also hated Brown, thanked Sam and said he would pay all expenses if Sam thrashed Brown again—on shore.

Sam or Brown had to leave the boat until the pilot could be discharged at St. Louis. Since Sam did not then feel confident of his knowledge of the river, he left. The *Pennsylvania* proceeded north and below Memphis blew up with the loss of one hundred and fifty lives. Among them was Henry. Sam, only twenty-two, felt that he was somewhat to blame. He was disconsolate.

The outbreak of the Civil War ended all river traffic. Sam became secretary to his brother Orion, newly appointed Territorial Secretary of

Nevada. Then came a period of frontier adventure, later described in *Roughing It*. In nineteen days Orion and Sam rode seventeen hundred miles from St. Jo to Carson City on a stage behind sixteen galloping horses with no stops except to change horses or for meals. At Carson City Sam heard stories of fabulous fortunes made in gold and silver mining. Finally he caught the fever. He labored with pick and shovel as he had never worked physically, and he suffered from exposure and snow, and from lack of nourishing food—but he did not make the easy millions. Finally he gave up mining. He was in such straits that he had to walk one hundred and thirty miles to Virginia City—a forlorn coatless figure, carrying heavy blankets and revolver, dressed in faded slouch hat, a once-blue flannel shirt, trousers stuck into his boot-tops, having a mass of matted, tangled hair and bunches of beard, and steeped in alkali dust.

Now, his fortunes at their lowest, Sam tried a makeshift and struck the vein to lead to his fabulous gold mine by becoming a reporter on the Virginia City *Enterprise*. He wrote entertaining city news—generally containing some truth—and clever hoaxes like that of the prehistoric petrified man a coroner had traveled two hundred miles to hold an inquest over, and extraordinary and laughable political news. They took so well that he decided to use a pen name

and chose Mark Twain, an old river term meaning two fathoms—twelve feet. To a pilot it meant safe water. With this new name Sam Clemens was forgotten. Everybody since then has called him Mark Twain.

Artemus Ward, the humorist, visited Virginia City. At a dinner Artemus raised his glass for a toast and said, "I give you Upper Canada." The diners, rising, drank the toast in all seriousness. Then somebody asked, "But why did you give us Upper Canada?" "Because," replied Artemus solemnly, "I don't want it myself." Such joking and Artemus's encouragement aroused Mark's ambition.

He made so clever a humorous speech as Governor of "The Third House," a mock legislature, that his friends gave him a gold watch.

Mark moved to San Francisco. There he found corruption, but could not get it exposed in print. To advertise the inefficient police Mark once gravely waved a big cabbage leaf over a sleeping policeman until a large crowd had collected. He wrote the facts about San Francisco to the Virginia City *Enterprise* in weekly letters. So furious was the "gang" because of this that for a time Mark lived in a mining camp among the Tuolumne Hills.

There Mark and his cabin-mate Jim Gilles just missed a find. One freezing day after weary days of labor, Mark refused to bring any more

water to wash the dirt for Jim, who thought they were near a pocket of gold. "No, sir," said Mark, "not a drop—not if I knew there was a million dollars in that pan." Gilles put a thirty-days' claim notice on a piece of paper by the pan of dirt. The two men left and never returned.

The rain descended, disclosing a handful of gold in the pan. Two Austrians came along, took the gold, and waited patiently for the thirty days to expire. Some say they gathered $20,000 from the claim. Missing $20,000 by one pail of water!

Mark now made a trip to the Sandwich (Hawaiian) Islands. It proved a gold mine, for on his return to San Francisco he conceived the idea of lecturing on the islands. He plastered the city with startling announcements. At the bottom was:

"Doors open at 7 o'clock. The trouble to begin at 8 o'clock."

With the close proximity of the advertised hour Mark became fearful of an empty house; when he entered the Academy of Music, he was terrified—by a jammed house. He made so extraordinary a hit that he lectured steadily for two months. At one place he had this unusual introduction: "Ladies and gentlemen, I know only two things about this man: the first is that he's never been in jail; and the second is, I don't know why." Mark would make his appearance

by nonchalantly sauntering on the stage with his manuscript, written on coarse wrapping paper, under his arm—a sight to behold! He drawled his sentences even more deliberately than later.

While visiting his mother, Mark next conceived going as newspaper correspondent on the *Quaker City* to the Holy Land, the first excursion of the kind ever planned. While waiting for the steamer to sail, he delivered his lecture on the Sandwich Islands in New York, before a crowded house, and found he was famous.

He was more famous when he returned to New York after the five-month trip circling the Mediterranean. His letters to the newspapers were unlike any ever before written from abroad. They recorded things just as Mark saw them, without any of the effusion of the time—and they had humor. Published later as *Innocents Abroad,* Mark reaped a princely sum from them.

One of the party on the *Quaker City,* called Charlie in *Innocents Abroad,* was Charlie Langdon, a boy of eighteen from Elmira, New York. He became intimate with Mark and one day showed him the miniature of his sister Lavinia, whom he almost worshiped. Mark was greatly attracted by her delicate, spiritual beauty, and often got Charlie to talk about her. Shortly after their return Charlie, his father, and Livy visited New York and had Mark dine with them.

Afterwards they heard Charles Dickens, dressed in a black velvet coat with a brilliant red flower in his buttonhole, read the death of Steerforth from *David Copperfield.*

From that night Livy was everything to Mark, but he could not visit Charlie at Elmira until nearly a year later. The night his glorious week ended, Mark and Charlie climbed into the back seat of a two-seated carriage to drive to the station. The horse started suddenly, and the two, executing somersaults, landed on the cobbles. Mark was dazed, but not so dazed as not to see a golden opportunity. He believed all is fair in love and war; he knew he had a fight ahead to win Livy. Accordingly, he was sufficiently injured not to recover immediately. He let himself be helped into an armchair; he let his head be bandaged; he noted Livy's great concern—he was willing to prolong his visit for two more wonderful weeks. Then he managed to arrange it so that he could spend week-ends from his lecturing at the Langdons'.

Mr. Langdon and Mark had many serious talks. Mark Twain, the erratic genius, as friend was one thing; as husband to Livy was another. Finally Mr. Langdon announced to Mark that all the men he had written to on Mark's suggestion had agreed that Mark had a great future before him, but would be the worst husband imaginable. Had not Mark some one else to

recommend him? Things looked black. Mark knew of none. Then Mr. Langdon said, "You have at least one; I believe in you; I know you better than they do."

Within two years after Mark's and Livy s marriage, Mr. Langdon died, and they moved to Hartford, Connecticut, where they lived eighteen years. In their first home there Susy was born and Langdon, their first child and only son, died; in their new home, as unlike any other home as Mark was unlike other men, Clara and Jean were born. The children had the happiest bringing-up imaginable. They made Mark tell them marvelous stories new-to-order daily about pictures they brought him, especially about one containing Emeline and a cat. They had charades and plays and all sorts of games in which Mark was the youngest present. They had all manner of brilliant and famous people visit their home.

Mark delighted in entertaining, but he was the most unconventional and absent-minded person imaginable. He wandered about the house and Hartford at any hour in his slippers. Once he called on Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe, author of *Uncle Tom's Cabin,* without his collar and necktie, and then, after his wife's lecturing him, followed up the call by sending over the tie and collar by a servant with, "Herewith receive a call from the rest of me." At the time he made

all England roar by saying that he always carried a cotton umbrella since it was the only kind an Englishman would not steal, they also thought his applauding the mention of his name at a dinner one of his jokes. It was really absent-mindedness.

Summers Mark spent at Quarry Farm near Elmira, where he did most of his writing in a retreat built like a pilot house on a hill. In this he worked all day with no food but his constant cigar. In the late afternoon he would bring back his daily stunt and read it to Livy and, when they were old enough to understand, to the children.

Money flowed to Mark like water. To make more, he formed his own publishing company, Webster & Co. General Grant fell into financial troubles, Mark persuaded him to write his memoirs, and gave him through friendship 70 per cent of the proceeds. General Grant wrote the last pages with death upon him; but he held on till the job was finished as he had hammered against Lee. Mark made out to Mrs. Grant one check of $200,000 for the memoirs, the largest royalty check ever made up to that time. He paid her nearly $420,000 in all.

But though Mark was making so much money, he was spending it more rapidly. He was induced to put thousands here and thousands there on wildcat schemes and investments. So often

did he lose that when Bell begged him to put five hundred dollars into the telephone, Mark would not be fooled again and refused—and thereby lost millions. And the next day he loaned some thousands to a friend—and lost thousands. But a typesetting machine of twenty thousand parts was the elephant that crushed Mark's back. Into it he threw $190,000. Then Webster & Co. published books that did not pay, and Mark could not make up the deficit. Mark found himself a bankrupt. He had used up Mrs. Clemens' fortune and, besides, owed $70,000.

It was a situation to stagger a young man; Mark was fifty-eight. He said, "Give me five years and I'll pay it all off." He gave up his Hartford home and lived in Europe for economy. With Mrs. Clemens he made a tour of the world for material for a book. Before they returned, their beloved Susy died. The heartbroken family lived in retirement in London. The report spread that, forgotten and poverty-stricken, he had died. A reporter called on him. Mark must drawl as of old that the report of his death was grossly exaggerated. Then came a great day—the debt was paid, and there was a balance in Mark's favor. It had taken only four years. Newspaper headlines announced the splendid feat, everywhere comparing Mark with Sir Walter Scott.

The family lived in America again for a while, but Mrs. Clemens' health was such that they returned to Europe. In Florence Mark found a new home where he felt Livy could live many years. In his happiness that night he turned to the piano and sang *Swing Low, Sweet Chariot* and *My Lord He Calls Me.* Mrs. Clemens, hearing him, said, "He is singing a goodnight carol to me." Then the music stopped. Almost at the same moment she died. They had been married nearly thirty-four years.

Mark lived four years longer. At seventy he was given a great dinner. The white-haired, eternally-young, old man ended his beautiful farewell address with words that brought tears to the two hundred men and women of letters assembled in his honor. Then Mark prepared with Albert Bigelow Paine for his biography and took up billiards again as in the old Hartford days. On a final journey to England he received an honorary degree from Oxford to a cyclone reception from the undergraduates. He built a new home at Redding; Clara married; Mark and Jean were left in the new home. The day before Christmas, 1909, she suddenly died, and he had not strength to go to her burial in Elmira. Four months later he, too, died.

Mark Twain was a genius and America's greatest humorist. Most of his books grew out of his personal experience and teach us how to

meet life even in tragic situations with saving humor. In *A Yankee in King Arthur's Court* and *The Prince and the Pauper* he strikes a far deeper note than the evident humor. In *Joan of Arc* the tragedy of life, stripped of all humor, is revealed. Mark himself knew life's tragedy, but tragedy and age could not break him.

Livy's name for him was not Sam or Mark, but Youth. When middle-aged, tramping with his friend Joe Twitchell, Mark picked flowers like any child, and, throwing sticks into Alpine streams, watched them race downstream. The last thing he wrote was humorous advice to Payne about meeting St. Peter. Throughout life Mark had the seeming irresponsibility of youth, and its love of fun and humor; he had the illusive dreams of youth; he had youth's extremes of joy and grief; before he was twenty, among coarse and vulgar river associates he had its courage to keep his promise to his mother; and in his grizzled old age, his keen eyes still clean and clear, with the ardor of youth he fought for the weak and oppressed, for the true and the right. Dressed in his perpetual white flannels, erect, head high, white bushy hair, face seamed with sorrow yet unafraid, kindly, humor-lighted—he symbolizes YOUTH.

HOWARD PYLE

1853—1911

Outlaws and pirates are in style
Through the brush and pen of Howard Pyle.

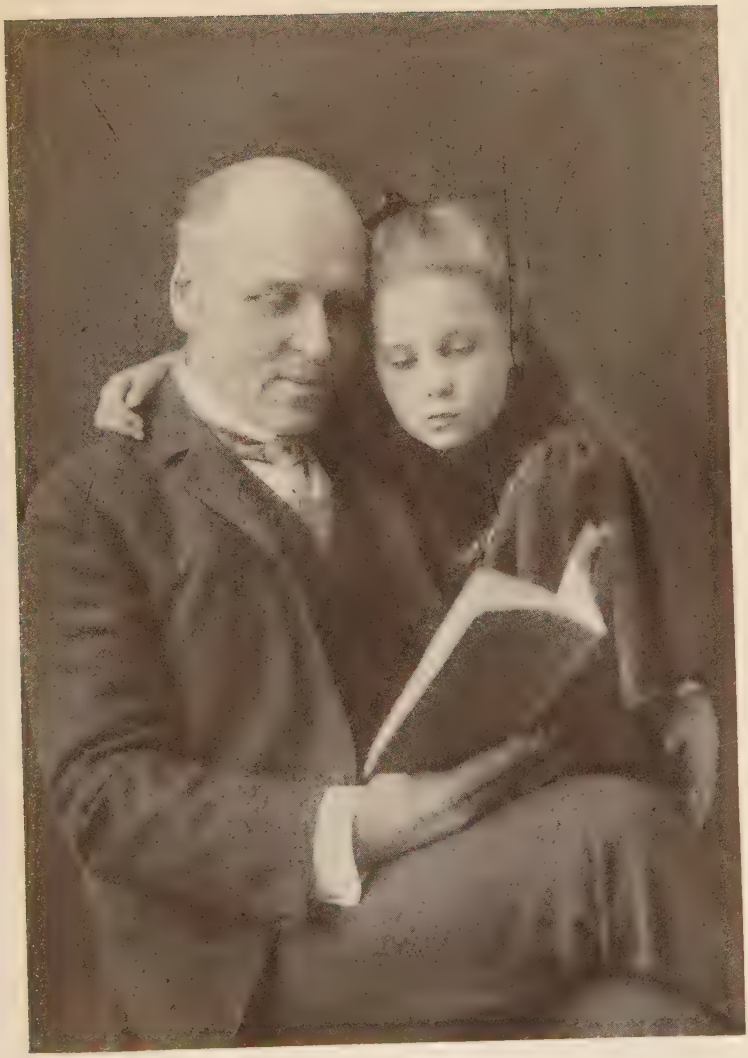
BEFORE the Civil War Howard Pyle's home was just outside the city of Wilmington, Delaware, "the quaintest, dearest old place you can imagine," a stone house—really three stone houses joined together, the oldest part dating from about 1740, so that in going from one to another you had to step up or down. A terraced lawn stretched in front; on one side was a grove of trees with the turnpike beyond; on the other, an old-fashioned garden, with roses, tulips and daffodils, and all flowers in season; with graveled box-lined walks, and a wooden summer house—a wonderful place which Howard Pyle always associated with sunshine and birds singing as they never did later, and with the beauty and fresh odor of growing green things.

One warm spring afternoon it was so beautiful that Howard felt that he must write a poem. Procuring a lead pencil and some gilt-edged paper from his mother, the tiny fellow went out to the great rock by the garden wall among the ferns and ivy, to be alone and carry out his in-

spiration. He wet his pencil in his mouth to begin, and then suddenly realized—that he could neither read nor write.

He had the idea, the inspiration, and the tools, but he could not use them. All his life he had no peace until with infinite patience and labor —and joy—he mastered his tools. He wanted to learn, to grow, and to do finer things always. A voice within called him from one picture to another, from adventure to adventure. When he died, he was as young in spirit as when a boy, and he was still growing—one of the simplest, most unselfish and lovable men imaginable. His childhood's ambition was to create a poem in the melody of the fragrant garden with what Mother gave to him and inspired in him; his life gained the beauty and rhythm of a magical intimate lyric.

His father and mother, of fine old Quaker stock which originally sailed up the Delaware in 1682 on the *Welcome,* the Quakers' *Mayflower,* were unusually cultured. His mother especially loved the beautiful in literature and art. At an early age she read to Howard and the other children *Robinson Crusoe* and *Pilgrim's Progress,* the stock favorites of the day, and also Dickens and Thackeray. Pictures always appealed to him—the fine engravings of Landseer's and Hunt's on the walls of his home, a colored engraving of Murillo's Madonna stand-



HOWARD PYLE AND HIS DAUGHTER

From a photograph by Frances Benjamin Johnston, never before published. Used through the courtesy of Mrs. Pyle

ing on a crescent moon, a colored Beatrice Cenci, and, infinitely more than these, the pictures he found in the great English comic paper *Punch* and *The London Illustrated News,* and in Thackeray's *Newcomes* and Dickens' *Old Curiosity Shop.* These Howard pored over and imagined stories about.

With the Civil War Mr. Pyle had business reverses, and the family moved into Wilmington. There everything was thrill and excitement. Long trainloads of Northern soldiers constantly stopped at the station, and the little boy of from seven to eleven would join in cheering them on their journey to Washington and the front. Already, just as artists did in books, he was drawing pictures of the things he imagined. One of the first of these, done when he was eight, represented a Northern soldier with a flag and sword terrifying a Confederate while all around the battle raged. Underneath this wonderfully-drawn water color were these words: "Ded! Ded! Ded is the Cesioner (Secessionist)!" These war days made Howard 100 per cent patriotic.

He went to school, but he did not like it—except to draw pictures on his slate or the leaves of his books. But he loved the books his mother gave him to read. In them he lived with fairies and goblins, with King Arthur and his Round Table, and with Robin Hood; and he kept draw-

ing constantly the pictures they made him see. Consequently, a rainy day never bothered him; since he always had something to read and to draw, he did not need playmates so much as most fellows do. He was popular, joined in their games, and had a good time with them; but he was too self-contained to be a hail-fellow-well-met. He was individual and had a mind of his own.

His mother was glad of this, but at times she wished that he were easier to manage. At fifteen or sixteen he ought to have been thinking of his lessons, but, in spite of all her longing for him to go to college, he resisted her pleadings and the efforts of his teachers to fill his head with a sufficient amount of Latin and Mathematics to get in. Finally she and his father gave up the attempt, and Howard for a while was allowed to draw and write as he pleased.

But this could not continue if he were to make anything of himself. A family council was held, and it was decided that, although Mr. Pyle's leather business was still in a bad way, Howard should commute daily to Philadelphia for instruction in art. Accordingly, for three years Howard studied, working hard on sketching and painting, learning much, and at the same time helping his father in his business.

Then, as there was no money to send him abroad and Mr. Pyle's business did not improve,

Howard stayed at home aiding his father. He continued to sketch and to write, but seemingly he lacked ambition and would become merely an ordinary business man. Wilmington was a lively little city; there was much social life among the young people; Howard was enjoying himself immensely.

When he was twenty-three, he woke up. In the spring of '76, the year of the Centennial at Philadelphia, he chanced to visit Chincoteague, a little island off the Virginia coast, just at the time when a breed of wild horses living there was penned and branded by its owners. The whole affair fascinated Howard. On his return home he wrote up the island, the branding, and the people with accompanying sketches so interestingly that Mrs. Pyle had him send them to *Scribner's*. Along with them Howard included a bit of comic verse, *The Magic Pill*. Both were accepted.

To add to Howard's delight, Mr. Roswell Smith, one of the owners of *Scribner's*, wanted Howard to go to New York, and to spend his time in writing and illustrating until he became a real artist. Mr. Smith persuaded Mr. Pyle that Howard could easily make a living and that Scribner's would give him plenty to do. Another family council was held, and it was decided that Howard should go. If he could not earn living expenses, Mr. Pyle would help him out

somehow in spite of business conditions. The acceptance of the pieces and Mr. Smith's interest seemed too good to be true. To Howard in the fall of '76 the world was bright with roses as he journeyed to New York to make his fortune.

After he had discovered a good boarding house kept by two old ladies who had known his mother, Howard worked on his stories, sketches and illustrations, and also satisfied his desire to see plays. Almost immediately he received a bitter blow. Although Mr. Smith was friendliness itself in inviting Howard to dinner and in making helpful suggestions about his work, Scribner's had little or no work for him. He must fight his own way all alone. He now realized keenly his lack of skill in writing and in illustrating. He knew that he ought to confine himself to one of the two if he expected to do big things, but he did not know which to choose.

At first he was able to sell a number of fables with illustrations to *St. Nicholas,* but shortly the editor complained rightly that his pictures did not look well when turned into woodcuts, and, besides, the work brought very little money in proportion to the time he spent on it. It was a bitter pill to swallow. Also, though the art editor of *Harper's* liked Howard's ideas for pictures, he drew them so poorly that they were turned over to skillful artists to be redrawn for

the magazine. It was humiliating to have repeated at twenty-three the incident of the attempt-to-write-a-poem-by-a-little-boy-unable-to-read-or-write.

His father, coming to town one day on business, lunched with Howard and emphasized again the importance of his making money and of choosing his career. Pulled this way and that, Howard had to make the great decision. After a struggle, he decided to follow his father's and mother's wishes—to be an artist. His funds were getting low.

The art critic of *Harper's* and others told him that if he intended becoming an outstanding illustrator, he must not only take lessons, but, to find time for work, must also give up all social engagements. Howard got to work. He found that he could make a living easily if his ambition was merely to make a living, but that if he planned becoming famous, he might have a hard fight. Disregarding his father's emphasis on the importance of making immediate money, he wrote to his mother:

"I don't know whether it is best or not, but it seems to me to be preferable to throw present prosperity into the great lottery of life, and who knows?—*some* man must draw the prize; at least it seems preferable to try for that thousandth chance, bitter as the disappointment attendant

upon failure would be, than 'to fatten like a stall-fed ox' in present prosperity."

He discovered that he gained little from further instruction. Work was his best teacher. He could not endure the idea of continuing selling his ideas for illustrations for only five or ten dollars. Accordingly, he was everlastingly at his illustrations until even Harper's art critic acknowledged that he was improving. Then came a great day. Howard asked and gained permission to attempt making an idea of his into a real picture for *Harper's.*

For six weeks he worked over the picture. It seemed that he never could get his conception right; the lines and expression would not satisfy. And with every day his money got lower. Finally he woke up one morning—with only five cents left! He had to take the picture to Harper's!

The nickel paid his street-car fare. He went into Harper's to learn his fate. The art critic was out of town for two days! Howard left the canvas and walked the long miles back to his studio. Some of his young artist friends dropped in to have him join them at dinner. Too proud to let them know or to borrow, he refused and spent the evening working—and all the next day —and the next evening. The following morning the weary famished artist trudged all the way downtown to Harper's. He entered. The

art critic looked up at him over his spectacles, and Howard's heart momentarily stopped beating. Was it—or was it not—accepted? Would the agony ever end? The art critic spoke—Mr. Harper liked the drawing very much! It would be used as a double-page cut in the *Weekly!* Howard received seventy-five dollars.

As in a dream he left the office; he found a friend; they went to Delmonico's, the most expensive restaurant in New York; Howard ordered; the waiter brought in the nectar and ambrosia of the gods.

In the picture a man bursts out of the rain and sleet into a room at a life-saving station, shouting, as he points seaward, to a startled group at cards about a table, that there is a wreck in the offing. It is a strong picture, like all of Howard Pyle's, and marked the turning point in his career. From the day of *The Wreck in the Offing* he had found himself. Scribner's not having had work for him had proved a godsend. He had been forced to his utmost and had made good.

After three years he became homesick for Wilmington, went home, and set up a studio in the top floor of his home. Shortly, a lyceum, a group of young people much interested in literature and art, planned a picnic. To help the frolic, they wanted singing, but lacked a tenor. Now Howard had a beautiful tenor voice; ac-

cordingly, they asked him to be one of them and to attend the first rehearsal at the Pooles'. On the appointed night he rang the door bell. The door was opened by Miss Anne Poole. Howard had never met Miss Anne nor any of her family. When she answered the bell, she expected to find one of her friends. Certainly she did not expect to find the first comer a strange young man. Also, at that time it was very improper in such a city as Wilmington for a young lady to talk with a young gentleman unless first introduced. The situation was embarrassing, to say the least. But she was so goodly to look upon that he wanted to talk to her, introduction or no introduction; and he was so attractive that she must at least be polite. And surely he was Howard Pyle, the tenor, for she knew everybody else coming, and he had come there to sing.

When the rest of the young people arrived, Howard Pyle and Anne Poole were talking together like old friends, and no one suspected that they had not been introduced. They never were introduced, and since no one knew anything about it except themselves, they managed to have a wonderful time that night. Howard found it necessary to call upon Anne very frequently after that. Probably they enjoyed their secret exceedingly; anyhow, they were engaged in the summer and married the next year.

From then on Howard Pyle lived an unusu-

ally happy life. One great sorrow only did he and Mrs. Pyle have—the loss of their son, during their absence on a trip to the Bermudas.

Outwardly Howard lived an uneventful life surrounded by his family and friends; but actually he led one of the most exciting lives imaginable. In spite of his resolves to be an artist only, he found the call of writing irresistible; accordingly, for years he was picturing with brush and pen the adventures he lived in imagination.

He wrote, and illustrated beyond comparison, fascinating fairy tales, the best of which are collected in *The Wonder Clock* and delight today. The boy or girl is fortunate who has grown up in the company of Howard Pyle's *Robin Hood* with its marvelous pictures, or the three illustrated volumes about King Arthur and his knights. These are old tales retold, made interesting through Howard Pyle's having lived them in imagination. Teddy Roosevelt carried *King Arthur* with him on his famous hunting trip into Africa.

Other long stories of knighthood he wrote, two particularly: *Otto of the Silver Hand* and *Men of Iron.* Grown-ups as well as young folks generally have misty eyes when reading the scene where Otto's father, the German Baron Konrad, challenges his enemy Baron Henry with, "You were brave enough to cut off the

hand of a little child; are you now brave enough to meet his father?" The story, in *Men of Iron,* of Myles Falsworth's vengeance on the Earl of Alban, who during the War of the Roses deliberately rode his heavy warhorse over the prostrate body of Myles' father and thus blinded him, is so thrilling that boy after boy has read it not once but many times.

These stories of medieval days have the grip of actuality; they ring true because Howard Pyle so loved adventure and romance that he read and studied those days until they became part of him. He became recognized as an authority on the picturesque in the Middle Ages.

While writing these medieval tales, Howard Pyle discovered the Spanish Main and pirate treasures at Rehobeth, a little town on the Delaware coast where they had a cottage. Here Mrs. Pyle and the children spent their summers for years, and here he was with them whenever possible. The sweep of the sail-dotted Atlantic, the lure of the yellow beach and of the changing dunes led him to the days of Captain Kidd and other renowned pirates. With him to imagine was to act. He began to get hold of all the books he could about pirates. Musty and dry many of them were, but behind the printed page he could see the Spanish galleon and the rakish skull-and-crossbones-flagged ship under Morgan, Kidd, and Teach.

So Howard Pyle wrote such tales as *The Rose of Paradise,* the story of the wonderful ruby and the buccaneer Edward England, grim and terrible, and yet unconsciously at times merciful; and *Jack Ballester's Fortune,* a story of Virginia in Colonial days and of Blackbeard the Pirate.

And such pictures! The most famous, perhaps, is *Marooned,* the figure of a hopeless pirate, seated, his eyes cast down, with listless hands drooping on his raised knees, and left to his fate on the burning sand by the pounding sea, beside him his cast-off gun and his cast-off hat, and his empty bottle. The black and white oil for the poet Stedman's *Morgan,* Stedman so wished to have that he wrote to Howard Pyle: "I suppose you own the painting, but *I ought to.* . . . I will pinch a good deal in other directions if you will name a price for it." Pyle gave it to Stedman at the ridiculously low price of $100. Howard knew Stedman would not wish to accept it as a gift.

When Frederic Remington, the famous painter of horses and Indians, saw Howard's dramatic picture, *Pirates Used to Do That to Their Captains Now and Then,* he wrote: "The pirate captain dead on the sand. If I get that I will worship you, it, and once more take stock in humanity. As for what you will get—anything I have. I have nothing which is good in

oil—sold out and have done nothing but potboil of late. The best thing I have is a big wash drawing now being reproduced for the market in actual size (retail $10) a bucking horse, going like the sweep of an angel's wing. I shall probably not paint until spring, but whatever you see of mine which suits your fancy is yours. How's that?" Howard's painting went to Remington and one of Frederic's "punchers" galloped to a conspicuous place on Howard's wall at Wilmington.

The history of our country held a greater fascination for Howard than anything else. Strangely enough, however, he found that he could not write tales about our country as he could of knights and pirates. He was held too closely to facts to let his imagination play. But his illustrations of Colonial and Revolutionary days are wonderful. Brought up in country intimately associated with some of the most stirring events of the Revolution, he knew the campaigns so accurately that he could describe them like an eye-witness. He could tell you not only the exact colors and design of a colonel's uniform in a certain regiment, but even the number of buttons on his coat. No wonder he was considered an authority on the beginnings of our country. He drew pictures for Oliver Wendell Holmes' *One-Hoss-Shay* and *Dorothy Q*, and in color for Dr. Mitchell's *Hugh Wynne* and

Lodge's *Story of the Revolution.* When Professor (later President) Woodrow Wilson's biography of Washington was to appear in *Harper's* and Howard Pyle had agreed to illustrate it, so profound was his knowledge of the subject that he suggested a number of changes in detail to Wilson, corrections which he gladly accepted and incorporated. Wilson also begged proof copies of many of the pictures from the publishers for framing. These paintings were exhibited in Philadelphia and Boston, and now adorn The Children's Room in the Boston Public Library.

Another thing Howard Pyle did ranks him among the great in spirit. For no pay except the love of giving to others all he had struggled to learn and had attained, he taught an art class at Drexel Institute, Philadelphia. In connection with it, he held a summer school at Chadd's Ford, Pennsylvania, using an old mill on the Brandywine, just across the road from Washington's and Lafayette's headquarters, as a studio, and the surrounding meadows for outside sketching. All day long it was work, work, work. Evenings they would gather perhaps in Howard's large comfortable home before the open fire with nuts and story-telling, or he would reminisce, or talk to them of the Battle of the Brandywine with stories of the families who had seen the fight, and of his great-grandmother, "who distinctly re-

membered the retreating Continentals, trailing their muskets over the dry fields of September, their shoeless, bleeding feet wrapped in gunny-sack."

Finding time too valuable to continue the school at Philadelphia, he then taught a selected group of promising young artists in his studio at Wilmington. Hundreds applied from all over the country; he chose only those he thought showed the greatest ability, and to them generously and unsparingly gave of his best at the same time that he had so much work of his own.

He was a great teacher. Skill in drawing did not come first with him, but that divine quality called imagination which makes a man picture a sea fight in his mind's eye without being there, or builds a Brooklyn Bridge before a girder is laid. His pupils did not copy models everlastingly, but used them merely to fill in pictures of their own grouping. Also his pupils painted to sell their canvases. Consequently, most of them were soon partly self-supporting, and they worked so hard for the love of painting and the praise of their master that they made extraordinary progress. Howard did not say, "You should paint this or that." He knew all have different gifts. He led his pupils to find themselves.

Among his pupils were many who have achieved national distinction; such as—to name

only a few of the most famous—Maxfield Parrish, Violet Oakley, N. C. Wyeth, Jessie Wilcox Smith, Frank E. Schoonover, Phillip Goodwin, Elizabeth Shippen Green, and Charles D. Abbott, his delightful biographer.

Many times at the close of a day Howard Pyle would enter his pupils' dim studio. "Breaking the tense silence, he would talk in a soft, hushed voice of art, its relations to life, his aspirations, his aspirations for them. Only too soon he would say Goodnight and leave them in the darkness, and, as they felt for their hats and coats, each one knew that every jaw was set to do better in life and work, and in some measure to express his deep gratitude to the one who had inspired them."

He worked unceasingly for the joy of working; he lived for the beauty in life. He loved his country and his God supremely. Every day at Rehobeth the stars and stripes were raised and lowered by the family; he used his pen and brush to glorify our history and to fight for good citizenship. Worship he held so sacred that in the trying days in New York when he so needed money, he refused to sing in a church choir for pay. And with age he broadened and deepened and mellowed. He is mainly responsible for putting American illustration ahead of that of any other country; many think him founder of a national school of art. To a pupil who came

to him for guidance, he said: "My boy, you come here for help. Then you must live your best, and work hard!" He lived up to his simple creed, and all loved him.

He died in Italy where he had gone to get inspiration from the great Renaissance painters for mural decoration to which he had decided to devote himself. He felt that he was just beginning his real life work. Up to the end he followed the Gleam.

O. HENRY

1862—1909

For poverty, grim prison bars, poor health,
Romance gave in exchange her gleaming wealth.

One great writer in America is so well known by his pen name that hardly one person in a thousand knows him by any other. Under tragic circumstances Will Porter took this name to hide his identity. By chance only, after he had become famous, a visitor from his home town to New York saw Will's picture in a newspaper. It seemed almost unbelievable that shy Will Porter was O. Henry. The news had the effect of an exploding bombshell in his old home.

In the seventeen-eighties General Greene fought so skillfully at Guilford Court House, Martinsville, North Carolina, against Lord Cornwallis that, though the noble lord claimed a victory, it led to his being bottled up seven months later at Yorktown. Later the county seat was moved five miles southeast to a newly created town, in honor of General Greene named Greeneboro. To help build the new town, the historic courthouse at Martinsville was torn down, and its great oak logs, sawed into weather-

boarding or left unchanged, were used for the new homes. In the eighteen-seventies a youngster, Will Porter, shy as a colt and freckled as a pebbly brook bottom, found an Indian arrowhead stuck into one of these logs in his home, and very proud of it he was.

Will loved to live in the days when that arrow was shot. In fact, Will's favorite sport was to go with his cronies down to the creek with their toy-guns, bows and arrows of their own make, and war-bonnets manufactured from Tom Tate's father's flock of turkeys—an indignity which angered Tom's father almost as much as it did the gobblers—there to strip and to smear themselves with mud warpaint, and in bloody warfare kill each other. More exciting still were the attacks upon Tom's father's hogs when he was opportunely distant. In rapid succession these became horses, deer, Indians. Sometimes the arrows, driven too hard, stuck, and, to extract the weapon lest Tom's father know, the terrified hog had to be chased until exhausted.

Will also used to delight to walk over the waste red soil and woodland of the Guilford Courthouse battlefield to find bullets, buttons, and parts of swords or guns, and to picture the loss of the two cannons, their recapture, their final loss, the withdrawal of General Greene's raw forces, and the discomforts of the British in their disastrous victory.

"O. HENRY"
(Will S. Porter)

From a photograph by Van Der Weyde, used through the courtesy of Messrs. Doubleday, Page & Company

Born in 1862, Will's earliest memories were of the Civil War. Before the War, Greeneboro, like the State, had been for the Union, but had seceded when ordered to send troops to attack the Secessionists. The town saw no actual warfare, but the Edgeworth Female Seminary, almost opposite Will's home, and the Presbyterian Church were used as hospitals for the wounded. There his father, Dr. Porter, and his Grandmother Porter, tending the sick, heard many thrilling and pathetic stories. After Lee's surrender, Jeff Davis held his last cabinet-meeting at Greeneboro. During his stay Jeff Davis kept to the ramshackle cars that had brought him from Virginia lest, should he accept the hospitality of anybody, his host's home should be burned down. Shortly after his departure thirty thousand of Sherman's soldiers with a grand review of the Union troops took possession of the town, and thirty-seven thousand of Johnson's were paroled there. Evenings Will lapped up stories of the War.

Growing up in the Reconstruction period, of course the youngster and his friends, wearing masks made of newspapers, played that they were Ku-Klux Klansmen. One of the most famous of the carpetbaggers, Judge Turgee, was at Greeneboro. The boys feared, loathed, and yet admired the hated bold Northerner. Starting one moonlit night at midnight, Will hiked

with Tom Tate six miles out the Guilford College Road and stole some magnolias from Judge Turgee's country place for Miss Sallie Coleman, a chance visitor from Asheville, who had expressed a wish for some. Will could have obtained any number near at home for the asking, but then he would have missed the Robin-Hood thrill and romance of robbing the hated Sheriff-of-Nottingham scoundrel of a judge. Besides, the beauty of little Miss Sallie had won his heart. He left the magnolias before her door to surprise her in the morning.

Will's home life was as interesting as his historical background. His mother, of an old Virginia Cavalier family, a gifted woman who drew and wrote verse, died when he was so young that he could not recall her. After her death Will lived with his Grandmother Porter, whose brother was a Governor of North Carolina. Left a widow burdened with debt and children, she also had to look after the interests of her eldest son, Dr. Porter. Though the best physician in town, he became so absorbed in trying to invent perpetual-motion water-wheels, flying machines, steam-driven carriages, and labor-saving cotton-picking machines, that he let his practice go. Summer days out in the barn Will would dreamily watch his father working on his inventions. The boy inherited from his quiet father constructive cleverness, generosity, and sympathy for

others; from his mother, shyness, artistic temperament, ready sense of humor, and startling turns of speech.

His aunt, Miss Lina Porter, more than any one else took the place of Will's mother. She was a teacher born, beloved by countless. From her Will received all his short schooling, and love and devotion seldom given another's child. On occasion she whipped Will as she did every other child in her school—she believed it was an essential part of his education. During recess she would read to her boys from her favorite poets and novelists. Then on Friday nights she would have a party in the schoolhouse, popping corn and roasting peanuts to add further zest. Will read more before he was twenty than at any other period in his life: Scott, Dickens, Thackeray, Victor Hugo, Dumas, Charles Reade, and Wilkie Collins. Best he liked *The Arabian Nights* (his lifelong favorite), Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy,* and *The Cloister and The Hearth.*

At fifteen he had to begin working in his uncle's drug store and his school days ended. But his education did not end. Throughout life he seized every opportunity to learn, thought on everything he saw, and profited by everything that happened to him. He was the kind of boy not to choke twice on cayenne pepper.

During his five years in the drug store the shy, diffident boy became the town wag and wit,

famous for his cartoons. With a few strokes of the pencil he could let his uncle know who had been in the store in his absence. Will could see the unusual and droll in incidents and people; sometimes his cartoons portrayed weaknesses so plainly as to hurt. But the boy never intentionally hurt anybody. He was the most kindly affectionate fellow imaginable. In his cartoons he was simply studying human nature.

The close confinement in the store, however, led to hereditary symptoms of tuberculosis. Will took no regular exercise. In his free time he loved to be out-of-doors, but preferred, instead of having an objective, simply to saunter through the beautiful hilly country, or to lie off in some pleasant spot and read and dream. He grew to hate the store, and he thought that he was doomed to die. Then unexpectedly he got a new lease on life. Troubled by Will's hacking cough, his friend Dr. Hall invited the boy to go with him to Texas to regain his health on a ranch run by two of his sons. Will was twenty. Real, not play adventure opened to him.

In Texas, Will had two years of ranch life in the family of Captain (Red) Hall, the hero of many of O. Henry's stories. Red was a Texan ranger famous for grim bravery and coolness when after his man, and for hair-breadth escapes in the struggles, then in full swing, between the real owners and the cattle thieves. Will had no

assigned duties. He read everything he could lay his hands on, and eagerly discussed what he read. He said later that he carried Webster's *Unabridged Dictionary* around with him the two years he was herding sheep. In his thirst for knowledge Will also studied French and German, and learned to speak Castilian Spanish. Shortly he was accepted of the brotherhood of cowboys by being given a regular cowboy rough-house initiation. Besides having become an expert cook, he had learned without effort to lasso cattle, to break in a broncho, to shoot dead from the saddle.

But when the life became part of him, his inward urge made him seek new adventure for nine years in Austin, then a city of ten thousand. As ever, the shy young fellow won the affection of his associates. After various makeshifts and a four-year political job in the General Land Office, Will was for three years paying and receiving teller in the First National Bank of Texas. Then he entered the newspaper business and shortly began to gain a name for himself on the Houston *Daily Post.*

Ten years before he had fallen in love with Athol Estes, but, true to his sense of chivalry, had not courted her while she attended school. Her stepfather and her mother, Mr. and Mrs. Roach, opposed the marriage since Athol's father had died of tuberculosis as had Will's

mother and grandmother. But love will have its way. When Athol was seventeen, they eloped on a moonlit July night in a borrowed carriage to the house of the Presbyterian minister in whose choir they both sang, and were married. In this bright, spirited, musical girl of a deeply religious nature, Will found happiness and incentive such as few obtain.

In June, 1896, with Mrs. Porter in feeble health, he was struck by a long-dreaded attack upon his honor. He was summoned to Austin to answer for embezzlement of $1,153.68 from the First National Bank during 1894 and 1895. The bank was notorious for its mismanagement. Certain patrons were allowed to go behind the counter. They would take a hundred or two hundred dollars, and after a week or so ask Will if he had put down the loan to their account. Will protested against such unbusinesslike methods; it was impossible to keep accurate accounts under such conditions. The paying and receiving teller who preceded him was compelled to resign; the one who followed Will attempted suicide.

Will boarded the train to stand trial at Austin. He was innocent; his friends believed in him, and were sure he would be acquitted; but before him was the terrifying publicity and horror of a trial as a criminal. The shy sensitive man brooded over the horrible situation. It seemed

that he could not stand the ordeal. At Hempstead he boarded the night express for New Orleans. He had given way to a sudden impulse that made it almost certain that he would be condemned as a criminal. He had fled trial.

At New Orleans he boarded a fruit-steamer to Honduras. There at first he had a feeling of infinite relief and peace. One day at Trujillo he saw a man wearing a seedy dress suit step on a wharf from a tramp fruit-steamer. It was Al Jennings, head of a long-sought gang of train-robbers, who had chartered the steamer and left Galveston with his brother Frank so suddenly, to escape arrest, that he had not even had time to bring along another suit of clothes. With them Will struck up an acquaintance that led to his making a coastwise voyage the entire length of South America in their steamer.

When their money ran low, Al decided to pull off a robbery in northern Texas. He asked Will if he would join them.

"No, I don't think I could."

"Well, Bill, you could hold the horses, couldn't you?"

"No," said Bill, "I don't think I could even hold the horses."

Will, with Frank on his side, urged Al to reform and make good. The three men faced hunger and death together, and Al could find no fault in Will. At one time Will was digging

ditches; sometimes he was reduced to a banana for a meal; always he was longing for the time when he could have a home for Mrs. Porter and their daughter Margaret.

Though her parents had welcomed her to their home, Mrs. Porter had tried to take a course in a business college to be independent, but her health failed her. However, for Christmas she sent Will a box containing presents she had bought with $25 earned embroidering a point lace handkerchief, her temperature at the time 105°.

When a month later Will learned how ill she was, he returned immediately to Austin, and, under bail, awaited his trial. He had long realized what an irretrievable mistake he had made when he had jumped on the New Orleans train at Hempstead. Then he had not thought things through; he knew now; he must face the world though, through his foolish mistake, it probably meant prison; he must be with his wife. All through the spring and early summer he stayed with her. On Sunday mornings after service had begun, he would drive Mrs. Porter slowly in a carriage beneath the open windows of their church, where they would listen until it was almost time for the benediction. With indomitable will she refused to stay in bed until the day before her death in July, 1897.

The next February the forlorn man came to

trial pleading not guilty. With his natural instinctive reticence he refused to say anything in his behalf, and like a spectator let the lawyers fight out the case. His flight to Honduras condemned him in the eyes of the jury, and he was sentenced to five years in the Ohio Penitentiary at Columbus.

On discovering that Will was a registered pharmacist, the prison authorities made him night drug-clerk of the penitentiary. He had hated the confining job as a boy; now it was to prove his salvation.

The penitentiary contained twenty-five hundred prisoners working thirteen hours daily. The labor was so difficult that only the strongest could stand it. Will had never dreamt that life could be held so cheap. He wrote Mr. Roach that the prisoners were regarded as mere animals. When a man got sick and could no longer work, he was taken into a cellar and had so powerful a hose turned on him as to knock out his breath. Then after a doctor had revived him, he would be hanged up by his hands with his feet off the floor for an hour or two. This torture would make him work again until he had to be lugged on a stretcher to the hospital to die or perhaps get well.

Sometimes for a week there would be a death every night. A nurse would come from the ward and say, "Well, So-and-So has croaked." In ten

minutes the corpse would be carried on a stretcher to the death-house. Ordinarily no friends would claim it, and the next night the doctors would "have a dissecting bee." Also prisoners were all the time attempting suicide, and when they did not succeed, Porter had to accompany the doctor attending them.

At times Will felt that he could not endure such an existence. Unquestionably his assignment to the hospital squad with good beds, quarters, and food, and to the much lighter work of night clerk and, later, to the steward's office made possible his genius, probably saved his life.

Yet, in spite of his hours of depression, he wrote to his daughter Margaret, who never knew where he was or what he had to go through until he told her himself later, letters as delightfully humorous as this:

"HELLO MARGARET:

"Don't you remember me? I'm a Brownie, and my name is Aldibirontyphostyphornikophokos. If you see a star shoot and say my name seventeen times before it goes out, you will find a diamond ring in the track of the first blue cow's foot you see go down the road in a snow storm while the red roses are blooming on the tomato vines. Try it some time. I know all about Anna and Arthur Dudley, but they don't see me. I was riding by on a squirrel the other day and saw you and Arthur Dudley give some fruit to some trainmen. Anna wouldn't come out. Well, good-by, I've got to take a ride on a grasshopper. I'll just sign my first letter—'A.'"

Before long Al Jennings, caught by the authorities, entered the prison, and Will had opportunity to see him more. Al left the prison and made good. He wrote an account of his hard fight to reclaim his honor. Will Porter influenced his life for good.

Dr. Thomas, the doctor in charge of the prison, never saw a man grieve over imprisonment so much as Will, nor one who talked less. Like all who knew him, Dr. Thomas believed him guiltless. Will had that intangible something about him that made men believe in him. Dr. Willard, the night doctor, so trusted Will that he often left him in charge after midnight. Will cared for the drugs and performed his duties as if he owned the prison drug store.

Once a huge negro, refused a drug by Dr. Willard, threateningly began to curse him. As the doctor looked around for the guard, suddenly Will jumped over the counter and delivered one blow on the negro's jaw. He dropped like lead to the floor. At once Will was behind the counter again. And he never said a word.

Another time stealing was going on. Knowing that Dr. Willard was held responsible for the disappearance of certain equipment in the hospital during his hours, Will, out of friendship, told him a certain official in the prison had taken it. The warden had it back in twelve hours. All

that Porter said was: "Well, I see you got in your work."

Another time the warden by mistake was given an overdose of arsenic. The day physician and the nurses could not find the antidote; the warden became unconscious, and it looked as if he must die. Will came downstairs from tending a sick prisoner; with his composed, "Be quiet, gentlemen," he calmed the frantic group around the sick man; mixed an antidote in the drug store, and in an hour the warden was out of danger.

From midnight until two his duties were ordinarily *nil;* he spent the time writing. Then he would make the rounds, after which he would again write, oblivious of all around him. Through Dr. Thomas he got a position in the steward's office which made him a trusty and gave him still more time for writing. He now first assumed the pseudonym of O. Henry. Up to this time he had written very cleverly, but had he died, he would have been unknown; the terrible experience of the tragic days just before and during his imprisonment gave him in payment for his suffering a firm grip on the stark realities of life. Through sorrow and grief his genius developed. From this time his fascinating stories with ever-increasing power present colorful pictures of life. Excepting two, all he wrote while in prison were accepted by the magazines; and so cleverly did he relay his mail

through friends that no one suspected that a criminal in the sight of the law was writing them.

The greatness of O. Henry is seen in that he left prison, his term shortened a year and nine months by good behavior, not broken nor embittered, but having a sure hold on self and faith in mankind. Soon, encouraged by Gilman Hall, associate editor of *Ainslee's*, he went to New York. He had no engagement, no new stories, no friends; but he knew himself and had no fears. Once without money he became so hungry that he could not write, but walked up and down the landing in his poor lodgings. The smell of cooking added to his discomfort. Suddenly a door opened, and a young girl asked him, "Have you had your supper? I've made hazlett stew, and it's too much for me. It won't keep, so come and eat it." A few days later when O. Henry wished to invite her to a dinner, she had gone, leaving no address. Read O. Henry's *The Third Ingredient* and see how he makes use of material chance threw at him.

Cities were as individual to him as people, and of them all he loved New York most. Wherever he went—and he went everywhere, his favorite observing station being the restaurant—he found themes for short stories, and character and incident naturally gravitated to the theme. Nothing escaped him. Stories grew within his mind as he watched. Soon his stories were read by every-

body, and critics realized that a genius had arrived.

O. Henry delights in surprise and unexpected ending, but to our astonishment we find that the ending is the natural one for the characters under the circumstances. He finds adventure and romance in the most unexpected places. He also sees the unusual in the commonplace; and humor and pathos interplay as inevitably in his pages as in life. What interested O. Henry was human nature—south of the Dixie line, among the cowboys in Texas, in New Orleans, in the coastal cities of South America, in the criminal in and out of prison, in the shop-girls of New York, in all classes—not the exclusive Four Hundreds, but the Many Millions. When in the height of his powers, besides bringing out *Cabbages and Kings,* his first book, in two years he wrote one hundred and fifteen stories for the New York *World* at one hundred dollars a story. All but sixteen of these are of New York.

He had no money-sense. His tips would be bigger than his bill; he would invite beggars and hoboes to come to his lodgings again; he would share anything he had with anybody bringing him a hard-luck story. Once while talking to a friend, a beggar spoke to O. Henry. He put his hand into his pocket, took out a coin, looked at it, handed it to the man, saying, "Here's a dollar. Don't bother us any more." The beggar

walked away, looked at the coin, hesitated a minute, evidently troubled. He returned to O. Henry and said, "Mister, you were good to me, and I don't want to take advantage of you. You said it was a dollar. It's a twenty-dollar gold piece." O. Henry replied sharply, "Don't you think I know what a dollar is? I told you not to come back. Get along!"

He never had any money. Yet he had such pride that no one could buy him. Once he received a check for one thousand dollars from a publisher asking him to send anything under his name for publication, and to ask his own price if the check were not sufficient. With a smile O. Henry passed the note to a friend and let him read it. Then he put the check in an envelope, addressed it to the publisher, and, without a word passing between his friend and him, left the room and mailed the letter. When O. Henry had been struggling for recognition, he had sent many of his best manuscripts to this publisher. They had all been returned with the conventional printed note of refusal.

One of his early Texan stories, *Madame Go-Peep, of the Ranches,* delighted Miss Sallie Coleman, of Asheville, North Carolina. After three years, learning O. Henry's identity, she wrote to him, among other things telling him that she so liked the story that she had kept it in her desk all that time. In 1907 their marriage, link-

ing the memories of O. Henry's youth to his success, did much to bridge the horror of his tragic years.

But such a whimsical nature, high-strung as a Kentucky race-horse in a feeble body, could not have many days. In the fall of 1909 his health gave way. He went to Asheville to recuperate, but he craved New York. He found that he could not write away from the voices of the city, and after six months' rest returned to it. Three months later he telephoned for his friend Gilman Hall to come to him at once. His friend found him a heap on the floor.

As O. Henry was being taken into the hospital, his friend asked him what name he wished to give. "Call me Dennis; my name will be Dennis in the morning." Then he said, "No, say that Will S.—Porter is here."

He knew he was to die, but he was serene, and up to two minutes before the end was conscious. Just before sunrise, he said, smiling: "Turn up the lights; I don't want to go home in the dark."

His funeral was held in the Little Church Around the Corner. After the service a woman of the streets whom he had restored to life remained in prayer.

In less than a decade he became one of the great short-story writers. Besides being an artist, shy, whimsical Will Porter loved much and was a friend of friends. Through his fellow-

feeling he found adventure and romance everywhere among ordinary people. He always upholds the homely virtues that sanctify love and home. He never said or wrote a smutty or suggestive word. Through humiliation and grief he found his soul. His name, chosen in dishonor, became his glory. The world is happier and better for O. Henry.

FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT

1849—1925

Within the secret garden of her heart were flowers
Which, blooming still, give children swift, ecstatic hours.

THERE was a little girl once who loved stories; she looked for them in everything around her, indoors and out. Like all little girls who live long enough, she grew up; unlike most of us she never outgrew her childlike spirit. So, when she wrote stories, children loved them. Her name was Frances Hodgson.

She was born in Manchester, England, a smoky town, dull, poky, and dreary; but she was always finding something exciting or beautiful to make it interesting. Her first memory was that of entering her mother's room to see her new baby-sister. Frances, only three, asked to hold the baby. The nurse agreed; but, though pretending that Frances was holding the slippery little object, really held it tight herself. Frances never forgot her feeling of disgust that anybody could believe that she did not have sense enough to know she was *not* holding the baby.

When she was four, her father died. As she had been brought up in an English nursery, she

FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT

From the latest authorized photograph of Mrs. Burnett, taken in 1921

had not seen him often and did not know him well. The chief impression his illness made on her was that she and the other children were sent to live in a house in a public park. The thrill of staying there cast all other feelings into the shade. The chief feature for Frances was the park policeman. He was really an amiable and quite fatherly policeman, but in the eyes of the little girl he stood for Law, swift and terrible. Imagine her feelings, then, when one morning she found herself on a park bench and the policeman sitting beside her. The seat was one of those which have only one board at the back, and that high up. The head of this Small Person, as Mrs. Burnett calls herself in her autobiography, *The One I Knew the Best of All,* did not nearly touch it. Also her legs were far short of the ground. She tremblingly asked the policeman if he would have to arrest her and take her to prison if she should fall on the grass. He solemnly assured her that he should. She never forgot the terror this reply brought her. It caused her to waken nights quaking with horror. So, when she heard a few days later that her "poor papa" had died, it seemed to her by comparison to have few terrors. Death means little to a four-year-old.

Soon after this, happy days came to Frances. The family went to live in a big red house on the edge of Manchester with large gardens

around it—roses red and white, gooseberries, currants, raspberries, strawberries, and mysterious and endless-seeming alleys of sweetbrier which smelt delicious when one touched its leaves. On the edge of this Eden she met the Rimmer family, the Rimmers' pigs, and her first crime. The Rimmers were country working-people whose white-washed cottage was near the back garden. One of the most fascinating features of the quaint, alluring cottage was a pig-sty. A pig-sty may not seem fascinating to grown-ups, but it was to a six-year-old looking through an opening in the garden hedge and making the acquaintance of a little-girl pig-owner. It was a satisfaction, too, to be allowed to talk to Emma Rimmer. Her special charm, next to being attached to the pig-sty and understanding all the intricacies of baby pigs, was that her mother kept a little shop where all sorts of good things were sold. A piece of cardboard in front of the cottage window announced:

"Pop! A penny bottle
Ginger Beer
Sold here
Also Nettle Beer."

On the slate there was written also, "Real Eccles Cakes. One penny each; Parkins A halfpenny." It was through the Parkins and their lure that

crime came first to young Frances. She was visiting Emma one day and became hungry. "I wish I had a halfpenny," she said. But, instead of going home for the halfpenny, she yielded to the temptation offered by Emma.

"Why, does'na tha' go an' get a parkin on trust?" she said. "My mother'd trust thee for a ha'p'ny."

"Mama would be angry," said Frances. "She would not let me do it."

"Tha needn't say nout about it," said Emma.

Frances thought nothing could be more wicked or more delightful, and she fell. *But,* irony of fate, she could eat only one bite of the parkin. It choked her. And for two days her conscience made her suffer the agony of the damned. She finally confessed her crime to a brother who had attained the great age of seven or eight. As she was only a girl, he despised her in a brotherly British way, but he was fond of her. His masculine pride would not permit him to let her be utterly crushed or the family honor lost. He was a capitalist to the extent of a penny; he wiped out the disgrace!

Soon after this, dolls became Frances' chief interest. Unlike most little girls, she did not treat them gently and use them as babies. She read every story she could lay her hands on, and she used her dolls to illustrate the stories. One day, her mother, coming downstairs, saw a doll

tied to the newel-post, and Frances, a wild fury, beating it with might and main. Investigation showed that she was Simon Legree, the slave-driver of *Uncle Tom's Cabin,* and the doll was her victim.

A favorite book of the time was Ainsworth's *Tower of London.* It gave the Small Person an opportunity for an endless variety of new plays and games. While her two sisters arranged their doll-houses prettily and had tea-parties, Frances' doll was being crowned and uncrowned, sentenced and beheaded, led through the dark Traitor's Gate—perhaps a nursery fender—or introduced with riotous merriment into a huge kitchen or servitor's hall, where there were "great rounds of beef and venison pasties and roast capons, and where they ate 'manchets' of bread and quaffed their flagons of nut-brown ale, and addressed each other as 'Sirrah' and 'Varlet' and 'Knave'." The doll might be Lady Jane Grey one minute, handsome misguided Guilford Dudley next, or anguished, deluded Northumberland. There was a green nursery sofa that had to serve as palfrey, scaffold, dungeon, or barge. In these plays Frances was never heroine—the doll was that. Frances was the hero, the villain, the banditti, the pirates, the executioner, the weeping maids of honor, the touchingly benevolent old gentleman, the courtiers, the explorers, the king.

Most of the time in Manchester, Frances lived in a staid old house on a staid old square which was still dignified and interesting. In its middle was a lamp-post with a solid base of stone, which all the children in the square thought had been put there for a seat. In the winter when the gas was lighted at four o'clock, Frances, her two sisters and little friends loved to sit there, and chat and watch for interesting passers-by. There was a great gulf fixed between the girls who lived in the square and those who lived in the small thoroughfares and back streets opening out of it. The people in these streets talked the broad Lancashire dialect, and worked in the big mills and factories. The Small Person adored the Street Children and their dialect and the queer things they said. To wander into a forbidden back street and lure a dirty factory-child into conversation was a delight. To stand at the iron gateway at twelve o'clock and watch the stream of people pouring out of the factories and to see the young women with shawls over their heads shouting friendly, or mocking, chaff to the young men or boys in corduroys was better than a play to Frances. She learned to speak the dialect, and it was a beloved accomplishment because it had to be secret. Mama and Nurse strenuously objected to it.

Sometimes the Small Person would lean out of her window in the dusk and watch the Street

Children as they gathered round the lighted lamp-post. Several girls she liked to watch. Most of them were factory girls in print frocks covered by the big coarse linen aprons which are tied all the way down the back to hold their skirts back and keep them from being caught in the machinery. They had no bonnets on—everybody wore bonnets then—and they all wore clogs on their feet. All were the ordinary type of factory girl but one. The Small Person had to fix her eyes on that one and follow her movements. "She was bigger than the others and seemed more mature, though a child could not have explained why. The other girls were the ordinary rough lot talking loudly, bouncing about and pushing each other. But this one did not play at all. She stood or moved about a little, knitting all the time a blue worsted stocking. She was about sixteen, but of rather massive and, somehow, majestic mold. The Small Person would have said, if trying to describe her, that she was big and slow. The Small Person decided that something was troubling her. Her companions seemed to appeal to her as if she were a sort of power and influence. One evening the next week at about the same time the same group appeared again." And after them came a hulking brute in corduroys with his hands in his pockets and a moleskin cap pulled down over his eyes. He came up to the big striking-

looking girl and seemed to be ordering her to go home. He growled at her and bullied her and threatened her with his fist. The girl did not flinch—merely looked him up and down, and went on knitting. Then she turned and walked slowly out of the square. He walked behind her, still threatening her at intervals with his fist and his lifted clog. The girl continued knitting the stocking until she turned the corner and disappeared from the Small Person's sympathetic gaze, and from her life, for she never saw her again. But she thought of her often and wondered what had happened to her. When she grew up, "she wrote a beginning, a middle, and an end herself. She made the factory operative a pit girl, and the rough man her father. She called her Joan Lowrie." The book was *That Lass o' Lowrie's*. It was her first novel, and it sold by thousands.

One dark rainy November day Frances had nothing to do. No one was stirring in the Square. There was no sign of life in the yards backing on her own. Inside the house things were equally dull. Her own invention seemed asleep; her story-books were read. She wandered into a front drawing-room and looked up hopelessly at the shelves of a half desk, half bookcase, called the Secrétaire. She had looked at them before. All their books were big and dark, and looked unpromising. But at least

they were books, and, being far out of reach, trying to get them down would be something to do, anyway. It was hard work scrambling up to the top of the desk-part, holding on while she opened the doors and lugged a big volume down from a top shelf. But it was done, and joy! When she opened the book, the pages were all broken up, which meant talking and stories! That day Frances discovered a new world. The first book she took down was *The Fair Maid of Perth.* And there were all the *Waverley Novels* to be read! Let it rain outside! She had found books, and books, and books.

The three little Hodgson girls went to a private school in a big old house in the Square kept by three sisters—Miss Eliza, Miss Janey, and Sister. Though only ten or fifteen years older than their pupils, they seemed enormously aged. They had once been well off, and their home was still very imposing to the small Hodgsons. Above all, they were young ladies, celestial beings who went to balls, and had handsome dark-eyed gentlemen call on them. Also they had some young-lady cousins, named Granthams, who lived in a palatial abode in the country. Occasionally the children at school would see these radiant creatures coming in their carriage to call on Miss Eliza and Miss Janey.

One of the most exciting events in all Frances' childhood was the double wedding of the Grant-

ham sisters. It was talked about days beforehand. Great was the thrill when the girls were told by the small sister of Miss Eliza and Miss Janey that the father of the brides did not approve of one of the grooms. Grooms as a class did not hold a candle to brides. Their clothes were dull, and they were simply necessary adjuncts to a wedding. But this particular groom had a thrill all his own for the little girls. Though not considered sufficiently grown-up and well-to-do by the bride's father, he was tall and dark and very good-looking. To the Small Person he represented all the heroes of all the books she had been drinking in: Ernest Maltravers, Quentin Durward, and the Master of Ravenswood. The height of the excitement was reached when all the little girls of the school went together to the wedding in the big, dark, old church, and saw the crowds gathered about the door waiting. Frances never forgot the shiver that went down her back when, after what had seemed hours of waiting, she heard the first strains of the march from *Lohengrin* and saw the brides coming down the aisle, the mysterious performance at the altar and the triumphant return march, the bridegrooms handing the brides into two handsome coaches and driving them away.

Frances was not content with reading other people's stories. She began making her own at three. At first they were just for her own

pleasure. One afternoon some years later, when the little girls at school were gathered for their embroidering hour, there was no book to read aloud as usual. Frances offered to tell a story if that would suit. The other girls were all thunderstruck. What! Tell a story out of your own head! Wonderful!

At that time the Small Person was telling to herself a story she called *Edith Somerville.* It was simply an endless continued story of the beautiful Edith Somerville with her golden-brown curls that were always in "torrents" or "masses" or "coils" or "coronels" or "clouds." Mrs. Burnett says in the autobiography of her childhood that her later impression of Edith Somerville's hair is that no head could possibly have borne the weight of it. Edith's nose was the perfection of noses. Frances herself had been pretty well dissatisfied with most of the noses around her; so now she had the chance to make one that suited her. The girls were enthralled with Edith Somerville and her beauty and her clothes and her lovers and the exciting things that happened to her. From now on every spare minute was filled with Edith Somerville. She lasted for weeks.

The first thing Frances put down on paper was a poem. It was written one Sunday night when everybody else was at church and when she

was in her seventh year. It was called *Alone* and was as follows:

> "Alone—alone! The wind shrieks alone
> And mocks my lonely sorrow,
> Alone—alone! The trees seem to moan,
> For there's no bright tomorrow."

That began and ended Frances' poetic career.

At this time Frances began writing down her stories. At first they were chiefly plays for her doll. The very first scenes went on her slate, and when she was tired of them, she would wipe them out and start afresh. Then she filled old copy-books and wrapping paper, any and every old scrap of paper she could find. Paper was scarce at the Small Person's home, and she had little spending money. Pads of paper were not so cheap in those days as they are now.

When Frances was twelve or thirteen, life began to be in itself a story, and not a very pleasant story either. The Civil War in America was making things hard in Manchester. The manufacture of cotton was Manchester's chief industry, and cotton was very scarce. It became harder and harder for the South to produce any cotton, and still harder to get the little that was produced through the blockade of Union ships. The mills had to shut down. The poor people suffered severely. Starvation stared them in the face. And the Hodgsons suffered along with the rest of Manchester, rich and poor.

Mrs. Hodgson had been left with six children to bring up. A gentle lady, she loved her children into being what they should. But she had to be business manager as well as mother, and she had no business sense. Sometimes the Small Person found her at her dressing table taking off her little black bonnet with gentle trembling hands and with tears in her blue eyes. The children all knew things were wrong. Their money vanished.

Suddenly the Civil War in America was over. The first assignment of cotton to Manchester brought such relief to anxious hearts that as the dray bearing the bales of cotton passed through the streets, the people sang, "Praise God from whom all blessings flow."

Then followed exciting news for the Hodgson children. Uncle William in Knoxville, Tennessee, wanted them all to cross the ocean to him. He seemed a perfect rock of safety and comfort to the anxious mother and her brood. When Frances was grown up, she found out that in reality Uncle William was far different. Though he had made much money out of a store which the soldiers flocked to during the war, he was a taker of great risks in business, and by the time the seven Hodgsons had come all the long journey from Manchester to Knoxville, his money, too, had disappeared.

But that did not take away the thrill to Frances

and all the others of that exciting trip. And when they reached the land of the free and the home of the brave, it seemed like fairyland to Frances. She had to go through miles of forest and fertile wilderness such as England had not been since it was a Roman province.

Make-believe now ended for Frances. Real things suited her better. She was living the story. That quiet English people, driven by change of fortune, should travel thousands of miles and live without servants in a log house was strange enough. The only thing lacking was Indians. But you can't have everything. She had always felt shut-up and stifled in Manchester. Now she was living on a hilltop with rambling country spread out at her feet, and no limit except the far-away Allegheny Mountains. The glory of the changing seasons in this far-flung mountain country was perpetual joy to Frances. When she was grown up, she considered these as her Dryad days.

She lived all her long days out of doors and delighted in every flower and fern that grew. She built a bower in a tangle of bushes and stayed there hours at a time, not making up stories now, but watching for and listening to birds, and gathering and studying the wild flowers. She ranged the mountain-sides with her brothers and sisters. The charm of a mountain valley shut off from the rest of the world won her completely.

It was hard that into this paradise of wildernesses anxious care had to intrude. With Uncle William's money gone, the three Hodgson boys were all working, trying hard to supply the family needs, but the situation was more than they could handle. The family were often really hungry. Frances was too sensitive to her own responsibilities to be able to go on enjoying her outdoor life and do nothing to help. One day an idea came to her, suggested by "Answers to Correspondents" in various magazines she had seen—things like these:

"Your story has merit, but is not quite suited to our columns. Never write on both sides of your paper."

"We do not return rejected manuscripts unless stamps are enclosed for postage."

She found these on the last pages of *Godey's Lady's Book* and *Peterson's Magazine,* and she was tremendously exhilarated by the thought that here was her chance. BUT she had no paper and no money to buy paper; no stamps to send on her precious manuscripts and no money to buy stamps. The writing part was easy enough. When it was fair, she would hide in the Bower; when it was cold or rainy, she would write in a low, raftered room up under the roof. But how to get money? Mamma and the boys had no money to waste on paper. Besides, the boys despised her story-writing. In brotherly fashion

they laughed at her for thinking she could ever get a story published. She said to herself, *"I'll show them,* but I won't let them help."

One day she and her two younger sisters met three girls carrying pails of wild grapes. They were on their way, they said, to sell these grapes and expected to get a dollar. That hint was enough for Frances. She had often picked grapes for the family. She knew many hidden spots where beautiful wild grapes grew. With Edith and Edwina, who were in her secret, she flew to get their pails full. In a few days Frances had paper and stamps in the house, and nobody but the three knew of it.

She followed the directions of the magazines very carefully. She copied the story she thought would have most chance with a stony-hearted editor. Then, after serious deliberation and much rewriting she produced the following note:

"Sir: I enclose stamps for the return of the accompanying Ms. 'Miss Desborough's Difficultics,' if you do not find it suitable for publication in your magazine. My object is remuneration.

"Yours respectfully,

"F. Hodgson."

For days and weeks a very eager girl waited. Finally came a note saying that the story was so English in its subject and its style that the editor did not believe any little American girl had written it. However, if she would write another to

prove her genuineness, they would consider the matter further. Back went another story, this time an American one, and with it another letter explaining that she was a transplanted English girl and that, of course, it was English life and people she knew most about and would naturally write about. More breathless waiting—more uncertainty—fear that she would never hear again! Again an end of waiting, and a letter which really needed no reading, for out of the envelope tumbled a check for $35. Both stories had been accepted, and more were demanded. Now only remained the climax of the happy experience—the showing of the check and the letter to the skeptical brothers, and the watching of their astonishment and dawning recognition of what at least one girl could do. Frances Hodgson was only thirteen when most of her first story was written!

She kept right on writing and publishing. She never had one story rejected. It was not, however, until a good many years later that she was to write the book that made her famous, *Little Lord Fauntleroy.* By that time she was grown up and married, had two little boys of her own, and had gone to live in Washington, and back again to England. *Little Lord Fauntleroy* was tremendously popular. Children love it because it is about a child who was a real boy and yet had things happen to him like Cinderella.

Mrs. Burnett knew and understood children. She never tried to conceal the fact that Cedric Errol was drawn from her own younger son. And she knew, too, that it is more fun in stories to have extraordinary things happen to real boys. Mrs. Burnett is what we call a romantic realist; that is, she makes romance about real people.

She went on writing for fifty years or more, and produced forty books. Some of them are grown-ups' novels, but they are not so good as the children's own stories. Perhaps the two best known and loved, next to *Little Lord Fauntleroy,* are *Sara Crewe* and *The Secret Garden.*

The Secret Garden shows Mrs. Burnett herself probably more than any other book. It unites her love of children, her love of flowers, and her love of birds. She takes disagreeable sallow Mary Lennox and spoiled, imperious, frail Colin Craven, and puts them in a garden that has been shut up for years, and then shows how all three are transformed. In making the garden near a Yorkshire moor come alive, the two children forget themselves and are made over, too. The robin was a real person. Mrs. Burnett wrote about her own special pet robin. Then everybody liked him so much that later she took him out of Colin and Mary's garden, and wrote his story as she had first known him in

her own garden. An alluring bird! Perky and more intimate than American robins!

To such a writer children naturally turn. A fitting response to their affection is the Frances Hodgson Burnett Memorial in Central Park in New York City. It is a garden laid out as a story-telling and bird-study center. Nothing could be more appropriate as a memorial to her rich, varied life than to have for birds and children in the heart of our greatest city a sanctuary to her with walks and nooks and fountains, and with two little guardian children in marble—a real Secret Garden.

THE END